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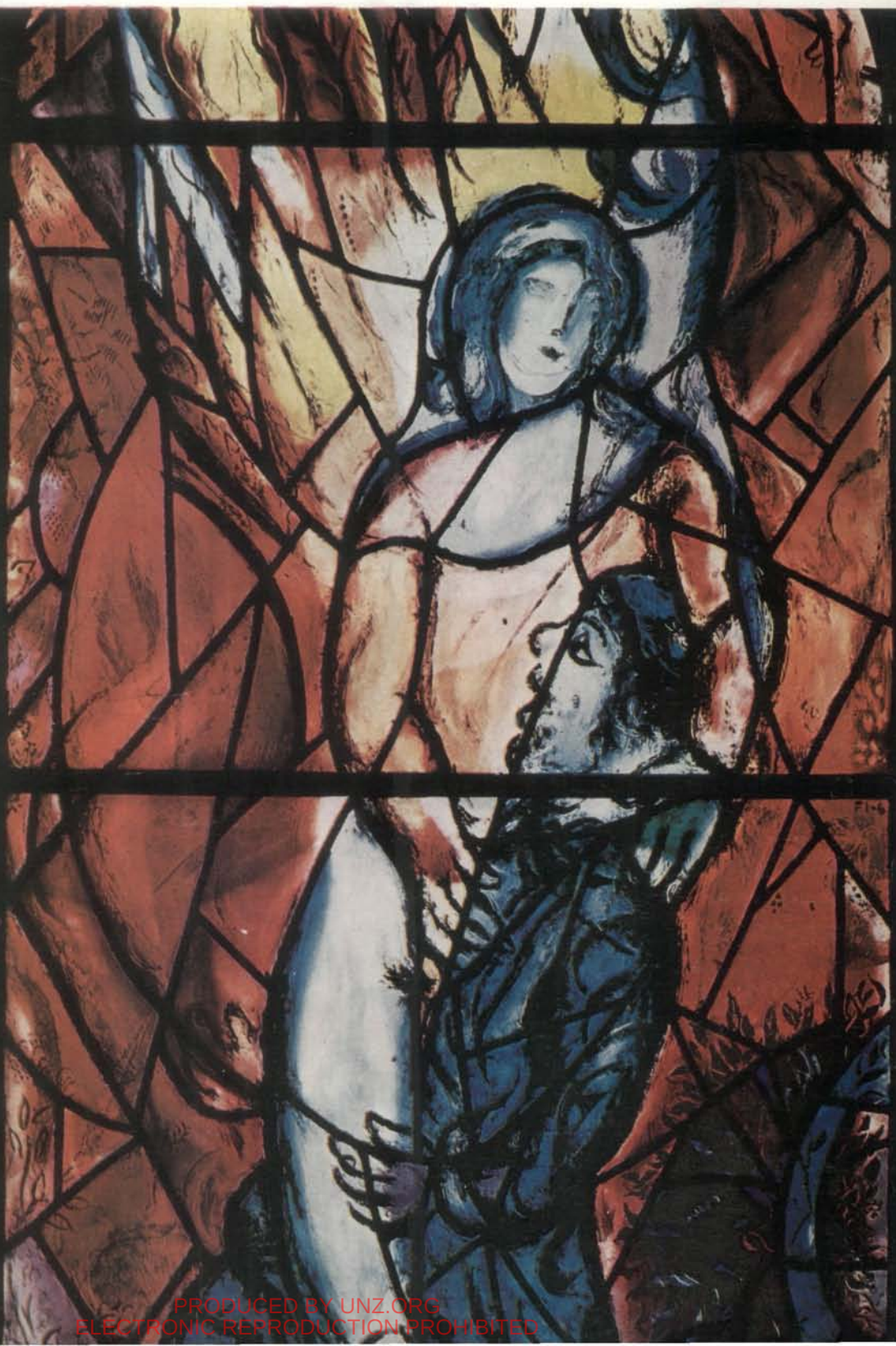
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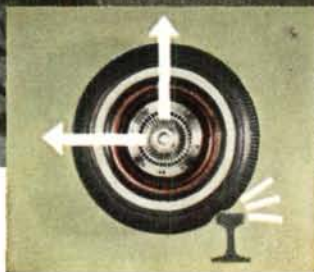
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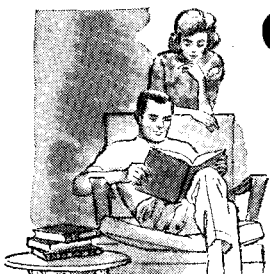
Detail from Chagall's window at Metz, "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel"

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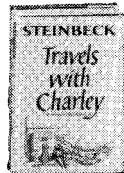
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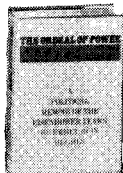
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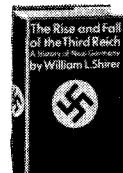
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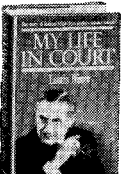
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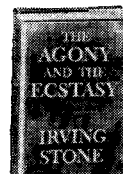
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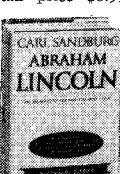
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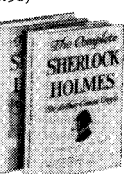
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WASHINGTON

THE first year is a learning time, the last year usually a stalemate. Whatever personal imprint he can hope to make is usually reserved for the short span between." This judgment of a President's service by Columbia University Professor Richard E. Neustadt, a keen observer of the office of Chief Executive, is widely accepted in Washington. By this test, President Kennedy, two and a half years after taking office, should by now have given the nation and the world at least the outlines of his imprint on history, even assuming he wins re-election and serves a full eight years.

Yet it is extraordinarily difficult at this juncture to describe that outline. Liberals in his own party in Congress openly grumble that he is too cautious and too hesitant. Conservatives both in and out of Congress generally see the President as a sort of stereotype liberal who has never had to meet a payroll. Walter Lippmann has called Kennedy "a conservative" who "does not want to be unpopular anywhere . . . with anyone," a leader who is afraid of risking a bloody nose in battle.

Probably no other sentence he has uttered has proved more embarrassing to the President than his eloquent inaugural plea: "Ask not what your country will do for you — ask what you can do for your country." That simplicity of phrase brought a chorus of "What do you want us to do?" to which there has been precious little response other than that young men and women could join the Peace Corps. Join the Peace Corps they have, both old and young, and with a will and enthusiasm which demonstrate what a deep river of conscience exists in this nation, if only it is tapped.

Yet most of the other answers Kennedy has tried to give have often seemed too complex and too remote: improve the rate of economic growth, fight juvenile delinquency, increase American ex-

ports, improve civil rights, engage in physical fitness programs, and so on. Indeed, the Kennedy campaign promises have provided the Republicans with numerous political barbs to throw back at the President.

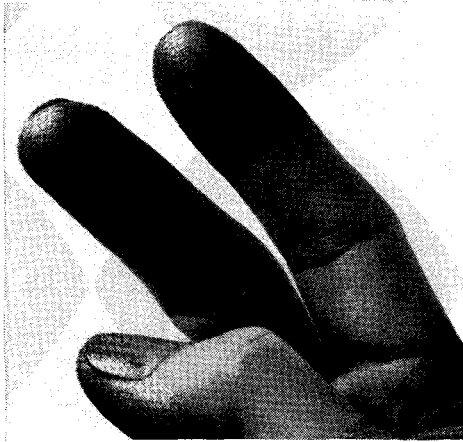
Too much caution?

A major example is in the field of civil rights. A recent broadside by the National Federation of Republican Women quoted Shakespeare to plague the President: "His promises were, as he was then, mighty; But his performance, as he is now, nothing." And on civil rights the Republican women point to a campaign promise that a civil rights bill "will be among the first orders of business when a new Congress meets in January." This was to be in January, 1961, but the President has relied not on new legislation but on persuasion and use of existing legislation to move the nation forward in this field.

Often he has acted apparently because of pressure from the more militant Negro groups, as was the case in Birmingham, Alabama. Attorney-General Robert F. Kennedy has more than once complained that the militants were being too militant. Yet it probably is true that this very militancy has been the major instrument by which the Kennedy Administration has been able to use its good offices in breaking down the racial bars in both North and South.

In the economic field the President has prodded Congress for new instruments with which to improve the nation's economy and to lower its far too high rate of unemployment. But he has often first sounded the high note, only to retreat later and compromise, before his own allies in Congress have had a chance to do battle for his cause. Tax reform, he knows, is long overdue, but the fate of tax reform in this session of Congress, his

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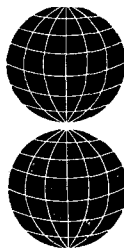
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Report on Washington



associates frankly say, is almost totally up to the will and whim of the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Representative Wilbur Mills.

Kennedy argued valiantly at Yale against conventional myths about the American economic system; yet he quickly retreated from his own analysis that the country needed a sizable tax cut as soon as possible and agreed to a cut spread over three years. The indications are that the cut will be neither big enough nor quick enough to prove or disprove the very argument Kennedy was advancing, that a planned deficit now can be spurred into an economic boost which in time would produce far greater federal revenue.

Kennedy's anger over the abortive attempt to raise steel prices in early 1962 showed that he would stand and fight only when cornered. The steel magnates were so foolish as to try a sneak play, which the President felt was a public show of bad faith that he simply could not condone. The political and business repercussions of that episode had a great deal to do with Kennedy's approval of selective price rises in steel this year, perhaps as much as the economic advice he received that the economy could take the price changes without undue effect.

The force of public opinion

The widespread attitude in Congress against deficit spending and for budget balancing is indeed a reflection of the public mood, and Kennedy has indicated privately that he agrees to a considerable extent. At times the country is driven to break away, as when Soviet spectaculars led it to approve a multibillion-dollar man-on-the-moon program. But it does not take long for the public to drift back to the conventional wisdom, as indicated by the mounting criticism of the moon program when so much remains to be done here in the United States.

"Every President must be a keen judge of public opinion — to distinguish its petty whims, to estimate its endurance, to respond to its impatience and to respect its potential power," said Kennedy's special assistant Theodore C. Sorensen in a recent speech. No President, said Sorensen, can simply respond to all the public pressures. "He

has a responsibility to lead public opinion as well as to respect it — to shape it, to inform it, to woo it and to win it."

Yet Sorensen has been among those close Kennedy advisers who tend to cry politics at every criticism and advise the President not to make too many appeals to the people, especially over the head of a balky Congress. "Presidential appeals for public support," he said, "must be at the right time and with the right frequency, if they are to be effective." This often cautious approach has led many critics both in the Capital and around the country to contend that the President and his Administration are more concerned with their public image than with the substance of policy.

It is true that the President proposes and Congress disposes, at least to a large degree, despite overwhelming Democratic majorities in both House and Senate. Yet Kennedy's argument is that by careful cajolery and fancy footwork at the Capitol the Congress has passed, and will pass, many a bill by a slim margin which otherwise would have been lost, if a frontal assault on Congress or a plea to the public over its head had been tried. It is now well established that the President's approach is to avoid the head-on collisions at almost all costs.

Perhaps history will record that in domestic affairs Kennedy pushed and prodded the nation as far and as fast as anyone could have done. However, the fact remains that far too little has been accomplished on the domestic front in relation to the needs of a growing and more affluent population.

Kennedy's foreign policy

The President is not a free agent in domestic affairs, and he is even more restricted in foreign affairs. The avoidance of thermonuclear war is, of course, his major accomplishment, and history is likely to give Kennedy good marks for his contribution during the Cuban crisis last fall.

Less certain, however, is the answer to this question: has he done all he could to come to grips with the Soviet Union on the nuclear-test ban, arms control, and measures to prevent accidental war? Much of the evidence on these points is buried in top-secret messages and policy papers. The essence of the long wrangle over the test ban, both in the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, has been the matter of risk-taking. Both men, as only Presidents can, have seen the grim road ahead if there is no halter put on the arms race. Yet Kennedy, like Eisenhower, has tended to shrink back at the risk-taking involved in coming to a decision on a test ban. It may very well be that the proposal has outlived its usefulness as



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Lt. David A. Corey

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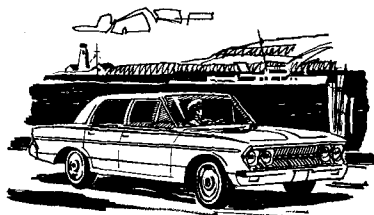
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Report on Washington

an instrument to slow down the arms race. If so, the Kennedy Administration has done next to nothing to find a substitute approach.

It is far easier, as it was under Eisenhower, to blame Soviet intransigence and to refer to congressional fears and pressures. Both of these factors are hard and real, now as then. But neither is a total explanation. Unfortunately, Kennedy's Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, one of his campaign promises, has been overstaffed and has been loaded with mediocrity and foreign service officers waiting out other assignments. And its chief, William C. Foster, often seems more influenced by congressional pressures than by the ever-present shadow of nuclear holocaust.

The conduct of foreign policy under Kennedy is an improvement over what it was under Eisenhower. The President is often too immersed in details, but there is a better esprit in the State Department. Secretary Rusk is viewed in the Capital as even more cautious than the President. Every problem is surveyed to death; every statement is a mass of platitudes; often decisions are painted as though they would solve the problems of humanity, whereas they are at best only peripheral.

The one strong man in foreign affairs, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, has been pilloried for doing what Congress has so often demanded — being decisive. There is reason to believe an effort has been afoot to isolate him and cut him down to size, an effort springing from that political-military-industrial complex about which Eisenhower warned so eloquently in his farewell address. But so far Kennedy has never stated the issue to the public in that light.

Republican troubles

The spate of Republican presidential-candidate talk a year before the GOP convention of 1964 is, in part, a reflection of a growing feeling among the politicians that the Republicans have a chance to win in 1964, thus making Kennedy the first one-term President since Herbert Hoover. However, in many

ways they are as divided as the Democrats, and the tendency, despite all the brave words about unity in the party, is toward more division.

The GOP upsurge in the South, led by eager young conservatives and fed by Democrats discontented with the course of desegregation, is forming a strong far-right wing in the party, with Senator Barry Goldwater as its hero. Governor Rockefeller's divorce and marriage to a divorcée have ended the talk that the New Yorker was a shoo-in for the 1964 nomination. But the odds are still very much against the Republicans' doing what so many of their leaders so often have wanted to do: nominate a true conservative, this time Goldwater, to test the thesis that the Republicans can indeed triumph nationally if there is a clear choice for the voters between a conservative Republican and a liberal Democrat.

Mood of the Capital

There is clear evidence that as the Soviet Union resolved its post-Cuban crisis, its decisions called for more, not less, hostility toward the United States. Grim is the word for the attitude of our policy makers, and no change is in sight.

This does not mean that Khrushchev is expected to abandon the peaceful-coexistence theme in favor of Mao Tse-tung's more militant demands. But it does mean that the tendency in Moscow is in that direction. Peiping's pressure on Moscow has been immense, and Peiping's ability to capture, or to threaten to capture, world Communist leadership in the myriad parties outside the bloc itself is seen as very worrisome to Khrushchev and the Soviet Union.

It is discouraging that at such a time the Western alliance is at an impasse over defense, economic, and political policies. There has been a good deal of you're-to-blame talk between Washington and Paris, uneasiness in Washington about the increased Communist vote in the Italian election, a growing worry over the course of West German policy after Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's departure, and a high degree of uncertainty about Britain with a Labor government in prospect. All this has tended to produce a wait-and-see atmosphere.



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With the great human responsibilities involved, there can be no better basis for running—or choosing—an airline.



The Atlantic Report CANADA



THE whirlwind visits to London and Washington by Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson immediately upon his election revived a diplomatic technique that has been unused since the latter days of the Roosevelt Administration. They were goodwill missions in purest and simplest form, not designed to negotiate settlements of Canadian-United Kingdom problems or Canadian-American problems, of which there are more than enough. Rather, they were intended to clear away the doubt and suspicion and irritability which have bedeviled Canada's external relationships in recent years, to create an atmosphere of goodwill for the negotiations when they do take place.

It is in just such a mission that the contrast is the sharpest between Pearson and the man he defeated, John Diefenbaker. Pearson is at his best in selling himself and his ideas when he deals with individuals or small groups. He has a genuine talent for finding small areas of agreement and trying to enlarge them. Diefenbaker is at his best on the hustings with a large and partisan audience, which he can arouse as few other politicians can. It can almost be said that he has a talent for finding small areas of disagreement and building them into campaign issues.

In the last year, purposeful communication between Ottawa and Washington had broken down. The new Prime Minister visited President Kennedy to establish a personal rapport, and the degree to which he succeeded impressed even the most cynical correspondents at Hyannisport. The pipeline between Ottawa and Washington was thawed out and now can be filled with meaningful communications.

The problems which beset the two countries are so complex and so fundamental, however, that it took the two leaders the better part of two days just to catalogue and describe them. Washington, for example, wants Canada to join the Organization of American States and help to develop Latin America; it urgently wants ratification of the Columbia River treaty; it is seriously concerned about excessive Canadian borrowing in the United

States; it wants Canadian support for President Kennedy's proposed 50 percent cut in tariffs.

On some of these points, Canada will go along. On all it will be prepared to negotiate. The bargaining will be hard because some of the points touch the very heart of the Canadian economy. But the new Canadian Prime Minister is an ardent believer in the idea that it is possible to be a hard bargainer and an amiable good neighbor at the same time. Both countries were ready to make a fresh start, and the end of Canada's second general election campaign within a year, on April 8, evoked the same reaction in Washington as in Canada — sighs of relief that it was over.

Never before had an American government intruded so deeply into a Canadian election. Its involvement in the debate over nuclear weapons helped turn out the Conservative Administration of Prime Minister Diefenbaker. The confusion over the controversy prevented the Liberal Party under Pearson from obtaining an overall majority with which to govern for the next five years. When the dust settled, the Liberals took office with 130 seats, the Conservatives elected 94, the Social Credit Party 24, and the New Democratic Party 17, in a Parliament of 265.

The causes of friction

The election was brought on by a chain of events which began with the visit to Ottawa of General Lauris Norstad at New Year's. Then the obtrusion of the State Department in a Canadian parliamentary debate stoked the flames of controversy; and cloak-and-dagger stories of secret American papers falling into Canadian hands, gibes at Canada by a congressional committee, and official American deprecation of the Bomarc combined to give the Canadian election campaign an American tinge. The nuclear defense issue monopolized attention, and pressing Canadian economic and cultural problems were ignored.

Formulation of its own defense policy by the United States has been simplified by its development of the world's greatest stock of nuclear

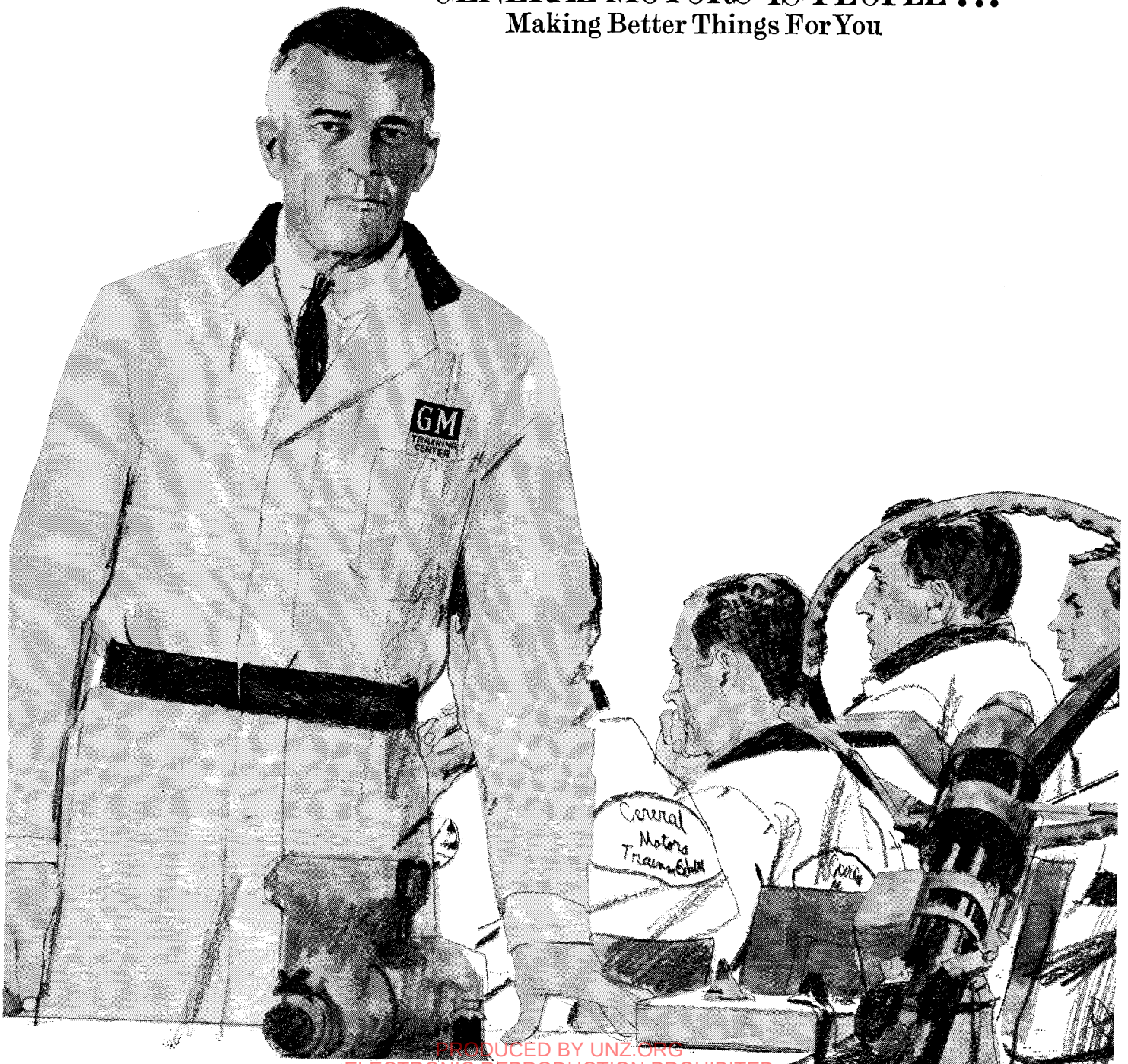
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weapons. But for Canada, with its large isolationist minorities, preoccupied as it is with maintaining its sovereignty, to work out a defense policy has been agonizingly difficult. Canada is irrevocably committed to the side of the United States, and geographically it is caught square in the middle between the United States and Russia. Thus, it comes naturally by its pathological pursuit of world disarmament and its often naïve commitment to the United Nations.

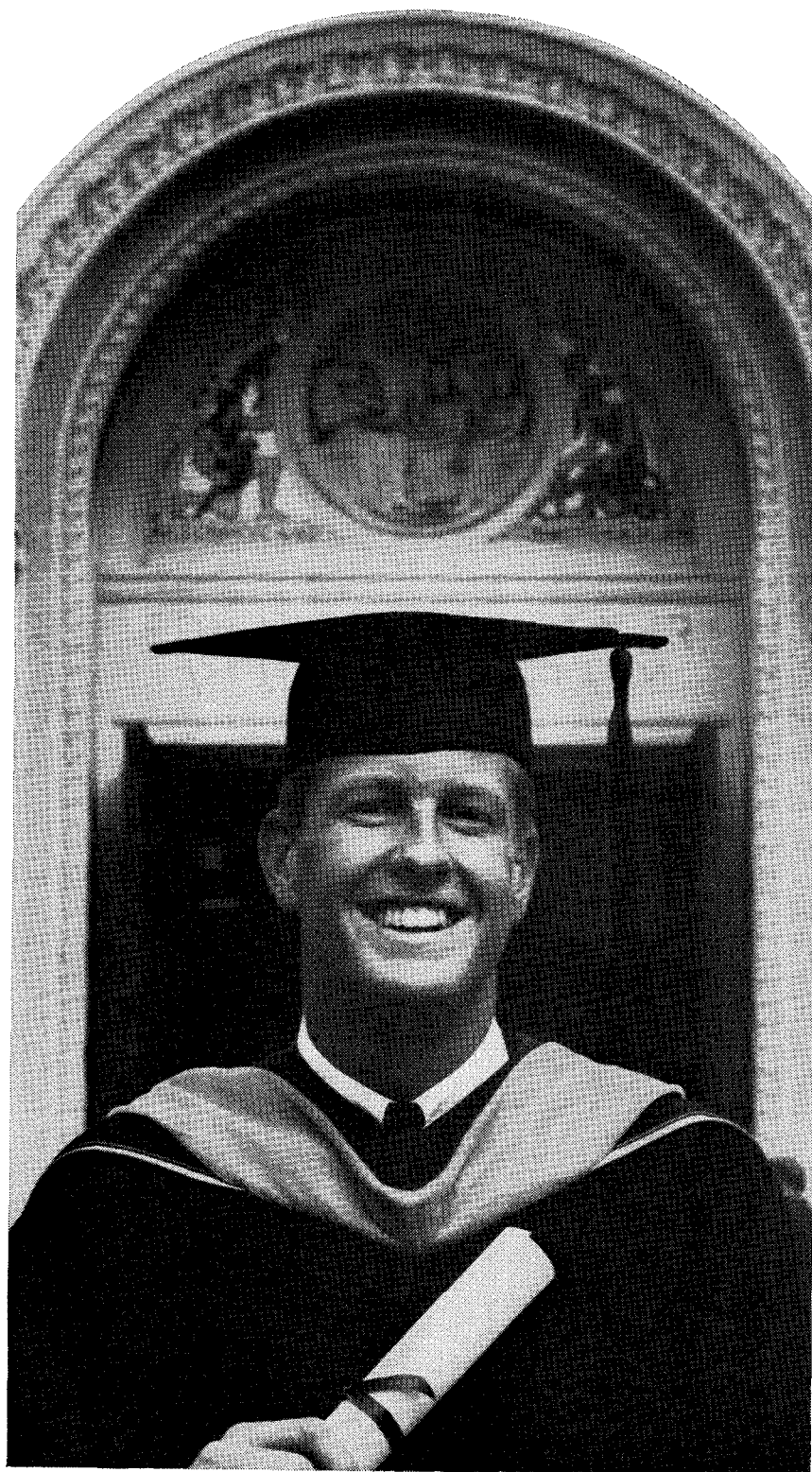
Until the arrival of General Norstad, all Canadian political parties embraced two contradictory articles of faith: that any enlargement of the nuclear club to include Canada was an affront to morality which would increase the risk of nuclear war; and that Canada must be prepared to help defend the free world and itself against Russian aggression, and the nuclear deterrent was the only effective defense.

In 1958 and 1959, the Diefenbaker government agreed to adopt four American nuclear weapon systems. These included the Bomarc in Canada and C.F. 104 Starfighter strike reconnaissance planes for its NATO squadrons. But none of the weapons could be effective without nuclear warheads. Before the warheads could be acquired, a bilateral treaty with the United States had to be negotiated for joint control.

As it would take several years to install the Bomarcs and build the planes, however, there was no rush to get on with negotiations. In the meantime, the government hoped the world would agree to nuclear disarmament, so that Canadian acceptance of nuclear warheads would be unnecessary. Unhappily, time caught up with the government. The Bomarcs were installed in 1962, and the NATO squadron took delivery of its Starfighters, both without warheads. The Cuban crisis focused attention sharply on these Canadian-made holes in North American defense.

This was the atmosphere into which General Norstad wandered early in January. The retiring commander of NATO, at an Ottawa

What will it cost to provide a job for him?



Two types of jobs will be available in private industry to this year's crop of graduates: (1) New jobs created by our expanding economy, (2) Vacancies in established jobs created by such natural causes as retirement, death, illness and winning tickets on the Irish Sweepstakes.

Established or new, though, it takes a large amount of capital investment to provide most jobs in the U.S. Here at Union Oil, for example, there is an average net investment of \$70,000 in tools, drilling rigs, refineries, etc., behind each job in the company.

Obviously, the "tools" required to put a secretary to work at Union Oil don't cost \$70,000. On the other hand, the equipment behind one of our refinery workers may run twice as high. So the figures are realistic. Admittedly, the oil industry is on the high side in capital-per-employee requirements. But the average for all U.S. manufacturing is between \$15,000 and \$20,000.

Now under our economic system, there are three sources of new "tool" money for private industry. They are: (1) **Equity capital** invested by owners or stockholders, (2) **Borrowed capital** provided by loans or bond issues, and (3) **Profits** that can be plowed back into the business. (Money set aside for **depreciation** helps replace worn out equipment but doesn't buy tools for new jobs.)

However, without adequate profits—or the reasonable anticipation of them—no company can continue very long to acquire either equity capital or borrowed capital. So profits are the key to the whole "tool" money situation.

If we are to continue to provide the additional jobs which our growing U.S. labor force requires—and continue to increase our nation's productivity—adequate profits for American industry are an absolute must.

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BIG EYE

During the summers in Antarctica, the sun shines 24 hours a day, and scientists who live there in the line of duty get a staring, glazed look called Big Eye for want of sleep.

We've known people to get something like Big Eye in our board rooms as a result of watching the tape hour after hour. They stare and stare and sometimes seem to be mesmerized by the parade of prices across the Trans-Lux screen.

Now it's perfectly true that we often tell investors to keep track of their holdings, but the form of Big Eye just described is not what we mean. A speculator who trades on minor price variations may watch the tape with reason, but a long-term investor should not concern himself with minute-by-minute price fluctuations. As long as his company is a good one and continues in an upward trend, and as long as there is no news development that seems likely to alter it, he certainly doesn't need to keep an hourly check on his stock.

Of course, the opposite of board-room Big Eye, which might be called the ostrich syndrome or the head-in-the-sand reaction, is as dangerous as Big Eye is foolish. Everyone who owns securities should keep regular tabs on their behavior and be prepared to sell them if they prove disappointing. That's simply having common sense about common stocks.



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Report on Canada

press conference, was questioned closely, and his replies made headlines. Canada, he indicated, was reneging on its commitments to NATO because it was refusing to permit the Starfighters to be armed with the only effective armament they could carry — nuclear arms. He pointed out that, even when the planes were armed, it would take up to six months to train Canadian pilots, and training could not begin until the Canadian government signed a treaty with the United States.

The Norstad statement stirred up the nationwide newspaper argument, but neither the Liberal Party nor the government became immediately involved. Lester Pearson then went on a visit to New York and upon his return made a surprise public speech in Toronto. In a complete about-face, he called for Canada to honor its NATO commitments and acquire the warheads without which its weapons were impotent. The speech caused a turmoil inside the Liberal Party. There were resignations and dissension before the party closed ranks behind Pearson.

Diefenbaker reconfirmed the government's position in a long speech on January 25. He laid great stress on modifications he hoped the Kennedy-Macmillan Nassau agreement would make in Western strategy. A multinuclear force within NATO, he said, would alter Canada's obligations. He quoted Defense Secretary Robert McNamara to the effect that the Bomarc was becoming obsolete as new weapons evolved. The British had abandoned the Skybolt, and the switch to the Polaris submarine would likely modify the role of the Starfighter. In any event, he asserted, the government would change nothing and do nothing until the NATO Council met in Ottawa in May, four months hence. He bitterly accused Pearson of advocating a "made in Washington" policy for Canada.

Washington interferes

The State Department jumped in to the debate by issuing a long press release, in Ottawa as well as in Washington, in rebuttal of the Diefenbaker case. In Parliament, all par-

ties instantly joined in protest against American interference in domestic Canadian politics. The Prime Minister's emotion-charged statement that Canada was not going to be pushed around by the United States was echoed and endorsed with equal fervor by Pearson and other party leaders. Then the debate resumed as before and became angrier than ever.

Within a week the Diefenbaker government fell, and Canada was in to its fourth general election in six years. But to attribute the parliamentary defeat to American intervention alone would be oversimplification. The most that could be said is that the American statements were the catalyst in the House of Commons motion which brought down the government.

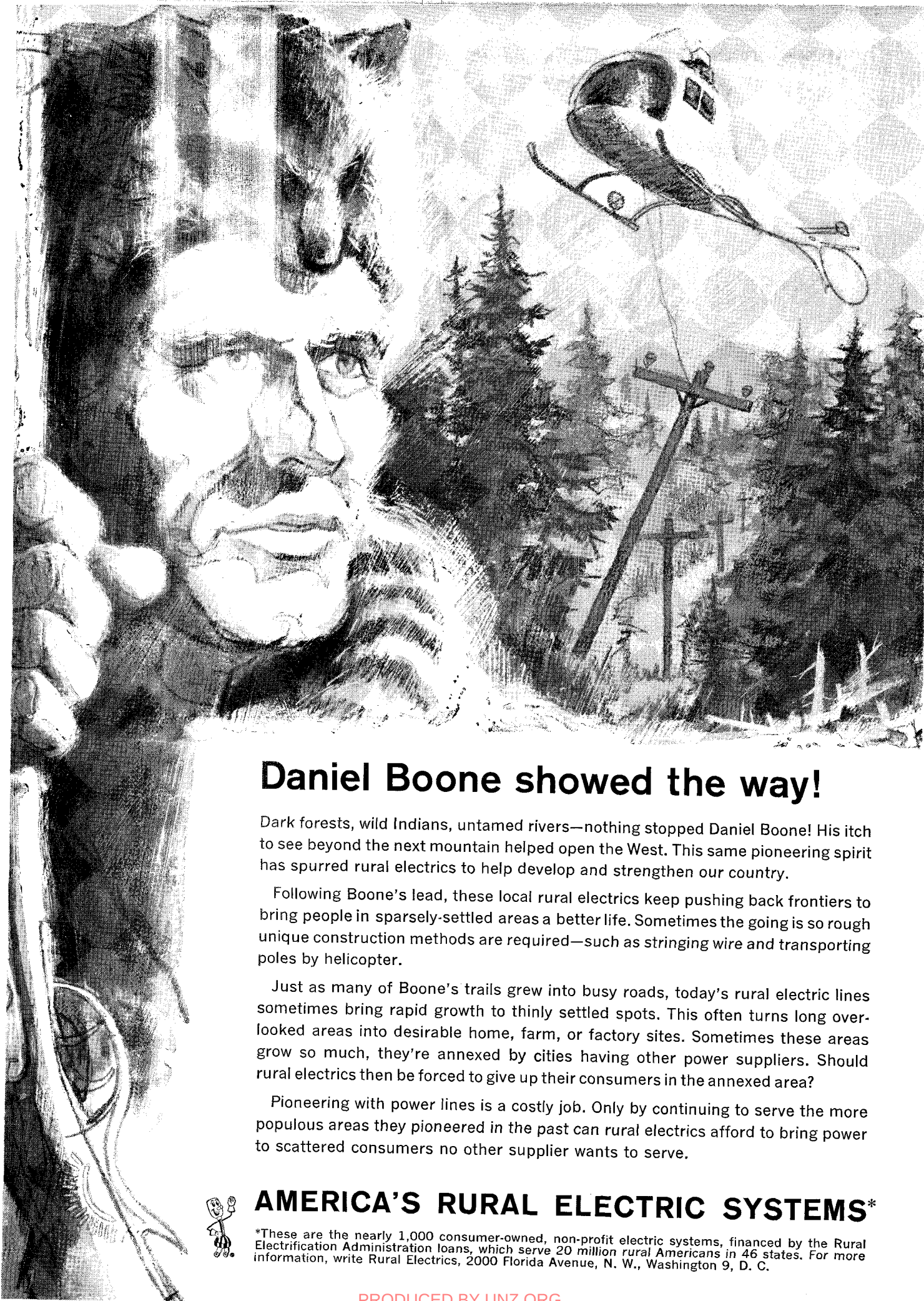
The defense issue alone would not have defeated it. Social unrest in French Canada and Quebec's noisy separatist movement, the steadily accelerating absorption of Canadian industry by American capital, the ever-present foreign-exchange crisis, the almost complete disenchantment of Canadian business with Diefenbaker were all of greater importance.

The Conservative split

The Conservative Party itself was split by the nuclear debate. Douglas Harkness had resigned prior to the vote. Within a week, George Hees, the highly popular Minister of Trade and Commerce, and Paul Sevigny, Associate Minister of Defense, also quit. Other Cabinet ministers resigned. In short order, newspapers which previously had been true-blue Tory switched to the Liberal Party.

It was surely a tattered, strifetorn, desertion-damaged remnant of a party which Diefenbaker led into the election. The wonder is not that he did so badly. The wonder is that he did so well at the polls.

When the election was called, Liberal leaders confidently talked of winning 180 seats in the house of 265. They won only 130, or three fewer than were needed for a majority. Instead of the 45 or 50 seats they conceded to Diefenbaker, the Conservatives won 94. The Liberals swept the large cities clear of Conservatives, but the latter retained their solid grip on the rural seats outside Quebec.



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Following Boone's lead, these local rural electrics keep pushing back frontiers to bring people in sparsely-settled areas a better life. Sometimes the going is so rough unique construction methods are required—such as stringing wire and transporting poles by helicopter.

Just as many of Boone's trails grew into busy roads, today's rural electric lines sometimes bring rapid growth to thinly settled spots. This often turns long overlooked areas into desirable home, farm, or factory sites. Sometimes these areas grow so much, they're annexed by cities having other power suppliers. Should rural electrics then be forced to give up their consumers in the annexed area?

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Report on Canada

As the election proceeded, its anti-American overtones attracted unprecedented attention in the United States and gave outsiders a distorted impression of Canadian politics. To identify the Conservatives as an anti-American party would be no more accurate than to call the Liberals a pro-American party. The Conservative government had, in fact, leaned over backward to cooperate with Washington on the Columbia River treaty and in connection with crude-oil exports.

Except for the nuclear issue, Ottawa got along with Washington on defense without difficulty. Diefenbaker, fundamentally a Canadian nationalist, reacted with steadily rising anger to provocation from Washington. He directed his campaign to the people who admired him most — the Canadian farmers. He gloried in the fact that Canadian city newspapers, television commentators, Canadian business, American magazines and newspapers, and the American government were all against him.

"Everybody's against me but the people!" he cried, echoing Harry Truman in 1948. He carried every farm riding in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, not because Canadians are anti-American — they are not — but because the Conservatives were superior wheat marketers to the Liberals. With considerable justification, the Conservatives boasted that the Canadian recession was over, for a while at least, with national income up a whopping 8 per cent, and that they had done it all.

The Liberals wrote off the western farm vote and concentrated on the Pacific Coast and the east. Confidence was their main talking point, the restoration of confidence at home and international prestige abroad. Pearson endlessly deplored Canadian criticism of the United States and the United Kingdom and pleaded that his party would "get Canada going again."

Halfway through the election, the polls found neither party was making any headway with the electors. With four parties clamoring for votes, it was at this stage that the prospect of

having another election and another minority government came home to Canadians. In the end, the issue that proved decisive was the need for a stable government, and as the polls indicated that the Liberals would be the largest party, they got the benefit of the bandwagon vote. By election day, the nuclear issue which had started it all had become a crashing bore.

The new government

The Pearson Cabinet is one of the strongest ever put together in Canada. It contains a half-dozen top business executives and an equal number of experienced parliamentarians. That friendlier relations with both the United States and the United Kingdom will be achieved can be taken for granted. Both Pearson and his Minister of External Affairs, Paul Martin, are as skilled in international affairs as they are steeped in them.

But none of Canada's basic problems was solved by the election. Its foreign-exchange problem, arising from the \$19.2 billion invested in Canada by U.S. industry and commerce, will return to haunt it. It is significant that the man who regards Canada's foremost problem as "How can we buy Canada back?" will fill Pearson's most important Cabinet post. He is Walter Gordon, the Minister of Finance, whose responsibility it will be to devise fiscal policies and taxation policies which will do just that. Mitchell Sharpe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, probably knows more about the deleterious impact of American branch plants on Canadian exports than any other Canadian. He will be responsible for solving that problem.

The new Pearson Administration will move quickly to plug whatever holes exist in North American defense. It will assuredly take a leading part in expanding Anglo-Canadian-United States trade. The search for solutions to Canada's economic problems will no doubt be as painful below the border as it is above, for the root cause lies within the United States, in the form of American ownership of most of Canada's resources, industry, and commerce. But the search will proceed in an atmosphere of peace and quiet for the next three or four years, which, essentially, is all that Canadians really voted for.

Weight controllers increase their chances for success by adopting the lifetime "balance plan"

OVERWEIGHT AMERICANS spend millions of dollars each year for pills and potions, machines and gadgets, and special "dietary foods" which are promoted as "an easy way to lose weight." About all that most of these people lose is their money, for these heavily advertised "easy ways" to weight reduction seldom work. The person who consumes more food than his body needs for energy adds pounds. The way to shed excess pounds is to burn more calories than one consumes.

Weight control should be a lifetime goal, not something to be achieved over a matter of a few weeks or months. The overweight person must face the facts. To get his or her weight down to the desirable level and to keep it there takes a great deal of will power, almost unlimited support from family and friends, and adoption of what we call the "balance—or moderation—plan."

The plan itself is simple, but it may not be an easy one for every weight controller to put into personal practice.

THIS IS THE PLAN

Let's assume that the person really desires to attain and to maintain the desirable weight for his height and body build and follows the sensible plan of regular medical check-ups by a competent physician who can determine if weight loss is desirable and if exercise is permissible. Certainly one of the first steps for the weight controller is to adopt a planned physical exercise program. This is especially important for the sedentary office worker. The human body needs regular exercise. We function more effectively if we use our muscles and keep them in tone.

Although there are many ways to exercise, walking is one of the best. Walking five miles each day not only helps the body achieve better tone but also uses about 300 calories. If present food intake has been maintaining the body weight for some time, adding five miles of walking to the daily routine could lead to a 15 pound weight loss over a period of six months. It would provide the double benefit of weight reduction and that better over-all feeling that comes from regular exercise.

BALANCE THE DIET

For weight reduction or for weight control and maintenance, a well balanced diet is a key element in the "balance plan." What a person eats should be balanced in both quantity and quality. Weight controllers must know their calories and cannot overlook the calories consumed between meals and at cocktail time. To *maintain* weight, the intake of calories must balance with the energy expended. To *lose* weight, the intake of calories must be lower than the energy expenditure so that the body uses its own fat stores for fuel. For most people, a combination of increased exercise and lower food intake is probably the sensible approach to weight reduction.

To provide a diet balanced qualitatively doesn't require using a slide rule. Foods must furnish necessary nutrients—protein, minerals, vitamins, etc., or the diet may be dangerously unbalanced. Foods should be selected from the four basic food groups which are classified largely on the basis of the nutrients they supply.

SELECT FROM THESE FOOD GROUPS

MILK AND OTHER DAIRY FOODS: Two 8-ounce glasses of milk (or the equivalent in such dairy products as cheese and ice cream) per day provide an adult man approximately 25% of the protein he needs (high quality protein, too); 71% of his calcium (adults do need calcium to keep bones well supplied even after growth stops, as well as for other vital purposes); 15% of the vitamin A; 46% of the riboflavin; 10-12% of the thiamine; 10-13% of the calories. For an adult woman, two 8-ounce glasses of milk provide 31% of the protein she needs; 71% of the calcium; 15% of the vitamin A; 56% of the riboflavin; 13-16% of the thiamine; and 14-18% of the calories. Milk is an excellent food for weight controllers and weight reducers because it provides large percentages of necessary food nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories. To obtain these essential nutrients in other foods could cost much more in calories consumed.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS: Two or more servings each day from this group provide additional protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin. Weight reducers should select the leaner cuts of meat to reduce total calories.

VEGETABLES-FRUITS: Four or more servings each day from this group, including a citrus fruit or vegetable high in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable for vitamin A, assure adequate supplies of these important vitamins.

BREADS-CEREALS: Four or more servings per day from this group provide protein, iron, B-vitamins, and food energy (calories).

Making one's food selections from these four basic food groups, while at the same time being very conscientious about balancing calorie intake against calorie expenditure, is the pattern for lifetime eating habits that all of us should try to develop. Balancing a diet, in quantity and quality, plus a daily exercise program are two good ways to control weight and to enjoy life more.

For a free copy of *THE TIME OF OUR LIVES*, a booklet which suggests a family physical fitness program, write to the American Dairy Association, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.



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MONTHS ago it was obvious that the year 1963, or most of it, would be dominated in West Germany by the issue of the successor to Dr. Konrad Adenauer. Since the Federal Republic came into existence in 1949, Chancellor Adenauer has led his Christian Democratic Party to victory in four successive elections. In addition, he has created his own peculiar type of parliamentary government, the so-called "Chancellor democracy," in which a father figure has advised, admonished, steered, directed, and, above all, controlled. This paternalistic rule has imprinted itself to such an extent on the contemporary German mind that many Germans have visualized Adenauer's retirement with a shudder, since they have identified their own hopes and fears with him for so long.

It is one of the tragedies of human history that men who have worked ably and selflessly for their country sometimes try to cling too long to power. The greatest German statesman, Bismarck, was driven from office with the execrations of his Kaiser ringing in his ears. Winston Churchill was unseated, in the final resort, by the gibes of an unfunny comic paper, *Punch*. Adenauer, even more than Bismarck or Churchill, has found growing old gracefully impossible, at least in office. It is a peculiarly poignant tragedy that such a man should approach the moment of retirement in a mood of frustration and rancor.

Years ago Adenauer decided that Ludwig Erhard, his Minister of Economics and his co-creator of the German renaissance since 1949, would not succeed him. Erhard had buried himself in economic issues; he had, Adenauer thought, no flair for foreign affairs. He was fat — a besetting sin in Adenauer's eyes, for the Chancellor is basically an ascetic. Erhard talked in a rough Swabian accent and was utterly remote from the elite of the Rhineland Catholic hierarchy, glum kinsmen of the Roman Curia, whose counsels have helped Adenauer to keep his distance from his countrymen, his Christian Democratic colleagues, and his Cabinet ministers. For the last five years Adenauer has been trying to block Erhard's candidacy for the chancellorship, with an old man's

persistence and an old man's refusal to respect the views of the Christian Democratic majority.

Despite Adenauer's opposition, the party nominated Erhard to succeed him. In October, he will be formally elected Chancellor by the Bundestag, and the Federal Republic will move into its next phase of development, in which people, parliament, and Cabinet ministers should be able to play a bigger part than they have so far.

The changing of the guard

The Federal Republic is stable, politically and socially as well as economically. The fears which have been expressed over Adenauer's departure, springing from a back-to-the-womb reflex of a Germany which in some sense had to be reborn after the Nazi era, are unfounded. The new Federal government which had to be formed, after the coalition crisis in December of last year, has shown a welcome stability. It has already withstood some awkward stresses, in spite of Adenauer, who has been intent on steering his own line with as little reference as possible to his ministers.

Some of the seven new ministers have shown marked ability. The Free Democrats would be happy to remain in coalition with the Christian Democrats under Adenauer's successor — in fact, a great deal happier than they have been under his leadership. Indeed, there are only two factors working against the inception of a new era of middle-of-the-road Christian Democratic government in West Germany, in which there could be a blossoming of ideas on the future of a country no longer overshadowed by a single masterful old man. The first factor is the maneuvering for control; the second is the public reaction to the internal convulsions of the Christian Democratic Party.

For the last two years Adenauer had hoped that he could insinuate his own candidate into the chancellorship. He was Heinrich Krone, Adenauer's right-hand man in the party and his Minister for Special Questions. Krone played

a most unselfish role in the last two Adenauer governments, always on hand to iron out internal differences in Cabinet or coalition, patient and persuasive, asking nothing for himself. But Krone is a man in his seventies, devoid of ambition. And his good work in recent years has been partly in expiation of the poor figure which he cut in 1933, when he collaborated in the still-strong Catholic Center Party's suicide, leaving the Nazis alone in the political field.

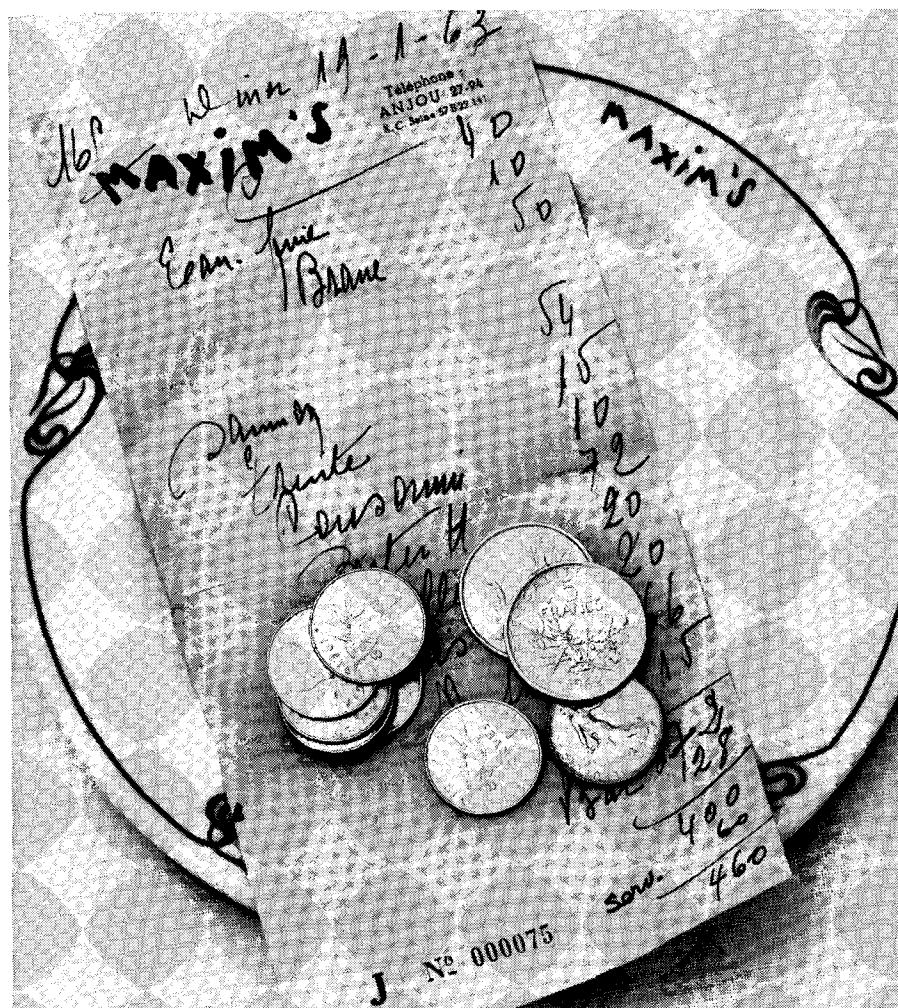
From Adenauer's point of view, Krone would have made an ideal Chancellor, in that he could have been steered from the present Chancellor's home at Rhoendorf, just across the Rhine, and the ex-Chancellor might have become the power behind the throne and so remain, effectively directing the destiny of the people of West Germany.

The Federal Foreign Minister, Gerhard Schroeder, is both strong-minded and wily; he wants to work on as Foreign Minister until his political stature is generally recognized. He is moving steadily toward that goal, and may consider himself as a potential candidate for the chancellorship at the next Federal elections, in 1965.

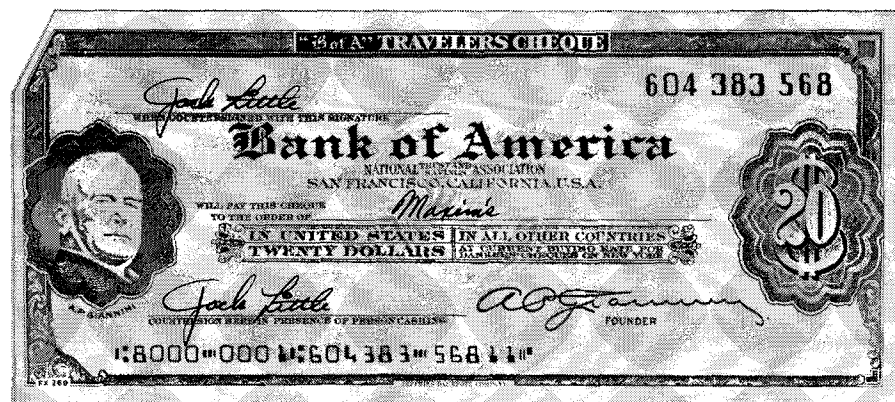
Will Adenauer bring himself to cooperate with Erhard, his party's choice? In March, Adenauer cut Erhard in public, openly insulting the man who had served him loyally for fifteen years and who had never conspired to supplant him or thwart his will. There were unforgettable scenes in the Bundestag, when Adenauer refused to address a single word to the minister who sat on his right, less than a foot away from him. These scenes, not provoked by Erhard, leave a question mark against what is in store for Erhard as Chancellor.

The public reaction

During these internecine Christian Democratic Party struggles, the Christian Democrats have been losing ground with the electorate. The West Berlin elections on February 17 were an eye-opener. The Christian Democratic vote dropped from 38 to 29 percent; that of the Social Democrats, in permanent opposition in Bonn, went from 52 to 62 percent. This was by far the worst setback suffered by the Christian Democrats



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Report on West Germany

since they began ruling West Germany in 1949.

Simultaneously, an angry altercation began in Bavaria, the greatest Christian Democratic stronghold, over the local leadership of Franz-Josef Strauss, who was sacked in December from the Federal Ministry of Defense over the *Spiegel* affair. It was significant that Strauss, a young man at forty-nine, had annoyed most of all the members of the party's youth group, the Junge Union. In other Laender the Christian Democrats were also at odds with one another. The party was losing cohesion, purpose, direction.

Early in March the Christian Democratic Party appointed two "grand electors" to look into the matter of the succession. One of them, Heinrich von Brentano, was chairman of the parliamentary party; the other, Josef Dufhues, was party manager. Simpleminded people have supposed that this two-man committee really has no other object in life. In reality, its more important aim is to re-create the party solidarity which alone can offset the failures of the party leader. Adenauer intends to cling to the chairmanship of the party even after he retires from the chancellorship. This is a gloomy prospect, if only because of the increasing waywardness of his policy, thought, and pronouncements.

The Chancellor shows his age

A few examples of this waywardness may be illustrative. Adenauer made a series of incredible statements in the course of a bare fortnight. He said that the British government, following the breakdown of the Brussels talks on Britain's entry into the Common Market, had twice officially stated that it would make no further attempt to talk with the Six until a British general election had been held. Challenged to name his source for this quite untrue assertion, he said he had read this "in the German newspapers." He could not name one such newspaper, for none had printed such a thing.

Adenauer asked Erhard pointedly what he was doing about his Secretary of State, Dr. Mueller-Armack, who had offered his resignation after

the Brussels breakdown. Adenauer added that it was paradoxical that Mueller-Armack should remain in office when he was in open disagreement with the policy of his government. But Mueller-Armack was not in disagreement with his own government; he was in disagreement with General de Gaulle's action in barring the road to Britain's entry. Adenauer had insisted that he himself favored Britain's entry, but there were many Germans who believed that he had not lifted a finger to make it possible. The doubts of such people were reinforced by the Mueller-Armack episode.

Almost at once Adenauer made another gaffe. Speaking to a gathering of the international press which included Polish newspapermen, he welcomed the new German-Polish trade agreement, called for closer relations between the two countries, and then reminded his listeners, including the Poles, that Poland was "not a free country." It would be difficult to imagine a less suitable way of improving relations with Warsaw.

Of a more comical nature was the Chancellor's insistence that his private telephone line was being tapped. He claimed he could recognize the interference noises. The Minister of Posts put his line in order (some of the wiring was merely old), then tapped Adenauer's conversations for several days. Tape recordings were played for the astonished Chancellor, after he had said that all tapping of his line had ceased.

It is not a matter of surprise that at eighty-seven Adenauer is losing some of his old level-headedness. His inflexibility of mind has become such that he refused to be deterred for one moment from his favorite project of a Franco-German treaty of cooperation, even when De Gaulle timed its signing to coincide exactly with the Brussels breakdown organized with such ruthless efficiency by Foreign Minister Couve de Murville. The dangers inherent in putting friendship with France above the interests of the Western alliance as a whole were at once recognized by German politicians, the German press, and a large section of the German public.

But the Chancellor was unshaken in his allegiance to De Gaulle, a sub-

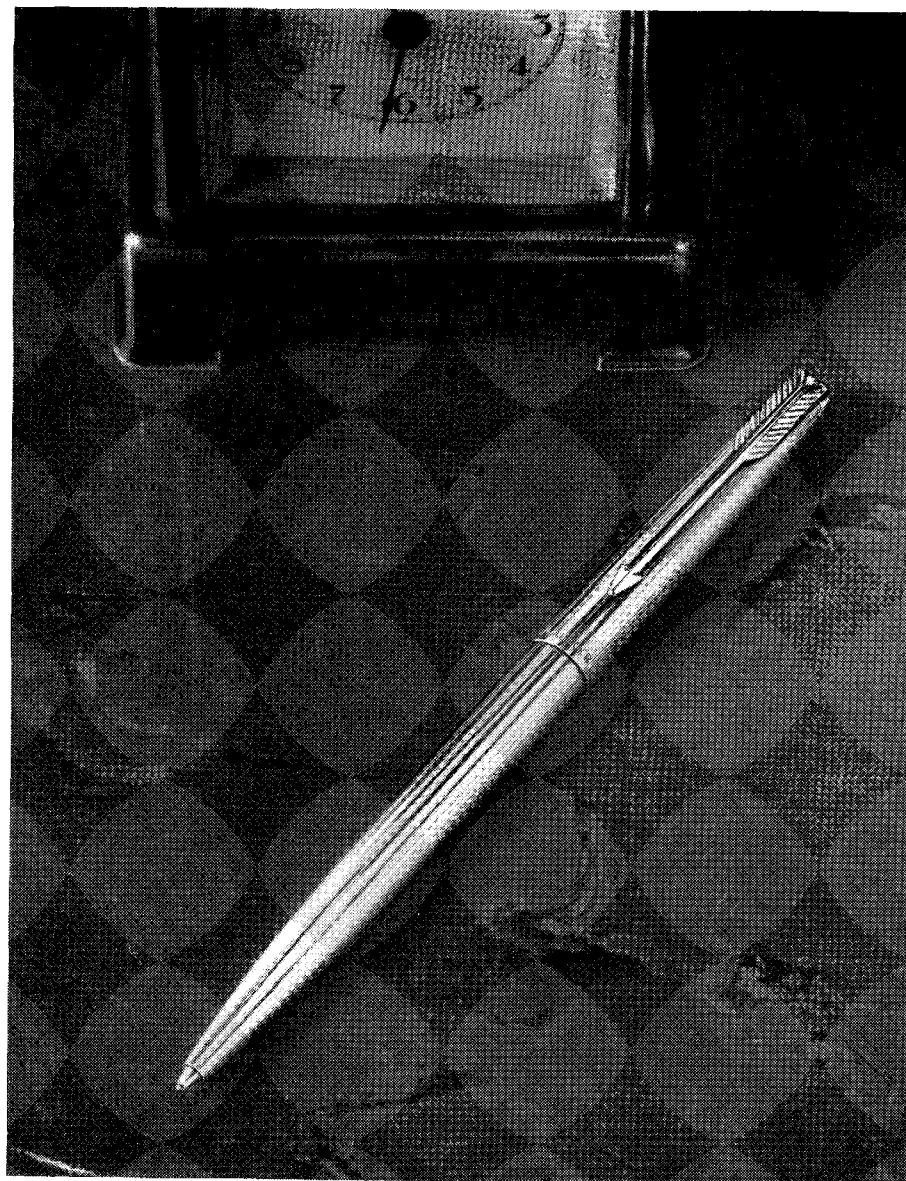
servient attitude which may lose his Christian Democratic Party some millions of votes in Land elections by the time he retires. For the concern of the German people over the prospect of worsening relations with the United States and, to a lesser extent, Britain is considerable. And the great mass of Germans have not the slightest interest in the sort of European Third Force which De Gaulle wants to create. They are far too aware of the twenty Red Army divisions in East Germany, of Soviet rocket-launching bases, and of the nonsense of a French independent nuclear deterrent.

Grumbling in Bonn

In other, minor respects the Adenauer government had a difficult spring. The affair of the steel tubes, when three Ruhr firms had to cancel contracts worth \$28 million to export 163,000 tons of tubes to the Soviet Union (the NATO Council ruled that they had a potential military value), annoyed both the steel industry and the unions.

The sudden appearance in Bavaria of the former French Prime Minister, Georges Bidault, De Gaulle's sworn enemy, caused acute embarrassment in Bonn. Only a few days earlier a minor degree of embarrassment was caused by the kidnapping of Colonel Antoine Argoud of the OAS by members of the French secret service in Munich, under the noses of the German police. And Bonn still grumbled about the *Spiegel* affair.

In Bonn there was only one cheering piece of news—plans for rebuilding this small but shamblingly incomplete capital city are to be pushed ahead. A whole new ministerial quarter is to be built to the south of the town, just off the road to Bad Godesberg. There is to be a new Bundestag building and a new official residence for the Chancellor. There will be two new bridges over the Rhine, and the railway line will be shifted to the west and out of the middle of the city. Bonn, the "Federal village," will acquire greater stature, but even this news carries an echo of regret. For in 1949, when it was picked as the capital, it was stressed that this was a purely temporary arrangement—for a few brief years, until Berlin was once again the capital of a reunified Germany.



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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The South African situation

SIR:

I have read with deep interest the article "A Little More Time for Violence" (page 70 of this issue) by David Lowe, who is obviously a man of high conscience and fine mind, but where does his argument take him? To military invasion by the United Nations, meaning by the U.S. Marines?

The Republic of South Africa is a sovereign nation, and so are we. I utterly deplore what has happened in Alabama and Mississippi, but if the Russians should invade to set it right, I would be down there on the beaches to help repel them.

I was recently in California. In Los Angeles the Black Muslims were being tried for crimes precisely like those of Poqo. One day near San Diego I passed a border patrol. What were they there for? To chase the wetbacks back across the border; and when these wetbacks are admitted to our area as migrant workers, they must carry passes. This is apartheid — American apartheid. We justify this on the ground that these Mexicans are not citizens of the United States. But that is precisely what the white man says to the Bantu in South Africa: "You are a separate people. We were here first. If you enter our area, you must do so on our terms." And I honestly believe that the wetback economic opportunity below the border is lower than that of the Bantu. Are we doing as much about it as the whites of South Africa are doing?

Housing is still deplorable for many of our minority groups. Not long ago I visited our own Deep

South, and there I found American Negroes living in crude shacks that would not for a moment be tolerated in South Africa. Outside the industrial city of Johannesburg, the Bantu worker lives in a comfortable house equipped with all modern conveniences, which is built for him by the municipality and rented to him at a low rate. Slums have been almost completely eliminated from the urban areas.

I still ask for a lowering of the voices, and I urge balance in reporting, on Mr. Lowe and the gentlemen of the press. Let them record the good as well as the bad.

CLARENCE B. RANDALL
Chicago, Ill.

"I, personally. . ."

SIR:

Compliments on your selection of Charles C. O'Connell's story "Island Teacher" (May *Atlantic*). Let's see more of his work in the future — a really polished, sensitive writer.

B. JAMES WRIGHT
Flint, Mich.

SIR:

"It's a Gloomy World, Gentlemen" by Randall Jarrell (April *Atlantic*) is a welcome sight for the reader of Russian novels. However, particularly in view of the rare appearance of any such commentary, it seems to me that a more hopeful mood would have served the reading audience in better stead. I believe there is more cheer in the Russian works than Mr. Jarrell leads us to believe.

Where can one experience a more complete synthesis and empathy than

through the reading of *War and Peace*? Here is a Tolstoy unmentioned by Mr. Jarrell. And nowhere are optimism, hope, and love for life more grandly composed and dramatically staged in the reader's mind than in the closing scene of *The Brothers Karamazov*, where flowers are strewn about in a spirit as far from gloomy as one could imagine. Dostoevsky, with all his depth and analysis of the human spirit, is much more hopeful than Mr. Jarrell has implied.

ANDREW M. COHE
Jamaica, N. Y.

SIR:

I enjoyed reading "Pedestrian Drift" by Stewart Beach in the May *Atlantic*, since I am one of those pedestrians he described.

If you ever witnessed or experienced the embarrassment of two people meeting head-on and then each dodging right and left, parrying the other's path and looking very foolish you soon learned to avoid such situations by staying right all the time.

THOMAS D. MATTHEW
New York City

SIR:

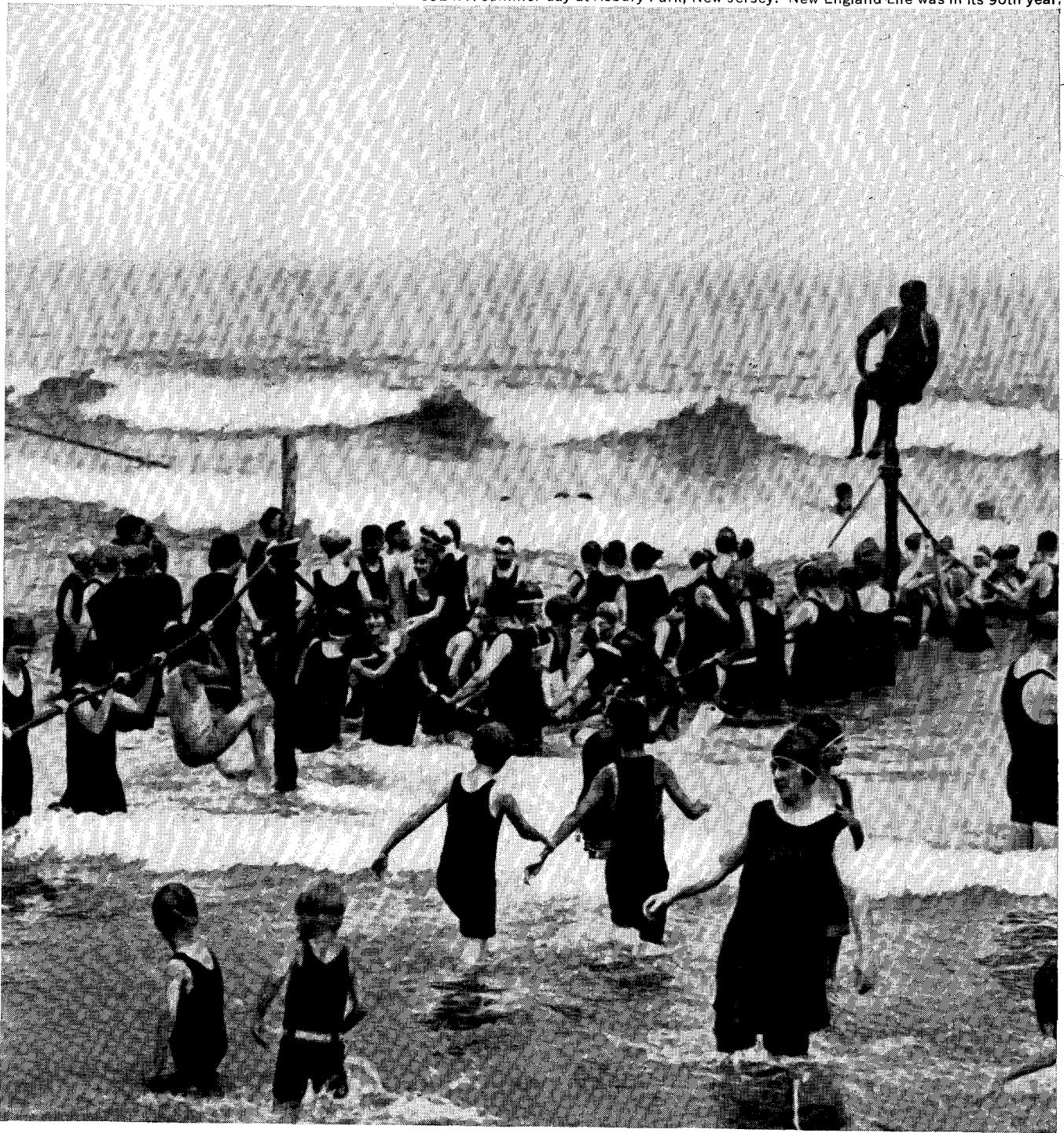
A. H. Raskin, in his article "John L. Lewis and the Mine Workers" (May *Atlantic*), says that Lewis decided twenty years ago that it would be better to have one man working in industry at good wages and a high standard of living than two working in poverty and degradation. He is a remarkable man to have come so close to his goal by having one mine now doing what three — rather than two — did at the end of the war.

The article says automation and unemployment in the coal industry were caused by the efforts of Lewis to help his miners. He produced short-run benefits that made miners on the average, worse off in the long run by having the one third who benefit now do so at the expense of the other two thirds.

FOREST M. KOVAC
Dewitt, N. Y.

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“Send me a man who reads!”

International Paper asks the man who awards \$4 million a year in scholarships how to win one

John Stalnaker is president of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation. In this I-P interview, he tells why he feels reading is the key to winning a scholarship.

National Merit Scholarships have paid for a good part of nearly 6000 college careers since 1955.

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“National Merit’s examination is actually a *reading test*,” says Mr. Stalnaker. “The best way to prepare for it is reading—broad, omnivorous reading.”

Mr. Stalnaker advises parents: “Encourage your

child to read as soon as he shows an interest. And don’t be afraid that he is sticking too close to the books.” Even the best students find time for other activities.

Varsity lettermen, presidents, editors

Says Mr. Stalnaker, “Over 20 percent of the National Merit Scholars graduating from college in 1960 were varsity lettermen, class presidents, or editors of major student publications.”

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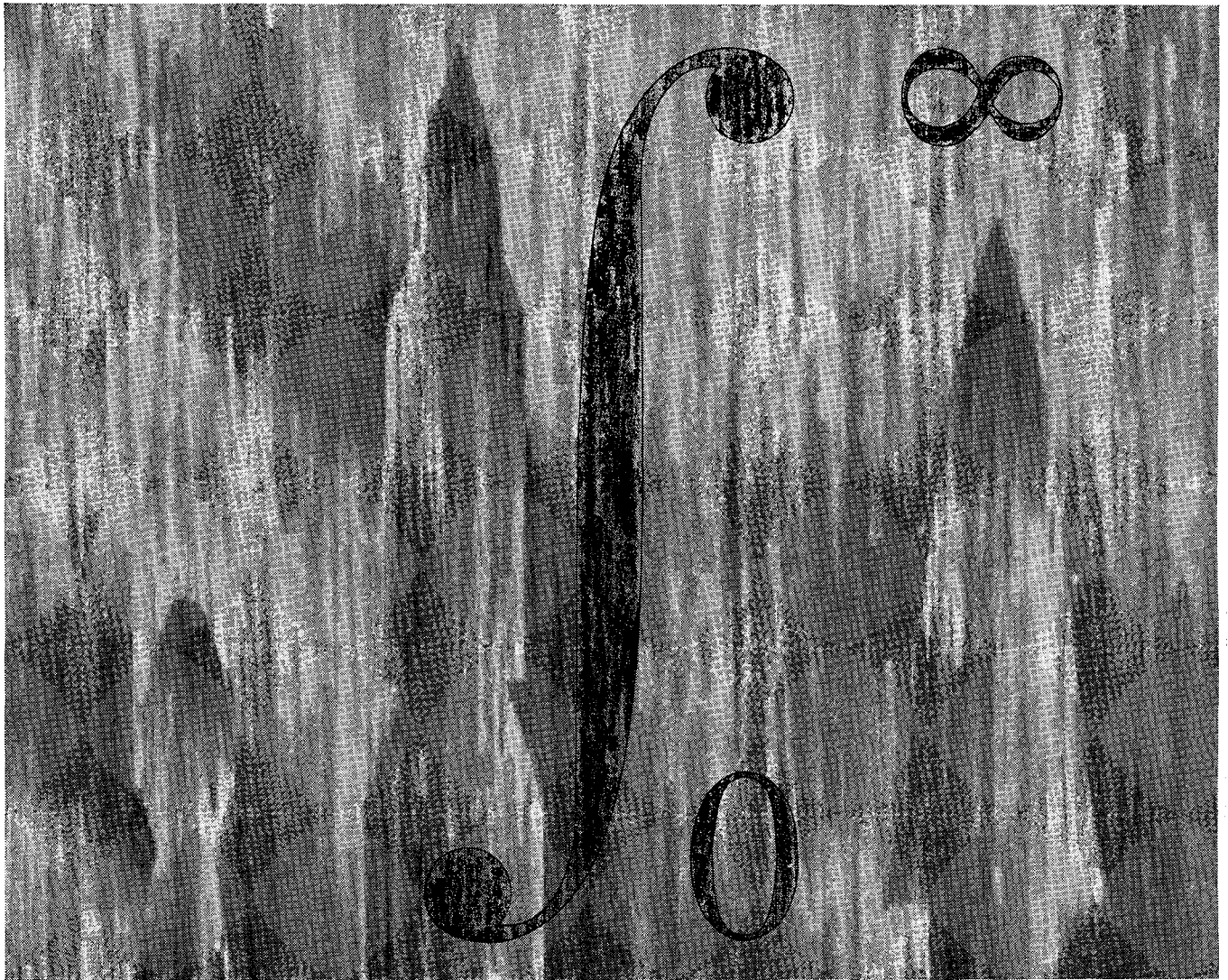
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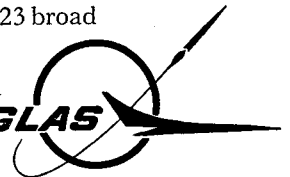
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LOG DRIVE ON THE CONNECTICUT

BY ROBERT E. PIKE

A native of northern Vermont, ROBERT E. PIKE has been a farmer, a lumberjack, a surveyor, an American army officer, a professor of ancient and modern languages, and a military governor, and is the author of several books. A graduate of Dartmouth, he holds an M.A. from the University of Minnesota and a Ph.D. from Harvard, and is at present chairman of the language department at Monmouth College in New Jersey. Here is his intrepid story of the lumberjacks and rivermen who rode the logs in the big drives on the Connecticut River.

THEY say that in the old days lumbering was wasteful; the lumbermen would fell a tree and perhaps take only one good log out of the middle, leaving the other two to rot. Today, the red-shirted, calk-booted, two-fisted woodsman has disappeared, along with the forlorn tar-paper flaps on the roofs of the old log camps. Yet the trees are coming down faster and more wastefully than of old, thanks to the chain saw that makes a forest look as if a gigantic mowing machine had gone over it.

Horses are still used in the woods; there still are lumber camps (made in plywood sections and brought in by truck from the factory); there is even the cookee, who beats mightily with a hammer on a suspended, worn-out circular saw at five o'clock in the black, cold mornings and yells, "Turn out! Turn out! It's daylight in the swamp!" But the long-log drives that used to take place in the spring on every stream in northern New England have passed forever.

All through the winter the horses hauled twenty-foot logs out of the woods and piled them in great heaps on the ice of the lakes and rivers, and when the riverbed was full, on the banks. In March came the first warm winds; dirt began to show in the road ruts, the six-foot icicles on the camp eaves began to drip, and finally came a night when the lumberjack smelled that the ice would go out before morning.

From beneath his bunk, or his fir-bough pillow, he fished a pair of old cork boots, filed their inch-long spikes to gleaming points, and then, as he was lovingly greasing them, there would come an earthshaking tremor and a tremendous roar of cracking ice and leaping water from the river, to confirm his presentiment.

The next morning, before daylight, having consumed his usual breakfast of salt pork, baked beans, gingerbread, and molasses, washed down with black tea "strong enough to float a half-inch nut," he traded his ax for a peavey and followed the foreman down to the stream and began to break out frozen rollways. He had become a riverman.

The riverman, like the cowboy, was a special breed of man, called into existence by a special set of circumstances. Now that the circumstances no longer exist, he has gone out of business. The business has vanished, but the genus riverman is still to be found up on the headwaters of the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, and the Penobscot, where dwell in ever-decreasing numbers the old men who in their prime "took the drive down" to the screeching mills at Hartford, Holyoke, Lewiston, and Bangor.

All rivermen were lumberjacks, though by no means were all lumberjacks rivermen. Almost anybody can learn to handle an ax or a saw, but to work in ice water, often up to your navel, fourteen

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hours a day requires stamina. Log driving was a profession that was dangerous to life and limb, not just some of the time, but every minute.

From the moment he began to break out the frozen rollways till the day, sometimes six months later, that the drive was safe in the booms hundreds of miles downriver, the riverman was flirting with death a dozen times a day. The heavy, slippery logs that he had to roll, pry, and lift would fly back at him and knock him literally to kingdom come, or he himself would slip and a whole rollway would pass over him, leaving not enough to bury. On the Penobscot, rivermen buried their dead comrades where they found them, hanging their spiked boots on tree branches over their graves. At Mulliken's Pitch, at the foot of the Fifteen-Mile Falls on the Connecticut, they used to bury rivermen in empty pork barrels. When the New England Power Company built the great dam precisely at the Pitch in 1930, it excavated half a dozen of those makeshift coffins, the old spiked boots still intact.

Working from unstable bateaux or on treacherous jams, the riverman had to be as agile as a panther and surefooted as a mountain goat merely to survive. Small wonder that you could always spot a riverman among other workingmen. His staggered trousers marked him, to be sure; his little black felt hat and his red shirt, the plug of black B-L in his hip pocket, and of course his spiked boots, but most of all his walk, which had a little swagger in it, the devil-may-care swing to his shoulders, and the good-humored, challenging gleam in his steady eyes.

He was afraid of nothing that walked or crawled or swam or flew. I have known a riverman to go into a blacked-out shed knowing that a full-grown wildcat was in it, loose, and come out lugging the wildcat. His constant heavy lifting made him strong as a horse and hard as nails, while the demand for quick action on the slippery logs kept him from becoming muscle-bound. In a rough-and-tumble fight he was probably the best man in the world with his hands, and rivermen loved to fight. They fought with their fists and their heads and their spiked boots, but never with guns or knives. A favorite trick was to turn away from a foe as if abandoning the fight and then lash back at the man's face with your calked shoe. Many a riverman bore on his face and body the permanent scars of "lumberjack's smallpox." But it was all in good fun, and the riverman, like most outdoorsmen, was, unless drunk or provoked, a modest and soft-spoken man. I remember once asking Dan Bosse, the greatest riverman of the North Country, whether a certain man I had heard of was a better man than himself.

"I'll tell you," Dan answered thoughtfully, "I'd

go anywhere he would, but there were places I'd go that he didn't follow me."

The old-time riverman would work his head off for his boss if he thought he was getting a fair shake and never expect or accept any reward for extra labor. But even with his bosses he was independent. Jack Lary, who was a walking boss for the Brown Company of Berlin, New Hampshire, was taking the wanigan up to the lakes one March to begin the spring drive. Having come down out of the woods to Berlin, Jack was feeling no pain, as they used to say. In the Thirteen-Mile Woods he met W. R. Brown, woods manager and one of the owners of the company. W. R. had something to tell his walking boss, but he couldn't make him understand. At last he exploded, "Lary, the trouble with you is you're drunk, and I know it!"

"Mr. Brown," answered Jack, "the trouble with you is you're a damned fool, and you'll never know it!"

But the same obstreperous boss worked day and night for the company and landed logs on the river for two dollars less per thousand than any other man in its employ.

THE sawlog was to the riverman what the horse was to the cowboy. It was his means of transportation. He did not go plunging through the mud and brush that lined the bank to keep up with the logs. He merely chose the one he wanted, sprang aboard, stuck the point of his peavey into it, leaned nonchalantly on the handle, and was swept away by the current. If other logs came surging along and turned his log beneath him, he calmly stepped onto the nearest one and kept going.

The Androscoggin drive came down from the Rangeleys and Umbagog and had to be sluiced through Errol Dam and again at Pontook. There is half a mile of rocks and wicked water below Pontook, and then comes an eddy against the bank where a jam would quickly form if rivermen were not "tending out" there, poling the logs out into the current. George Horn, the drive boss, told me that when Dan Bosse used to tend out there at night he always refused to walk down the road, but would take a lantern in his hand and jump on the first log that came along and ride down to his station.

"But," added George, who was quite a man on logs himself, "I never saw any other man do it, before or since."

George Anderson, a Brown Company foreman, had a crew of fifty or sixty men up on the Little Magalloway River one April, breaking out rollways — that is, the great piles of frozen logs were being pried loose and rolled into the water, which

of course was high and fast. One rollway was on a steep bank ten or fifteen feet high, and just below it was an eddy that kept the logs inshore instead of letting them float down with the current.

"They got piled up pretty deep down there," George told me, "so I told the crew to wait while I took a couple of men [a good river boss never *sent* men to do dangerous work, he always *took* them] and went down to pole the logs out into the river. We were working away and had them pretty well cleared out when there came a yell from the men up on the bank. We looked up, and there all the logs on that rollway had broken loose and were starting to roll down on top of us. We turned and ran over the floating logs for the middle of the river. The other two men made it safely, but I didn't.

"My first jump, I landed on my left foot on a big spruce, but before I could bring up my right foot another log hopped out of the water and caught it between the two logs. I stuck my peavey into the log and pulled for all I was worth, but I was stuck there just as if I were in a bear trap. I caught a glimpse of the logs leaping over the bank, and I thought sure my time had come, but Dan Bosse was working up on that rollway, and when he saw the fix I was in he ran out and jumped. He jumped ten feet straight down and landed on that log behind me and drove one end of it deep into the water. The other end snapped up past my head like a streak of light, but that didn't bother me. My foot was free then, and I sailed out of there as quick and easy as if I were on a featherbed. And not one second later that rollway landed kerplunk where I had been standing and filled the river ten feet deep with logs. Dan was right behind me on the same big spruce."

The Connecticut River drive was the greatest one in all the Northeast. No other river was driven for so many years, no other drive went so many miles — four hundred down to Hartford, two hundred and fifty in later years to Holyoke and Mt. Tom. It was more than an ordinary log drive; it was practically an institution. The first long-log drive went down the Connecticut from the headwaters in 1869, and every year thereafter until 1915. After that, pulpwood was driven in four-foot bolts until 1922. Over on the Androscoggin, the Brown Company still drives pulpwood, although the last of the long logs came down in 1930. Since then the riverman has been out of work.

THE Connecticut River drive ended in a burst of glory. The Connecticut Valley Lumber Company owned most of northern New Hampshire and much of adjacent Vermont and Maine. The company

was owned and headed by George Van Dyke, a two-fisted ex-riverman of the old school. He didn't own a pair of shoes until he was twelve years old, but in the spring of 1909 he died a millionaire in a tragic accident when his chauffeur-driven car backed over a cliff at Turners Falls, having come too close to the bank so that he might view the driving crew picking a jam in the river.

In 1914, Stone & Webster, a firm of Boston engineers, bought the company because they wanted the waterpower rights on the headwaters of the Connecticut. That winter, 1914-1915, it had more than three thousand men in the woods, and the word went out that the next spring would be the last long-log drive. It was the most exciting news that had hit the North Country since the Indian Stream War in 1835. Men talked about it in saloons and on street corners; they argued about it and fought about it; they said that it just couldn't be true. Many of them swore that logs would be driven down the Connecticut until the end of time. But before the ice went out, the rumor received official confirmation. The C.V.L. said that there would never be another sawlog rolled into the Upper Connecticut.

Then everybody wanted to get onto the drive. It was the last chance for the young men to carve their names on the North Country totem pole of glory, so to speak, while the old-timers wanted to give it one more whirl. There were men in the border towns who had gone down with every drive since 1869.

The C.V.L. did it up in style — five hundred men on drive, the greatest crew of rivermen who ever went down a river. Dan Bosse abandoned the Brown Company that spring, attracted by the lure of the last drive and the princely wage of four dollars a day. Bangor Indians came all the way from Orono, and some of the old ones among them had been with John Ross, the great riverman of the Penobscot, in 1876, when the company had hired him to come over and take the drive down. He came, bringing his "Bangor Tigers" with him, and his Penobscot bateaux — "Maynard" boats, they were called. The Indians had shot the Pittsburg Falls in those double-ended bateaux, and the fame of their prowess was so great that sixty years later old men solemnly averred to me that they were the best rivermen in the world. Two bateau crews of them ran the Bellows Falls just for fun, a feat that no man had ever before or since accomplished. The year 1876 became known as "the Ross year," and was famous for seeing the highest and the lowest water ever known in the river. Even John Ross's genius couldn't beat it. His men broke their hearts lugging the stranded logs off the dry ledges. The drive was still hung up on the Fifteen-Mile Falls in July, and then winter

came and the logs froze fast in the ice. It was not until the next year, 1877, that they reached their destination.

Came the night in April, 1915, when the ice went out, and the next day the drive was under way. Forty million feet of logs, massed at Second Lake, shot down the roaring river and in no time were spreading themselves quietly in the booms set to catch them on the choppy waters of First Lake. There, fifteen million more came out of South Bay, and all of them were towed across the lake in giant booms by night, when the wind was quiet, and sluiced through the dam into the channel below. Five million more came out of Perry Stream, and six million from Deadwater Brook. And so, like a snowball, the drive grew and grew until, when it hit North Stratford, there were sixty-five million feet of logs in the river — the greatest drive that ever went down the Connecticut.

Two men were killed on Perry Falls that spring. "I saw one of them die," Phonse Roby, the C.V.L. walking boss, told me. "There was a wing jam on both sides, and he was walking across the stream on a log wedged about a foot under water. He held his peavey dangling from his hand, on the upstream side, and the current hit it just enough to throw him off-balance. He fell into the stream, where the water was fast as a millrace. He could swim some, and a log came along, and he grabbed it by the middle and tried to hoist himself on top.

"If he'd only used his head and taken the log at one end, he could have held himself up until we pulled him out; but I suppose he was too scared to think, and he kept trying to wrestle that log, and it kept rolling out of his hands.

"The jam stuck out into the stream a few rods below, and the current set in against it. I ran to beat hell over those logs and got out on the point and was all ready to pull him in when the cold water and the shock were too much for him, and he let go the log and went under. One of his hands came up as if he was waving good-bye — and that was the last of him."

But after a couple of men were lost at Perry Falls, the drive went merry as a wedding bell until it reached North Stratford. There the river was blocked by an ice jam, and the logs jammed behind it, rearing up in huge piles, twenty and thirty feet high; the worst log jam ever seen, said old Rube Leonard of Colebrook, who could remember them all, even the first one. For there were thirty-five million feet of logs in one bunch, sticking straight up and sideways and every other way, a diabolical and inextricable mass.

They kept piling up, and the water backed up and flooded houses and barns and tore up the Grand Trunk Railroad tracks, and the Grand

Trunk started a lawsuit and there was hell to pay.

Phonse Roby had charge of the drive that year, and Win Schoppe, one of the great names in the North Country, bossed the rear. They got all the men down at the great jam, and they worked day and night. Finally, after many days, they had picked and dynamited the jam to pieces and set the logs floating off down the black, sullen river.

"I saw a funny thing while we were breaking that jam," John Locke, who was later general manager of the C.V.L., told me. "The dynamite had frozen, so they built a fire to thaw it out. They shoveled up a bank of earth all around the fire, a foot or two away, and stood the sticks of powder up against the inside of the bank. They left a young fellow in charge of it who didn't know much about the vagaries of dynamite. One of the sticks happened to slip and fall toward the fire, and he reached over to pull it out. Probably someone had told him that dynamite had to be jarred to explode. At that precise moment old Win came striding up to see if the powder was ready, and just as the youngster reached over the embankment, Win reached out one paw and wrapped it around his short ribs and flattened him on the ground like you would a doll.

"Boom! And that stick of dynamite exploded all over the adjacent territory. But nobody was hurt. Win got up and brushed himself and says to the lad, 'G'acious! G'acious, sonny, you must learn to be more careful.'

"Dan Bosse was doing the shooting. He was a good man with powder. I saw him put in one blast that didn't do any good. He'd tied two sticks of powder onto the end of a pole and swum out with a lighted fuse and stuck it into a hole of the jam. When it didn't go off correctly, he was a little bothered. He wrapped some more dynamite around the end of a pole about fifteen feet long and skipped out onto the jam and pushed it into the hole he'd selected, and stood there watching to see what would happen. It happened all right. The whole front of the jam came loose, and I'll swear it looked as if Dan went up in the air more than ten feet. But when he came down he was standing with both feet on a log and headed downstream."

THE drive got down to Fitzdale (today they call it Gilman), and the owner of the mill and the dam there wouldn't let them sluice through the dam. Stone & Webster, who were first-rate engineers but who didn't know much about logging, had brought in a man from Massachusetts named MacDonald to be general manager. MacDonald, who accompanied the drive in a Buick touring car, advised waiting. Big Phonse, who saw the

water dropping every day, scowled and did not answer, but he took it upon himself to go and call on the millman.

The tall, slim walking boss strode into the office, his spiked boots gouging little triangular holes in the polished hardwood floor.

"You open up those sluices," he said, "or God have mercy on you when I turn these rivermen loose. There'll be nothing left of you, your mill, and your dam."

He meant what he said, and the other man knew he meant it. The drive went through.

Just below Fitzdale began the "Horse-Race," a quarter of a mile of rock-toothed rapids that were the start of the Fifteen-Mile Falls. Sam Martin, one of the rivermen, had managed to get drunk, and now, full of bravado and Old Granddad, he got into a bateau all alone and started down through the Horse-Race. A hundred yards down, the boat hit a rock and turned over, leaving Sam out in the middle of the rapids, clinging to a boulder and sober as a preacher.

No man had ever ridden a log through the Horse-Race, and eventually a bateau would have been procured to rescue Sam, but some playful riverman bet Bill Bacon ten dollars he couldn't ride a log down past Sam and pick him off that rock. Bill ran out over the surging logs, picked a big spruce, and stayed on it through the white water. As the log drove past the rock, barely missing it, he grabbed Sam by the collar, hauled him clear, and brought him safely through.

Down the drive went, down and down. The wanigan — an Indian word meaning the tents, blankets, and cooking stuff needed on the drive — transported in high-wheeled wagons drawn by eight horses, kept up with it. It's quite a trick to drive eight horses. Next to rivermen, teamsters were the highest-paid men in the woods.

Log jams were the riverman's particular bane. There were all kinds of them — little ones, big ones, wing jams, jams easy to pick, and jams that could be moved only with dynamite. They formed on rocks out in the middle of the river, where they had to be approached cautiously in bateaux; they also formed in eddies close to shore, and in bends of the river. The stone piers of the numerous bridges that crossed the river always caused bad jams. Two bridges on the Fifteen-Mile Falls were destroyed by log jams and never rebuilt.

In high water the logs floated far off onto the farmers' meadows; in low water they were stranded on the ledges. From these places they had to be hauled by horses back into the water. Often hundreds of logs would be left stranded on

some farmer's property, to be cleaned up by the rear crew and dragged into the river again. That operation was like plowing up a whole meadow, and after he'd been stung one year with Van Dyke's false promises to send a check, many a farmer would mount guard over the logs and demand his damages on the spot.

Naturally, old George Van Dyke, whose favorite cry, whenever a riverman fell into the water, was, "To hell with the man! Save the cant dog!", would never pay if he could avoid it. Many fights ensued. Often, while some of the rivermen joyfully battled the horny-handed yeomen, another part of the crew would rustle the logs into the river again.

Curiously, a bad jam often gave the rivermen a little rest, for it required the personal attention of the boss, and after he had examined it with his keen professional eye, he sometimes grudgingly decided that the key log (every jam was formed by a primary, key log, which, if it could be reached and loosened, would let the whole jam "haul") could be moved only with dynamite. "Powder," they called it, and there were always one or two expert powdermen in the crew. Dan Bosse was a noted expert in its use. He could put a charge of powder under a boulder and land it fifty yards away, calling the spot.

But the necessary preparations took time, and while they were going on the rivermen perched on top of the jam, lit their pipes, and discovered, to their amazement, that it was a fine spring day. Whereat someone would leap down the face of the jam to a quiet eddy below and dance on a log, challenging anyone to come and roll ("birl" is the technical name) against him. He never had to ask twice. The two men would stand side by side near the center of the log and begin to spar for an opening by turning the log with their spiked boots. Faster and faster it rolled. Sometimes the loser was turned off in a hurry, unable to keep up — kersplash into the water. But if the two were evenly matched, then it was something to see. They would try all sorts of tricks — leaping suddenly into the air to come down hard with both feet, to bring the rapidly rotating log to a dead stop, thus throwing the other man forward and off — but the other man, with a loud guffaw, would be with him leap for leap and stop for stop. Or one would run out to the end of the log, putting the other man high in the air.

The drive finally came to the Narrows at Woodsville. It was the last time they ever put the old *Mary Ann*, the raft that carried the cook's equipment from Woodsville down, into the water. And the last time the horse raft was ever built. The horse raft was simply a log raft onto which they loaded the horses they might need to haul stranded

logs into the water. Below Woodsville it wasn't logs on farmers' meadows that bothered the rivermen. But low water left the logs stranded, or jammed on the ledges, which was worse.

Woodsville was the first real town the drive had come to since leaving the wild headwaters. The rivermen had been working in the woods all winter and then gone straight onto the drive. Except for a little drinking at the Line House in Beecher Falls at the Canadian border, and a little more at North Stratford, this was their first chance for some fun. It was in Woodsville that a riverman who was drunk saw a woman's head in a clothing-store window, gave a whoop, jumped right through the plate glass, spiked boots first, and grabbed that female form and tried to ravish it.

Win Schoppe was sixty years old that spring. For many years he had been a woods boss and a dam builder for the C.V.L. They say that of all the many men who built driving dams in the North Country, Win is the only one who never built a dam that "blew" — that is, was torn away by the current and carried downstream. He was an immensely powerful man, but he had never had a fight in his life. He was always good-natured, and his nickname was "Grinner." His strongest oath was "G'acious!"

Vern Davison, who worked on the drive, told me that there was *one man*, a mean-tempered redheaded bruiser working on the rear, who somehow had it in for the old man. He used to talk loudly to the others about what he would do to Schoppe if the latter ever tried to ride him.

"This fellow came into the tent one night at Windsor, noisy and drunk," Vern told me, "and Win told him to shut up, the men needed their sleep. He called Win a son of a bitch, and proposed to give him a licking. He made a pass at him, but Win reached out one hand, took him by the throat, and bore down. When the fellow came to, Win said, 'G'acious, I hope I haven't hurt you. But, really, you shouldn't go around calling people sons of bitches.' The fellow took his turkey and got out of there as fast as he could caper."

And so the drive went down and down. The old men showed the young ones where the great jams of former years had piled up, where men had been killed, and where some especially pleasant fight had taken place. Finally they came to Mt. Tom, and the last long-log on the Connecticut River, the oldest and longest drive in the whole United States, was over.

They kept the men at a hotel in Holyoke before they paid them off and let them go. Vern Davison, who had at one time lived in Boston, had between six and seven hundred dollars coming to him.

"I gave half of it to Win," he told me, "and asked him to keep it for me. I took the rest and

went to Boston. I had one great and glorious time. The first thing I did was to buy a ticket to North Stratford, and the next was to go over to the Adams House and get a room. Then I got all cleaned up — shave, shine, shower, shampoo, even a manicure. I bought a new suit of clothes at Filene's and started out to paint the town red.

"I'd lived in Boston some years, and I still knew my way around. I had a lot of friends there. It was wine, women, and song for two weeks. I never went on such a tear before, and I never will again. But I'll bet you there are still people in Boston who remember it! They had to lay new floors in some of their swankiest ballrooms after I led my Kitty out in a waltz."

When Vern got back to North Stratford he met Black Bill Fuller, Phonse Roby, and Jigger Johnson, who had just returned from Holyoke. The four decided to go on a fishing trip over on the Diamonds. At a local livery stable they rented a two-horse, fringed-top surrey and headed north. Vern sported a large handlebar mustache, Jigger was shaved clean, but both Phonse and Bill wore great black beards. At the Line House in Beecher Falls they stopped to buy two gallons of Canadian high wines, as pure alcohol is called along the border. A couple of miles above Beecher Falls, down below the road in the riverbank, is a fine spring known as Cold Spring.

The four friends stopped there to cut the alcohol. They tied the team to a tree, skittered down the bank, cut the liquor, and had a drink or two. It was warm, and they had all left their coats in the surrey. In his vest pocket Jigger had his whole winter's wages, more than five hundred dollars in bills. Because it was warm, he took off his vest and hung it on a limb.

"We sat there a while," said Vern, "and had a couple more drinks, and finally we started north again. We rolled along for more than fifteen miles, clear up to First Lake, before we noticed Jigger didn't have his vest. Phonse and I wanted to go back and get it, but Jigger says, 'Oh, to hell with it! We're going fishing!' So we go over to the East Branch and stay ten days until our bait is all gone, and then we come back to the lake and get our team and start back to North Stratford.

"When we come to the Spring, Jigger says, 'Just stop a minute while I go down and get my vest.' And so help me, there it was, still on the limb where he'd left it, and all the money still in the pocket."

Today the Fifteen-Mile Falls is buried under a hundred feet of water. Phonse and Vern and Jigger and Black Bill Fuller and Dan Bosse are gone where spiked boots aren't needed. It's just as well. Their era passed when the last log slid into the booms at Mt. Tom in the summer of 1915.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

Honors and distinction have come to ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., ever since his graduation from Harvard, where he subsequently became a professor of history. In 1945, when he was twenty-eight, Mr. Schlesinger was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his book THE AGE OF JACKSON, and he has been widely acclaimed for his series of volumes on Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the New Deal. He is now on the White House staff as a special assistant to President Kennedy.

THE HISTORIAN AS ARTIST

HISTORY has always seemed to me primarily an art, a branch of literature, a minor branch perhaps, subject to its own rules, concerned with its own issues, pursuing its own objectives, but committed nonetheless to the written word, and therefore a literary enterprise.

Of course, it is other things too; and modern tendencies in the writing of history have made these other things more prominent. First of all, the historian, unlike the novelist or poet, has a prescribed and inescapable task. That task is to reconstruct the past, to present as truthful a picture as he can of events that have already taken place. In performing this task, the historian requires, above all, evidence. It is the character of the evidence which establishes the framework within which he writes. He cannot imagine scenes for which he has no citation, invent dialogue for which he has no text, assume relationships for which he has no warrant. Fact is his raw material, and the farther he strays from his evidence, the more contentious his history becomes.

This peculiar dependence of history on evidence led some historians at the turn of the century to suppose that history was less an art than a science, that historical evidence working through the transparent medium of the historian could produce, in effect, its own answers. Obviously we know now that history is not a science in the late-nineteenth-century sense of the word; indeed, we

are reliably informed that physics isn't either. But, even taking contemporary science, with its admission of relativism and indeterminacy and its acknowledgment that the experimenter affects the experiment, one must still conclude that history remains something considerably different. If the scientist is assumed to influence his own experiments, the historian, except in a metaphorical sense, cannot conduct experiments at all. If the scientist is implicated technically in his observations, the historian's implication, which is philosophical and moral, is far more extensive and controlling. And if the test of science is predictability, historians who claim to be scientists might as well go out and cut their throats.

The view that history is a science is rarely advanced today in its naïve form, though it lingers in the notion that history is, to use an odious term, a "social science." I should myself prefer to describe history as one of the humanities. Yet even some who would go this far would still assign history a lowly place among humane studies. Dr. Johnson, you will remember, instructed Boswell that the historian had no need for talent, since in historical composition the greatest powers of the human mind were necessarily quiescent. The historian, Johnson said, "has facts ready to his hand; so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower kinds

of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and colouring will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary."

This judgment is stern, essentially correct, no doubt, but a little invidious in its emphasis. If the difference between history and science is greater than people supposed in 1900, the difference between history and literature may be less than Dr. Johnson thought, or than people imagine today. The historian must depend on evidence, but the historian's mission is much more than the transcription of evidence. The very term "evidence" implies criteria of relevance. The historical act is therefore, first of all, the act of selection; selection is just another word for interpretation; and interpretation implies a scale of priorities, a sense that some things matter more than others. The historian can no more escape this process than the novelist or poet. He noses around in chaos, like any other writer, and comes up with what his sensibility, within his discipline of demonstrable fact, finds appropriate.

If the historian's faith is objectivity, is the novelist's or poet's any less so? Every writer, if he is any good, must be rigorously loyal to his own sense of the evidence. It would be hard to name, for example, a historian who has pursued objectivity with such fanaticism as Henry James. And if James failed, have historians been any more successful? The thoughtful historian is bound to agree with Salvemini that historians cannot be impartial. "We can only," Salvemini wrote, "be intellectually honest — that is, aware of our own passions, on our guard against them, and prepared to warn our readers of the dangers into which our partial views may lead them. Impartiality is a dream, and honesty a duty."

Within the discipline of demonstrable fact, the historian employs, or at least is free to employ, nearly all the techniques cherished by what is complacently called the creative writer. The more effectively he employs them, the better he executes his task of historical reconstruction. Definition of theme, organization of narrative, setting of scene, dramatization of conflict, evocation of character and atmosphere, grace of style — all the elements of artistic form — are as organic in historical as in any other kind of literary composition. There are limits on the historian's capacity for invention, but there need be none on his capacity for insight. Written history, after all, is the application of an aesthetic vision to a welter of facts; and both the weight and the vitality of a historical work depend on the quality of the vision. The simplest definition of history I know was tossed off years ago by Burckhardt in one of his lectures on general history at the University of Basel. History, Burckhardt said, is "what one

age finds worthy of note in another." This modest but penetrating remark suggests both the subjectivity and transience of written history and explains why each generation demands — and creates — its own version of the past. It suggests, too, why the historical works which survive from earlier generations do so in the main less as history than as art.

WE HAVE noted the change produced by the conception of history as a branch of science. A century ago, the historian was far more ready to employ the resources of the creative writer than he is today. If one considers history as written in recent times — from, say, Gibbon to the present — it is apparent that, within this span, the historians who rank as artists fall almost entirely into the first rather than the second half. It is therefore pertinent to consider the reasons both for the aesthetic commitment of the older historians and for the subsequent decline of history as an art form.

Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Parkman, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, for all their political and philosophical differences, had in common the vision of history as drama. The past was a record of human struggle, human frustration, and human hope. The job of the historian was to recapture vanished emotions, to reproduce the anguish and the triumph, to convey a sense, suitably ordered and heightened, of how it felt when things happened. "Faithfulness to the truth of history," wrote Parkman, "involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. . . . The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearings near and remote; in the character, habits, and manners of those who took part in them. He must himself be, as it were, a sharer or a spectator of the action he describes."

Writing in this spirit, the classical historians set scenes, drew characters, delivered judgments, embellished fact with rhetoric, and aimed at the creation of pictorial and theatrical effect. Their vision dominated the facts without falsifying them. Their essential power was the power of narration. They possessed the quality which Henry Adams called "intellectual sensuousness." They approached their material in the high style of the novelist, who combines a desire to maintain suspense with a knowledge of how the tale comes out. And, like the novelists, they both drew from and developed the pervading emotions of their own day.

Gibbon, a man of the eighteenth century, saw history as an exercise in irony. No one showed

better the immense fascination of the historical brush at work on a great canvas, casting a clear, dry light on the endless "register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." The superb wit and cadence of his splendid sentences, marching across the long wastes of imperial decay, unfolded new possibilities in the historical medium. But the effect of irony, though strong, was narrow. History was still a somewhat marginal form of literary expression. It was the nineteenth century which brought history into its own. Several circumstances now combined to make it a central, almost an obsessive, form through which men sought to interpret their experience.

The rise of nationalism gave people an urgent desire to articulate their sense of national identity, to trace their life to its roots, and to document the course by which their past gave birth to their present. The new romanticism replaced the eighteenth-century conception of the world as a machine by a feeling for organic process. At the same time, it replaced Gibbonian detachment by a compulsion toward fervent commitment. And while nationalism and romanticism were becoming vital emotions, the ongoing movement of secularization drove theology off the center of the intellectual stage. History and the novel now rose together both to fill part of the gap left by religion and to meet the rising demands for self-knowledge.

IN ENGLAND, the historian and the novelist shared the stage. Scott magnificently demonstrated how writers might reconstruct the past, and historians drank deeply at his well. Carlyle learned from Scott to see history as "not abstractions . . . not diagrams and theorems; but men in buff coats and breeches, with color in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men." Macaulay observed that Scott "used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs." Macaulay added, "But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated" — a mission to which he promptly assigned himself.

The American situation was different and, in its way, even more revealing. The American writer of fiction, as Richard Chase brilliantly reminded us, was forced by his own literary predicament to turn not to the novel but to the romance, and thus could not satisfy the appetite for a full and solid evocation of the past. There

could be no American Scott because America lacked the requisite density of tradition; there was, as Hawthorne complained, "no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight." The American Scotts — say, Cooper and Simms — had nothing to write about except Indians and the wilderness. Still, Americans desperately wanted a national epic to prove their title to nationhood. "I should hope," John Adams wrote in 1785, "to live to see our young America in Possession of an Heroick Poem, equal to those most esteemed in any country." The early years of the republic were consequently strewn with the wreckage of narrative poems, earnestly composed, canto after canto, according to classical specifications as a testimony to national pride and national identity.

But the American epic could not be written in verse; the American literary tradition, still bearing the imprint of Puritanism, distrusted aesthetic ornamentation long after Puritan theology had loosened its grip. So here, even more than in Britain, history rushed to fill the vacuum. History was sufficiently didactic to satisfy the Puritans and sufficiently dramatic to satisfy the democrats. It was factual, sober, sustained, and founded on hard and meticulous labor. Yet in romantic hands it could be impassioned, rhapsodic, and philosophical. So, in the end, the "Heroick Poem," the epic which best defined the early American sense of itself, was written not by Timothy Dwight or Joel Barlow but by George Bancroft.

The romantic generation of historians had several characteristics. These historians were possessed by visions of history which organized their material and controlled their interpretation. At the same time, they respected the autonomy of the past and tried to isolate its essence: it must not be forgotten that the romantic impulse animated Ranke's passion to see history *wie es eigentlich gewesen*. They sought themselves to become sharers in the drama they depicted. They saw history, so to speak, in technicolor, with vivid lighting and hectic contrasts. They chose their themes and designed their work with conscious artistry. And they were in intimate and sustained contact with their audience. Thus Bancroft spoke directly to Jacksonian America, Macaulay to the Whig middle class of Britain, Carlyle to the sullen resentments of the submerged classes. History *mattered*: it summed up the hopes, communicated the ambitions, or ventilated the grievances of a great mass of people.

The romantic generation had one other characteristic: they were mostly not, in the contemporary sense, professional historians. They had mastered the professional techniques, but they did not re-

gard themselves as members of a guild, nor did they dwell in universities. They had other lives to live, and living them no doubt gave substance and energy to their history. Bancroft and Macaulay were politicians, Carlyle was a writer, Motley a diplomat. Neither Prescott nor Parkman ever held an academic chair or trained graduate students. Yet, even as they labored, their work was leading to the inevitable next stage. Ranke represented the link: he found history an art and left it a profession. Henry Adams, the last of our great historians who was also a great writer, was the link in America.

MANY factors contributed to the process of professionalization. The steady secularization of the curriculum made history a subject. The vast enlargement of the raw materials of history made specialization a necessity. The improvement of historical technology deepened the shafts of research. The spreading cult of positive science gave history a new and impressive model. The German example showed how teaching and research could be organized and bureaucratized, and thereby removed historians from the turbulence of politics and enterprise, transforming them into quiet professors secure behind ivied walls. The result was the new form of history, to which Herbert Butterfield has given the name of "technical history." Technical history differed sharply from romantic history, and the sharpest difference lay in the transformation of the central historical task from narration to analysis.

The older history had tried to show *how* things happened. The art of history, said Macaulay, was "the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination . . . by skilful selection and disposition, without indulging in the licence of invention." The new history tried to show *why* things happened. Its task was not, in the words of Michelet, to "evoke, recreate, revivify" the past, but to dissect it. The reconstruction of the past now seemed not a recovery of emotion but a reassessment of causation. In Carlyle's phrase, the Artist in History gave way to the Artisan in History. The monograph became the characteristic vehicle. Instead of a sharer in the experience, the historian became a neutral observer, as little involved with his materials as a chemist with the elements in his test tube. Instead of the partisanship, the passion, the black-and-white contrasts of the romantic school, there appeared a miscellany of dry, detailed, dusty investigations, deliberately devoid of sentiment, of comment, and of grace. Instead of striving for artistic effect, the historian disdained the

resources of the imagination and concentrated on the precise and low-pressure analysis of fact. "I may remind you," said J. B. Bury when he succeeded Lord Acton as the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, "that history is not a branch of literature. . . . History is a science, no less and no more."

It is hard to overstate the contributions technical history has made both to the control of historical materials and to the rigor, thrust, and comprehensiveness of historical method. It broadened the historian's hypotheses, sharpened his tools, strengthened his mastery of the subject, and extended his range. It emancipated history from the tyranny of politics and dynasties, and by establishing the legitimacy of economic, social, institutional, cultural, and intellectual history, it brought vital new areas within the historian's domain. Above all, it turned the historian's attention from description to explanation. It made him speculate about the network of causality behind any particular event and thereby drove him to new questions which compelled him to uncover new evidence. And it did all this without saddling history with an unintelligible patois in the style of sociology or anthropology.

Yet, for all the advantages of technical history, the historical art paid a price. As history became specialized and professional, it also seemed to become arid and dehydrated. As Ranke foresaw, it tended to be "harsh, disconnected, colorless, and tiring." The disdain of artistry would have been all right — by our contemporary taste, a *distinct improvement* — if it had meant nothing more than a rejection of the rhetorical flourishes with which Macaulay and Bancroft liked to adorn their work. But it meant much more than that: it meant a rejection of the whole idea of impressing the imagination. This, in turn, implied the tacit assumption that emotion had no place in history, and this whole conception not only impoverished history but falsified it.

Thus, if the rise of analysis made possible a far more sophisticated account of historical causation, the decline of narrative carried history away from what Parkman had called "the life and spirit of the times." The technical historian seemed to know more but understand less. How, for example, could one hope to comprehend what brought about the American Civil War if one denied validity to the emotions of the abolitionists and the slaveholders and wrote as if inexplicable tantrums had pushed a "blundering generation" into a "needless war"? If the romantic historian had overdone drama to the neglect of more prosaic but more influential factors, the technical historian, by excluding drama, left a situation where, as Sir Llewellyn Woodward once put it, one could read

"book after book about the Norman Conquest without realizing that it was a cruel act of force and not just a complicated transfer of real property."

Oddly enough, Macaulay himself had had premonitions of the technical future as early as 1828. "History," he wrote, "begins in novel and ends in essay." More knowledge was not necessarily a guarantee of more understanding. "It perpetually happens," Macaulay said, "that one writer tells less truth than another, merely because he tells more truths. . . . A history in which every particular incident may be true may, on the whole, be false." Almost half a century later, with professionalization nearly triumphant, Nietzsche denounced technical history for its betrayal of the life force in the interests of a sterile pseudoscience.

But technical history could not be denied. The apparatus of graduate study transformed it into a vested academic interest of massive proportions. One result was soon to attenuate the relationship of history to experience. Instead of seeking, however imprecisely, to grasp the essence of an age or a nation, history now became a means of establishing a precise hold on fragments and aspects. A by-product of this development was to attenuate the relationship of history to literature. The historian no longer considered it within his jurisdiction to evoke the atmosphere or the emotions of the past, and he felt himself able to dispense with both the act of conscious literary design and the technical resources of the creative writer. No novelist in the twentieth century influenced the writing of history as Scott had in the nineteenth. In time, the well-written book became almost an object of suspicion in a profession which had come to feel that literary felicity must be a means of covering up some defect in argument or gap in research. By the early twentieth century, the beleaguered Trevelyan, fighting a rearguard action for the view of history as art, sadly protested the prevalent notion that "a crabbed style betokens a deep thinker or conscientious worker."

The effect of the progressive separation of history from both art and experience was, in the end, to separate it from the intellectual community. History ceased to matter to the reading public. In the mid-nineteenth century, everyone of consequence read Macaulay and Carlyle, Bancroft and Parkman. No technical historian has commanded a comparable audience; some seem almost to feel that they degrade their craft if they aspire to an audience larger than their graduate students. And the withdrawal by the professional historian from social influence has created a gap not unlike that created by the withdrawal of the theologian in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. If the

historian declined to meet the demand for an interpretation of public experience, then others had to rush to fill the vacuum.

That process has long since begun. The renunciation of the professionals has left the audience, on the one hand, to the nonprofessional historian and the historical novelist, and, on the other, to the journalistic pundit and the historical prophet. Together they dominate the field where Macaulay and Bancroft once trod. This situation has produced a real, if meagerly acknowledged, crisis in the historical profession.

I will say only a word about the so-called "popularizers" of history. One must regard responsible popularization with admiration and sympathy. If the amateur historian or the historical novelist respects the standards of the technical historian without succumbing to his inhibitions and his snobberies, if he makes history fascinating to large numbers of people, this is all to the good. His success challenges the historian to remember that exciting history need not be unsound, nor effective history dull. At his best, the popularizer brings to history qualities of style and insight which may even stimulate the professionals to a livelier conception of the technical enterprise.

Nor will I say much about the journalistic pundit. It is not the job of the historian to provide daily comment on history in the making, and it is his own fault if he fails to shape the thought of those who do. But I would call attention to what seems to me the gravest problem produced by the renunciation of the technical historian — that is, the rise of the prophetic historian, who has converted the genial visions of the romantic historian into dogmatic, comprehensive, universal, and tyrannical historical theories.

It is no accident that, as the technical historian retired to write monographs in his study, the prophetic historian advanced to utter revelations in the marketplace. Where the technical historian used a variety of small hypotheses to explain a variety of small things, the prophetic historian used one big hypothesis to explain everything. Marx, Spengler, Toynbee — to name the most formidable of the prophetic historians — derived part of their appeal, of course, from the circumstances of frustration, disorientation, and estrangement which always produce messianic and millennial movements. But they also benefited by the disappearance of the romantic historian and the abdication of the technical historian.

The prophetic historians have one salient trait in common: they are all monists. Their faith is that they have reduced the chaos of history to

a single order of explanation, which can infallibly penetrate the mysteries of the past and predict the developments of the future. They represent, in William James's famous distinction, the "tender-minded" as against the "tough-minded," or, in the contrast which Isaiah Berlin revived from Archilochus, they are hedgehogs rather than foxes. Obviously they stand for determinism in history and inevitability in experience, and they ransack history to clothe their revelations with the plausibility of fact.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the prophetic historian very often restores imagination and design to the writing of history. He does possess — or is possessed by — controlling visions which give shape and coherence to his work. He revels in the allurements of drama. He delights in characterization, and inconsistently so, since his philosophy of history denies individuals the role which his art involuntarily concedes them. Indeed, the suspense with which a writer like Trotsky endows history undercuts his whole assumption of historical inevitability. Yet, in the end the prophetic historian employs the resources of art not to reconstruct the past but to charge his vision of the future with transcendent and eschatological significance. For him, existence must always capitulate to essence, and everything finally merges into a single, triumphant unity.

One cannot deny that the prophetic historian has important roots in the romantic movement. But he springs from a decadent and corrupt romanticism. Romanticism, in its significant phases, was a celebration of the diversity, spontaneity, and unpredictability of life, and not an attempt to stuff experience into a single ordained category. Yet the challenge of the prophetic historian remains, and it will last so long as the technical historian refuses the great issues, refuses art, refuses imagination, refuses judgment, and refuses influence.

This is the current dilemma of historians. The time for romantic history has passed. Winston Churchill was its last great master, and it will not revive until another man of Churchill's heroic dimension appears with the flair and dash to carry the thing off. Technical history has its indispensable but limited — and limiting — role. Prophetic history is a source of mischief, of confusion, and of fanaticism. What can be done to revive the centrality of what Pieter Geyl has called "rational history," to restore its connection with experience, to renew its ties with literature, and to reconquer its audience?

THERE is no easy answer, and I fear that this essay may seem a very long road leading to a very

small house. But one must suggest that part of the answer lies in the historian's willingness to approach his task not only as a researcher and analyzer but also as an artist. For the problem which must be solved is in significant aspects a technical problem: it is the problem of combining narration and analysis in a way which will give emotion and atmosphere their legitimate place in history, preserve the excitement and suspense of history-in-the-making, interest the affections and present pictures to the imagination, and yet contain the technical and analytical material essential to satisfy the contemporary historical intelligence.

This problem is not insoluble. But it cannot be solved without care and thought. To solve it, the historian must become a more conscious craftsman than he has been for a century. He must consider how he can slide analysis into narrative without too abrupt a shift in gears or too visible an alteration of texture. He must brood lengthily on the question of structure and note the cunning skill with which the great historians constructed their intricate and majestic works. He must accept the challenges of theme and atmosphere and characterization. He must, in short, understand that history does not write itself, and that this is the reason why historians must *write* it.

He will not revive the weaknesses of the romantic historians — their extravagance of language, their righteousness of judgment, their naïveté of analysis, their superficiality of conception, their promiscuity of sentiment. Our taste today is more fastidious, our canons of scholarship more rigorous, our partialities more contained, our diagnosis more complex, our judgments more tolerant.

But he will seize the great qualities of the romantic vision. He will understand, in the words of James, that "the crudity of experience remains an eternal element thereof. There is no possible point of view from which the world can appear an absolutely single fact." The world is indeterminate; its parts, wrote James, "have a certain amount of loose play on one another, so that the laying down of one of them does not necessarily determine what the others shall be. It admits that possibilities may be in excess of actualities, and that things not yet revealed to our knowledge may really in themselves be ambiguous. . . . Indeterminism thus denies the world to be one unbending unit of fact. It says that there is a certain ultimate pluralism . . . [that] actualities seem to float in a wider sea of possibilities from out of which they are chosen; and, *somewhere*, indeterminism says, such possibilities exist, and form a part of truth."

Above all, the historian will begin to understand how he must strive to function as a literary artist. Recent works have renewed our sense of

the way the great American historians conceived their responsibilities. One thinks of Howard Doughty's subtle and sensitive *Francis Parkman*, J. C. Levenson's penetrating *The Mind and Art of Henry Adams*, or, to take another sort of book, C. Harvey Gardiner's edition of *The Literary Memoranda of William Hickling Prescott* and Mason Wade's edition of *The Journals of Francis Parkman*. Here we read of men who understood the writing of history as an act of conscious and meditated composition, and whose works, despite new materials, new research, new theories, will in consequence never die.

In 1828, the young Prescott addressed a series of admonitions to himself as he started his *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*. He said, "Never sacrifice truth or correct view, to effect in composition. Facts, facts, whether in the shape of incidents, or opinion, are what I must rely upon: by which I must stand or fall." But he went on: "Do not affect learning"; and "Give the subject a proper symmetry and make it a complete whole in itself"; and "Always write, or endeavour to, with the ardor and interest which I feel on taking

a general view of the subject"; and "Never introduce what is irrelevant, or superfluous, or unconnected for the sake of crowding in more facts. They injure the interest, and the effect"; and "When an interest, or an enthusiastic feeling is aroused, never cool it by the interpolation of extraneous, or merely incidental facts, or allusions."

One does not set down these injunctions because they especially illuminate problems of history as art. One sets them down to remind us of a way of thinking about history which our age of technical history has largely lost. If a new artistic consciousness can charge the critical apparatus of technical history with the imaginative and emotional power of romantic history, if it can weave narration and analysis into a single literary fabric, then history can regain contact with a significant audience. Rational history will then elevate the popularizers, influence the journalists, and devalue the prophets. Let historians recover their grand tradition — the tradition of history as art — and historians will once again speak with force and cogency to their societies and their times.

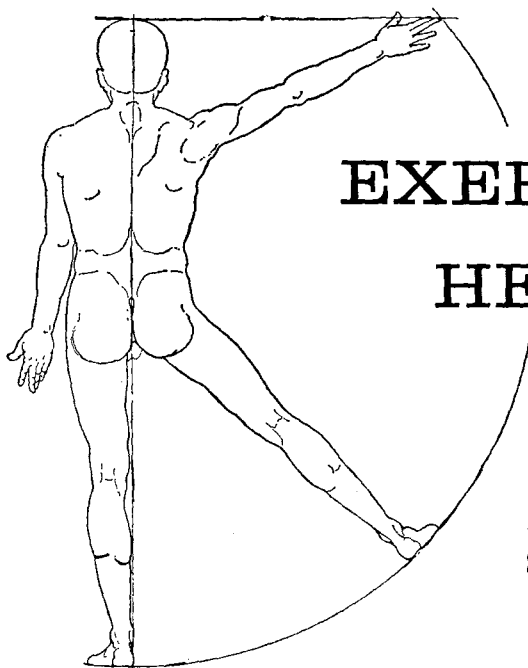
"True Feeling Leaves No Memory"

BY PETER DAVISON

The havoc of your gaze is tidy now;
The slow heat of your shoulder cooled long since.
Yet once the air bristled at the approach
Of so much as your finger to my elbow.
Memory leaves me no more than a flash
Of full moon glinting on unfrozen river.

Along the rolling pathway of my time
I can number the grassblades and the bittersweet,
Though whole meadows are missing from the calendar.
I touch my finger to distorted roots
And track their features to a severed stump
That stops itself far short of boughs of zero.
What woodsman crept up with his silent saw
To cut this alteration on my landscape?
He finished off with cold purgative fire
To eat the tender wood, the loving leaves
That whispered once against themselves like thighs.

Returning now, I walk through open reaches
Naked to all, where I must once have lain
As warm as a rabbit's beating heart
In a thicket sprinkled with morning, where each leaf
Burned green, hot as a newly minted coin.



EXERCISE and HEART DISEASE

by Samuel A. Levine, M.D.

A graduate of Harvard and of Harvard Medical School, DR. SAMUEL A. LEVINE is an eminent heart specialist who is now Clinical Professor of Medicine Emeritus at the Harvard Medical School and Consultant in Cardiology at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. He is the author of several books on heart disease.

THE value of exercise in the prevention and treatment of organic heart disease has been increasingly emphasized in recent years. The clinical observations of Dr. Paul D. White, the epidemiologic studies of Dr. J. N. Morris, and the biochemical findings of Dr. G. V. Mann and Dr. W. Rabb all lend some support to the view that exercise may be helpful to the cardiovascular system. The present evidence would lead one to think that regular systematic physical exercise tends to decrease the level of blood cholesterol and also to diminish the likelihood of or to delay the development of atherosclerosis (hardening of the arteries). It would follow, then, that the lack of physical exercise, the indolent life being led by modern man in the more industrialized nations, the numerous laborsaving devices that enable us to accomplish a lot with little physical effort are greatly responsible for the mounting number of "heart attacks" and "strokes" that are crippling and killing our citizenry.

These are very important and sobering considerations and deserve our most serious attention and scrutiny. For, at present, heart disease and its allied circulatory conditions are the greatest public health problem and account for more than 50 percent of all deaths that occur in this country.

Although there are considerable indirect data indicating that exercise is beneficial to the circulation, conclusive proof is still lacking. If we assume that exercise is of value in regard to the treatment of coronary atherosclerosis, what other

factors need investigation in appraising the total problem of heart disease and the broader problem of useful living? The significance of recent studies on the effects of exercise have to some extent been misinterpreted and misapplied.

Coronary artery disease generally manifests itself in one of two forms. In one there is a peculiar kind of transient pain or distress in the chest (angina pectoris). The second is a coronary thrombosis or a myocardial infarct (the common serious "heart attack"). In the former there is a temporary inadequacy of blood flow and nourishment to a certain part of the heart muscle, possibly due to a spasm of a few minutes' duration; but the heart muscle suffers no permanent structural damage. In the latter, a blood vessel within the heart muscle itself is clogged, partially or completely, with resultant damage to a portion of the heart muscle, because of lack of nourishment. This type of injury is called an "infarct" and may even come from prolonged inadequacy of blood flow when the vessel is not clogged.

The above two conditions, for the most part, develop because the coronary arteries have already become hardened or narrowed. They occur only rarely in individuals who have previously had normal, smooth blood vessels. In fact, the sclerotic process in the arteries is generally present for a long time, possibly many years, before the patient or the physician knows that anything is wrong. In a word, most coronary patients have disease of the coronary arteries for years, while they feel

Drawing by Albrecht Dürer.

and carry on as well as ever, before any manifestation of ill health is apparent. It is admitted by the best of physicians that in a fair number of individuals who suffer a coronary attack, nothing abnormal in the heart can be detected during the days before the attack, even by experts. Such patients have symptomless or silent coronary disease, undetectable on careful examination.

Exercise may have a beneficial effect in this early symptomless stage of coronary disease. It is thought that physical exercise may delay the attack, decrease its extent, or prepare the heart to meet the coming coronary thrombosis better by increasing the caliber or the number of new or collateral arteries within the heart. It is obvious that when one vessel suddenly becomes blocked the heart will do better if a large number of detours have been prepared to carry blood to the muscle that has been deprived of its nourishment. However, exercise is not regarded as a preventive but rather a retarder of coronary sclerosis. Despite this protection, there are still a large number of individuals who carry on regular physical exercise and maintain an excellent state of physical fitness and yet suffer heart attacks.

Although exercise may delay or attenuate the sclerotic process, I believe physical effort can be harmful once the sclerotic process has developed. We must realize that a man may have felt well and been regarded as well by his physician a day or two before a heart attack because he had silent, undetectable coronary disease. During the silent period a sudden strenuous effort, such as running after a streetcar, lifting a hundred-pound case, shoveling snow vigorously, or any severe unaccustomed physical effort, can precipitate a heart attack, can cause collapse or even sudden death. The large number of deaths occurring among men over fifty years of age during or directly after shoveling snow attests to the fact that strenuous physical effort is a hazard to some people. How well each one of us recalls reading in the morning newspaper, after a heavy snowstorm, the distressing list of men who succumbed after shoveling snow. To be sure, nothing harmful would have occurred if the hearts in these individuals had been perfectly normal, but they did not know, nor could their physicians have known, that they had vulnerable coronary arteries until after the attacks occurred.

In other words, unaccustomed, strenuous physical exercise can be dangerous for some individuals. It certainly can be harmful to those who already are known to have coronary disease. Inasmuch as men over the age of fifty frequently have silent coronary disease and are therefore vulnerable, they also should regard unusual physical strain, such as shoveling snow, as something not to be

undertaken lightly. However, even intelligent people will perform certain tasks knowing there is some risk involved. This is a daily experience for many of us. The pros and cons are weighed, and a final decision is made. This applies to flights in airplanes or driving a motorcar as well as shoveling snow. The point is that for persons over the age of fifty there is a hazard in performing unaccustomed strenuous physical activities which is best avoided whenever possible.

IT HAS often been claimed that heart attacks are not related to effort because they occur as frequently when a person is at rest as during exercise. These attacks do occur as often when the individual is at rest as when he is ambulatory. If as many attacks occur during the eight hours we are in bed as during the eight hours we are active, it has been concluded, physical effort has little or nothing to do with precipitating an attack.

There is a vital error in this calculation. It is not claimed that ordinary activities, to which the individual is accustomed and which he always has performed with comfort, are hazardous. It is the more sudden and more violent and more strenuous efforts that can do damage. If a man rows a boat vigorously in order to reach shore because he is caught in a storm, and immediately afterward has a heart attack, one might still think the two circumstances are coincidental. If two such experiences occur, it hardly needs any further statistical evidence to make clear that the violent exercise caused the attack. In order to make a valid comparative analysis between the role of rest and violent or unaccustomed exercise, one would have to make quite a different calculation. If 1000 men between the ages of sixty and seventy, sleeping eight hours a night, had ten heart attacks, and another 1000 men of similar age shoveled snow for one hour and had ten heart attacks during that hour, shoveling snow would be eight times as dangerous as sleeping in bed. For those at rest, one attack occurred every 800 hours of sleep, while for those shoveling snow, one attack occurred every 100 hours. When strenuous effort is thought to be related to a heart attack, the cause and effect sequence is immediate and intimate.

The same intimate relationship exists between heart attacks and a sudden severe emotional upset. Occasionally a person is suddenly frightened or hears distressing news and drops dead. Such events occur too frequently to be anything but cause and effect. This type of death is much more likely to be due to sudden inception of a new rhythm of the heart, called "ventricular

fibrillation," than to a new blocking of a coronary artery. When this new rhythm develops, the heart stops contracting, and death results. A woman learned that her brother died suddenly. She promptly made a hurried trip to her brother's home and, on seeing his body, dropped dead. Although such experiences are not commonplace, it is difficult to regard them as purely coincidental. This, of course, has no direct bearing on the problem of rest and exercise. It does mean that certain vulnerable individuals are subject to unpredictable disasters from sudden emotional upsets as well as from unaccustomed severe physical effort.

THERE is another aspect of heart disease and physical exercise that is poorly understood by the lay public and is just as important as the coronary problem. This concerns individuals who have heart disease that entails the threat of congestive failure. In these people breathlessness, swelling of the legs and abdomen, cough, and weakness are the main complaints. Such patients have valvular disease, high blood pressure, congenital heart disease, or some form of heart muscle deterioration. They do not necessarily have pain in the chest, though many do have coronary artery sclerosis.

In such circumstances there is no satisfactory evidence whatever that exercise has any beneficial effect. In fact, everything points to the reverse. The cardinal principle in the treatment of such cases is rest. The drugs that are employed serve to strengthen the contracting power of the heart and to slow the heart rate so that it may have a greater resting period. All measures are employed to diminish the work of the heart and to decrease the demands of the body.

Whenever congestive failure has occurred, or when it is a possible threat, exercise can precipitate sudden suffocation (so-called acute pulmonary edema), or at least worsen the already abnormal or burdened heart. The legs or abdomen may swell all the more, or breathing may become more labored. Such aggravation of the condition may follow a long walk, especially if it is uphill, or climbing a few flights of stairs, or dancing briskly. One side of the heart is unable to propel the added output of blood that is necessitated by the increased demands following the exercise. Such people need rest to the mind and body and heart, and not exercise.

So much interest in physical exercise has been aroused in the minds of the public and so much emphasis has been placed on the role that exercise may play in preventing coronary disease that some cardiacs are injuring their health by excessive exercise. Many such individuals with val-

vular disease or high blood pressure with threatening congestive failure come to me and complain that they do not exercise enough. They state that their physicians do not permit them to do things they formerly enjoyed doing and that they are restricted too much. In many such cases these restrictions are wise and prevent or delay the onset of heart failure. Often, because of the conviction on the part of the patient that physical exercise is the cure-all, the patient will insist on struggling through his golf game or his brisk walk and learn of his folly only when it precipitates an attack of suffocation or collapse. Rest to the heart in these cases is the essential treatment; exercise, for the most part, is harmful. In a word, the value of rest or exercise is an individual matter to be decided by a wise physician.

There is a different aspect of the problem of exercise and heart disease that needs consideration. If exercise has some value in slowing down the development of coronary artery disease, is it worth the time spent in obtaining this slight gain? If a man spends six to eight hours a week playing golf, could he not gain as much by doing calisthenics every morning for fifteen minutes? Many people will gladly and wisely choose golf rather than calisthenics because they enjoy the outdoors, the fresh air, the mental relaxation, and the social contacts of a game of golf. But there should be a clear understanding as to what the advantages to the heart may be. There certainly are many who feel that they can spend the six or eight hours a week to greater profit in some other way. A person may have a book to write, urgent work or extra studying to do, in order to carry on his responsibilities better; and he may find that he can obtain whatever advantages physical exercise may entail by doing fifteen minutes of setting-up exercises every morning or by taking a brisk walk every evening. To obtain some temporary relaxation, he might play the piano for a brief interval. He may even wish to sit back, smoke a pipe, and just muse before returning to his labors. There are others who feel that their work is so urgent and important that they are unwilling to lose these hours every week, even if, as a result, their lives are shortened a few weeks, or a few months, or even a year or so. There is more in life than just living, and there are many individuals who would prefer to live a shorter life, but accomplish certain goals, than to live a little longer and get less done.

Not all people enjoy physical exercise. Some prefer relaxation obtained in a more sedentary fashion, with music, painting, or reading. Exercise and physical strength are certainly necessary for specific purposes, such as developing good fighting soldiers. This is vital for national defense. But it is doubtful that many years are necessary to accom-

plish that degree of physical fitness. Training and exercise are also required for those who are to do physical labor. Prizefighters, teamsters, longshoremen need physical strength. Men who perform hard physical labor generally develop the capacity to carry on such strenuous effort gradually, without any formal preparation for it. But would it have helped to develop men like Michelangelo, Isaac Newton, or Albert Einstein if they were to have exercised six to eight hours weekly?

During the Second World War, in the race between Germany on the one hand and the United States, Great Britain, and France on the other, there was little time to waste in the development of the first atomic bomb. Hours saved by our scientists were precious. The result of that war would have been quite different if Germany had been able to drop atom bombs on England before we could have retaliated. In the lives of many individuals, circumstances may be much less urgent but nevertheless sufficiently pressing to make it desirable to forgo questionable advantages concerning longevity of life and to concentrate on an important job that needs to be done now.

Regular physical exercise is a source of relaxation and enjoyment to many. It makes some people feel better and gives them a sense of well-being. There is some evidence that it may lessen the ill effects of coronary sclerosis. But there is also

reason to believe that unusual physical effort such as running, heavy lifting, and shoveling snow can be injurious and even fatal to those who already have manifested evidence of coronary disease and to the many men over fifty years of age who have silent coronary disease, which neither they nor their physicians can be aware of. With such individuals, and with those who have only a suspicion of heart disease or a strong family history of cardiac vulnerability, it is the better part of wisdom to exercise moderately and not to tempt danger.

Furthermore, physical exercise can be injurious to the large group of individuals who have organic heart disease where the threat of congestive failure is present. Finally, the biologic advantages of physical exercise may be attained, to a great degree, by calisthenics, indoor measures, or a brisk fifteen- to thirty-minute walk, thereby saving a great deal of time. Outdoor exercise, such as playing golf, is enjoyable, but for he whose time is precious it must not be regarded as a great loss if he remains a nongolfer. There are many citizens who continue to lead happy lives and make valuable contributions to our society who obtain their mental relaxation by nonphysical means or by indoor methods that are not time-consuming. Like many problems in life, the value and use of physical exercise is an individual matter. What is good for one may be harmful to another.

OUR FORTUNES TOLD

BY JOAN SWIFT

After reading span-of-life is carried in the genes.

Then it is, after all, written in the palm,
Like those crow's-foot lines a soothsayer reads.
"You will have long life," or "Skater on a warm

Pond, the ice breaks." The skin's opaque cells, the blood's,
Red and white, hold a past and a prophecy.
The seer traces a sign. "You delight in words.

Like to handle money, lose your temper": my
Inheritance. In this room full of green plants
And people, each is locked in his own cells, day

After day, knowing there are few accidents
With eyes, leaf shapes, the petals of dahlias, and
How arms grow full then empty, our deep pigments

Dark or pale. Lover, loved, take my hand, woodland
Of ferny prints and chromosomes. Curl your fate
In my fingers this one blue day, this second.

Uncle Oscar From Enköping

BY ALTHAEA URN

"I've spent a great deal of time in Europe," writes ALTHAEA URN. "In my veins there flows the blood of Spain, Ireland, and France, and I grew up breathing the atmosphere of literary reference. My own first poem appeared in a magazine when I was fifteen." Author of two novels and one volume of verse, Miss Urn divides her year between the eastern shore of Maryland and the French Riviera.



UNCLE OSCAR from Enköping was embalmed for one hundred and ninety-nine years. Mama said he could have been embalmed for only thirty-five, which was more usual and much cheaper, but he was rich and esteemed, our father's older brother, and that somehow gave him the privilege of sustained preservation into the future years.

When he was alive, we children, my brother and my younger sister, regarded him with a mixture of reverence and excited interest, like a huge burlap bag that held explosive fireworks but also enchanted secrets — flaxen-haired dolls, pin-wheels, shotguns, velour animals sitting down and velour animals standing up, and marzipan. He was a constant source of speculation and delight to us on his weekly visits to our house in Stockholm.

He was a bachelor, and at our father's death he had become our legal guardian, an inheritance bestowed upon him by close ties of brotherly affection. We were his wards, a hazard he never questioned but met with considerable buoyancy.

My brother, whom my mother had nicknamed Mjuk, because his skin had always seemed to her as smooth and soft as a silkworm, was at that time seven, my little sister three, and I a year younger than my brother.

"Your Uncle Oscar from Enköping is coming today," my mother would say. "You may put your party dresses on. And Mjuk, you may push my chair in at luncheon." Then she would laugh

at our expectant faces and kiss us a little too fervently, and we would be hurried up to the nursery by Natta, our stalwart ruddy nurse, for an additional bath in the round zinc tub.

His voice would come in a burst of sparkling banter: "Who am I? Who am I? Gustavus Erikson at the battle of Brännkyrka? Great Claus? Or Little Claus driving his sea cattle before him? Svenson Svinson, the Emperor Svada's nightingale?" And his voice would pitch into a flutelike whistle, trilling and lifting to the domed ceiling of the hall.

We were static with ecstasy. Usually the names of the characters changed with each visit, taking on a curiously complex challenge, for many of the names were invented on the spur of the moment with colorful zest, thrown in with a sly imaginative purpose, to leave an indelible impression upon us.

"Who — who am I?" he would roar, even before we could see him. "A nightingale? A general? A plowman driving his milk cattle before him?"

And suddenly we would find our tongues, and cry out wildly, joyfully: "No, no — none of these, none of these, but Uncle Oscar from Enköping!"

Uncle Oscar's visits were varied and always stimulating. He believed in variety. Sometimes in the winter his towering sable hat, almost as high as an English busby, would inch across the hall floor toward us, guided by his hand, his extended arm the only visible part of him, the rest

Etching by Anders Zorn. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

of him crouched behind the half-opened vestibule doors. "Good day, good day. A good day for snow rabbits and surprises, and *no* day to have your tonsils out! The old women from the paper mills are sitting in black ink —"

And we would laugh uproariously, though we never knew exactly what it meant, or he meant. But we thought it hilariously funny, and we knew that the bushy fur object jerkily creeping across the carpet would be followed by a rich hive of flowing honeyed gifts.

It was always Mjuk whom he addressed first, his wide merry gray eyes catching him up and holding him fast with a steady dove-gray beam, like a hand-played searchlight concentrated on a tossing ship at sea within the range of immediate rescue.

"Ho-hoo, Mjuk! Oh-hoo!" he would call in his low rushing voice, looking down at the slender figure of Mjuk and his small chiseled features, his thoughts in pursuit of some Viking image all his own. "Two inches taller than last week. Soon you'll be ready for Uppsala, and then, the Baltic seas! And a strong pair of oak oars, eh?"

"Ye — ye — yes, sir," Mjuk would stammer, picturing the churning Baltic seas and his possible fate in their formidable grasp. "Yes, sir," Mjuk would whisper back quietly.

"And now," Uncle Oscar would announce as we crowded around him, "what a good bouncing day it is! And where is your lovely Mama?"

"In the drawing room, in the drawing room!" we would cry, and surge through the hall in triumphant unison.

Mama would be sitting before the burning logs waiting for Uncle Oscar. But if it were early spring, she would often be standing at the long windows looking out on the street, half shrouded in the heavy white lace curtains — the curtains Cousin Ingeborg had designed the summer she had spent at Eskilsäter — sometimes a single flower in her hand.

"Anna, Anna," Uncle Oscar would call across to her. "You have rosy children, Anna. Strong, and with bright eyes. And Mjuk, just look at Mjuk, what a man he's going to make! What a protector!" And we would all stare at Mjuk.

"Ah, yes" — Mama would smile — "my little Mjuk." And her glance would fall on Mjuk's frail shoulders and delicate hands, and her eyes would meet Uncle Oscar's for a fleeting second. "A protector," she would murmur, "a real protector."

On days of Uncle Oscar's visits, Mjuk would often slip away after luncheon to his room, to pore over a book Mama had given him the year our father had died and we had become Uncle Oscar's legacy, hoping to identify some of the characters

Uncle Oscar had mentioned at his lusty greeting. The title page of the book read, "*Pinpoint. A Book of Personages, 1630–1910. Sveaborg & Luglund, 1912. Stockholm. Sweden.*" If he did pinpoint one, he would come to find me and solemnly whisper, "Yes, not a trick!" And we would giggle together delightedly.

UNCLE OSCAR seldom called me by my name, Ava, but usually *älskling-på-vågen*. He always looked at Mama when he did, not at me. Cousin Ingeborg said it was because I looked so much like her, the tilt of my chin, the color of my eyes. She insisted that though his words were addressed to me, he really spoke to her. That sort of secret communication existed between them; I was a sounding board in which they both found emotional equanimity.

"*Älskling-på-vågen*, what sort of week did you have last week? Many visitors to the house?" Uncle Oscar would ask me. Not questions one asks a child.

Mama would flush vividly and bend above the flowers on the table and pretend to rearrange them, or pick up some sheets of music on the piano and scrutinize the score avidly, trying to ignore the vibrancy of his voice and the tender endearment surreptitiously channeled to her.

Älskling-på-vågen. It meant "darling of the waves." Perhaps it evoked Botticelli's Venus standing in her shell rising from the sea. Mama's features were not unlike those of Simonetta Vespucci's. A subtle tribute to Mama, though I was not aware of its full significance at that time, only the charming oddity of the words — a special caress, while he was speaking to me.

All Stockholm — that is to say, the circle Mama moved in — pretended not to know that Uncle Oscar was in love with Mama. Our first knowledge of it came through Cousin Ingeborg's loquacious lips, and later through the little dribblings of the servants speculating on why Mama would not marry Uncle Oscar now that the period of mourning was over and so many years had passed.

Cousin Ingeborg was always present in the drawing room on Uncle Oscar's visits. She sat in the southeast corner of the room in a straight-backed chair below a white bisque figure of King Gustaf V with a tennis racket. She always chose the darkest corner of the room to execute her intricate and fanciful needlework. It seemed to give her a fiercer sense of endeavor to pursue her talents in the shadows. Her designs were beautiful and imaginative, often ingenious, and their accomplishment unparalleled.

Mama's handkerchiefs were all edged with

Cousin Ingeborg's Alençon efforts. Mama used to say Cousin Ingeborg's whimsical concentration with lace was the only thing which set her spirit free, that her very soul was made of lace. And we children nursed the image of her spirit flitting from room to room after midnight, an elusive lacy substance escaping from the mundane pressures of daylight.

"We might go with her some night," Mjuk had suggested. "After everyone's asleep, to see what it's like holding onto her lace hands." And his pale lips had reddened with excitement.

Lolly had protested. "Oh, no, I'd be afraid. We could see right through her! It would be too scary in the dark."

It was some time after that before Lolly would remain in a room alone with Cousin Ingeborg.

"How are you, Ingeborg?" Uncle Oscar would rap out in his merriest and most seductive voice when he greeted Cousin Ingeborg in her corner. "How is *la fabricante de dentelle*? How go the lace and the lacemaker?"

She would look down shyly and peer meditatively at her fingers. "I try to keep abreast, Oscar, my head in the world —"

"Such passionate application must reap overwhelming rewards." He would finger the garland of his gold watch chain, dipping from vest pocket to vest pocket, and stare at her speculatively.

"Ah," she would sigh, "I try to keep my head out of water. Not easy these days. I see, Oscar, you're in the best of health, and as handsome as ever."

Uncle Oscar would acknowledge her first observation and protest the second briskly.

"And how is Elsa Örne these days?" she would ask innocently, with a tight compressed smile, and her thin arms would gather up her laces quickly. "I suppose in the best of health too," she would add, and vanish from the room.

Mama would look suddenly very white, and Uncle Oscar very red.

"Anna," he would plead as he gazed at her. "These spinsters, there's no way to account for their imagination."

One day, when Cousin Ingeborg had hurriedly scuttled out of the room after some cryptic reference to Elsa Örne, Uncle Oscar startled us all by saying complacently: "How I should like to sit her in a pan of hot mustard!"

Mama looked at him in utter dismay, and all our mouths dropped open. Then she burst into a scale of laughter. "What a thing to say about poor Cousin Ingeborg!"

We were too much amazed to make a sound, and looked from one to the other, and back again from Uncle Oscar to Mama. Then Lolly began to giggle.

"I won't laugh at her," Mjuk said, frowning stubbornly, "just because her soul's made of lace."

Mama was still laughing as she looked at Mjuk. "I was laughing at your uncle, my Mjuk, not at Cousin Ingeborg."

"These disintegrating apple-cheeked spinsters, they're the worst kind," exploded Uncle Oscar, "with their monstrous thoughts!"

"Why, Oscar, she adores you, simply adores you!" cried Mama. "But then, who does not?"

"Can't a man have a housekeeper these days? Who is to look after his house? If you're referring to Elsa Örne, Anna, I must beg you, she means nothing, absolutely nothing," stammered Uncle Oscar.

Mama walked over to him and handed him the single rose she held in her hand, laughing up at him.

AT THE first snowfall of the year Uncle Oscar would drive his sparkling pair of black Arabian mares from Enköping into Stockholm. They were perfectly matched and lifted their slender well-bred legs with fine elegant precision. A dazzling design of small squares, comparable to a checkerboard, was spread across their sleek rumps — the ultimate fastidious touch in Swedish grooming. A bear rug with silver claws was thrown carelessly over Uncle Oscar's knees as he sat behind his prancing mares.

He came to take Mama driving in his swift narrow sled at the first fall of snow. It was a yearly ritual with him which he looked forward to with a sort of aloof pride. And Mama with her enveloping furs and sparkling face, which she delightedly held up to the biting stillness and soft falling flakes, seemed as much of a child as any of us in her pleasure.

It was amazingly daring of Uncle Oscar to drive a pair of mares. It caused a lift of the eyebrow or a surreptitious smile, for men in Sweden at that time did not drive or ride mares. Men twirled and snapped their long graceful whips above geldings and occasionally stallions, but never mares. This seemed to establish their masculinity more forcibly.

Mama, a feminist at heart, thought it extremely meritorious of Uncle Oscar to defy public opinion and lift the status of a mare to the level of a gelding, and she admired his defiance and the tenderness he exhibited toward his pair, the lofty height to which he had publicly elevated the feminine gender and resisted current sentiment.

Perhaps he was not consciously troubled by any lack of his own virility and could therefore ignore it, for a more masculine specimen could not be

found in all of Scandinavia than Uncle Oscar from Enköping.

Often during the winter months we would rapturously tumble in the sled, babbling our excitement, and snuggle as close to Uncle Oscar as possible, tuck the bear rug about us up to our chins, the silver claws catching the golden light of the bright winter sun, turning them, too, into a sort of crystallized gold. Uncle Oscar would snap his whip and give a low cry to his impatient mares. "Now, darlings!" he would urge, and off we would go through the snowbound streets, past the small icy inlets and over the bridges, to the open country and toward Enköping.

The bear rug was our special monopoly. We regarded it with grave awe and covetous envy. It was a skin of thick long glistening hairs that swirled in ripples of silky massive waves, and was of a deep red-brown in color. It had obviously been a splendid and tremendous animal. But Lolly was always frightened of the silver claws and never quite trusted them. She was always the first to spring from the sleigh and from under the happy warmth of the bear rug when we drew up at the Yellow House at Enköping, or at our own door in Stockholm after a brisk drive.

USUALLY the Christmas holidays found us all, including Cousin Ingeborg and three of our servants, well established in Uncle Oscar's Yellow House at Enköping for two weeks. It was actually an ancient fortress of the fifteenth century which had from time to time been renovated during certain periods by those in residence over the last two centuries. Fashion triumphed during these occasions with lavish incongruity, from the elimination of rush-strewn floors to porcelain bathing tubs, Victorian plush and tassels to the brightly patterned chintz of our time.

It was a concise castle which boasted ancient parapets and heavy buttresses and stout walls. It had been named the Yellow House centuries ago by our modest ancestors, who were modest men. At sunset, as they rode home from the Protestant wars, the yellow glow of the sun had transformed its old gray walls into a soft golden edifice of glimmering splendor that could be seen for miles as it stood on its little rise above the crowns of the trees to the east of the town.

On our arrival we would race through the drafty gallery in delirious freedom, indifferent to the somber or gallant portraits which looked down on us, and accompanied by seven yelping bounding dogs of various breeds, hurling themselves at us, lavishly licking our shoes, our fingertips, our faces, if they could reach them. These were all

Uncle Oscar's house pets and were permitted the run of the castle. We favored a winsome elkhound and a rangy Dalmatian whose deportment was faultless between the wheels of Uncle Oscar's gig in summer, and who now would leap on before us, then turn back to run beside us as if he had not outdistanced us but merely had sped on to inspect the end of the gallery for lurking cats or some other formidable menace. These dogs, all amusing in their own way, and all favorites with Uncle Oscar, were delighted by our presence and accepted us with obvious relish. All but Fjäril Fet, a small tan terrier whom Uncle Oscar had found half starved in the Österlanggatan district of Stockholm and who was now grossly overweight. Fat Butterfly always gave away our hiding places by tranquilly sitting before the door we had disappeared through and whining, refusing to follow, or before the closet we had all piled into with the other dogs, who seemed to sense the urgency for silence in escaping Natta, our nurse, and were as quiet as needles. Fjäril Fet was a distressing element in our games, but we endured her in compliment to Uncle Oscar. She found solace in Lolly and would waddle along grudgingly at her heels, as she always wanted to be *in* things. They were both short-legged and plump, and became friends if for no other reason than that. They could never quite keep up with our romps.

Those were wondrous Christmases. The great halls were hung with huge sprays of balsam and giant pine cones embellished with white winterberries and Apollo wreaths. All over the house it smelled of freshly cut spruce. Flares burned at night, and the daylight took care of itself out beyond the walls, perpetually masquerading as twilight through the winter months under the hidden sun. The snow-crested treetops on their stiff brown stilts, like exclamation marks across a blank sheet of white paper, clustering or separated, formed a gregarious pleading, and the mute oblong patches of the gardens in their frozen ecstasy were all part of the glittering snowscape we looked out on from the narrow windows of the turrets or the broader casements.

There were songs and gifts and dancing, and children and dogs — children from the farms, the tenant houses — and great fires burning. Vows uttered in laughter, and laughter held in custody. Hands clasped and unclasped, and passion meeting passion. We were kin to all: the stillness of the snow, the crackling of the birch logs, the cheer of wine and feasting — *lutfisk* and raisin glögg with walnuts, *spettekaka* and pastry swans. And Uncle Oscar's lusty voice chanting, "*Salunda*" — "thus, in this way" — as he lifted his glass to Mama.

Elsa Örne, Uncle Oscar's housekeeper, was never there during our stay at Christmas. She had

already left for Ostfora to be with her old parents and her many brothers and sisters, who lived on a farm on the outskirts of their village.

The doors of her sitting room and bedroom at the Yellow House were locked, and no mention of her name was ever heard. Only Cousin Ingeborg spoke of her, and not within Mama's presence, to say she knew because she had tried them all.

Elsa Örne was a plump brunette with dark faded hair which she piled high on her head and rounded excessive hips flaring from her savagely corseted waist, looking as if she were cut in two parts by a compressed O. Her breasts were immense and rose and fell with each step, throwing them into alarming prominence under her white pleated shirtwaist as she moved. Diamond dots glittered at her earlobes, a point Uncle Oscar had conceded, or perhaps overlooked.

A few days before we were to leave, she would sometimes appear, and a curious atmosphere would creep through the Yellow House. She would present herself to Mama, bending low from her knee in a mocking sweep, as if she were at the ancient court of Gustavus Adolphus, her gray flannel skirt forming a semicircle about her on the floor. "Is there anything, *Madonnabild*, you would care to have me do for you? Just say. Some little service?" And her curiously petulant mouth would smile invitingly as her sullen eyes looked down humbly at her circling skirt.

Mama would be somewhat baffled by this odd encounter and would try to skim over it lightly, acknowledging her appreciation prettily, while she closed her door gently but firmly, leaving Elsa Örne on the other side of it. And we would leave a day earlier than had been planned, much to the insistent and earnest protests of Uncle Oscar.

"All that gray flannel and those stones in her ears, like a Turko-Tatar!" Cousin Ingeborg would rasp scornfully, until Mama silenced her with a severe glance. "But, Anna, surely Oscar must realize when we are in residence at the Yellow House, it can't also contain Elsa Örne."

"And why not? A man must have a housekeeper if he has no wife. We are Oscar's guests," Mama would remind her a little too persuasively as she brushed vigorously at her long blond hair.

"But someday Mjuk will live here," Cousin Ingeborg would insist.

"Ah," Mama would sigh, "yes, little Mjuk." And Mama's mouth would tremble. "But who wants to think of that?"

And she would rapidly ring for our servants to pack.

THE summers at the Yellow House were quite different from the winters, more extended, less

hearty and communal, less impassioned and intimate, more compelling and capricious.

The Yellow House, idyllic in its sultry pastoral beauty in summer, offered a greater variety of interests to absorb us: the stables, the barns, the horses, the sheep in the lowland pastures, the herd of red deer in the pines. The miniature lake to the east, which Uncle Oscar called Little Hjälmaren to amuse us and where we went gliding on its cobalt surface in a swan-carved paddleboat with wooden pedals — the foot contrivance somewhat like an old-fashioned sewing machine, which Mjuk and I took turns pedaling — threw us into blissful anticipation. To the west the river Salunda, named after an old Christmas song, abounded in fish and leaping frogs and wound its erratic way through the bright fields.

In Stockholm, spring slips into summer almost unnoticed. Suddenly the trees have spread their shade without heralding of robin or warning from bursting bud, and we are well into June with violets only a memory. Foliage and blooms are settled, and the miracle of *Midnatts-solen* is near. Of a morning we would open our eyes to find the waterways crowded with small craft of every description, where only yesterday, it seemed, diminutive steamers with passengers darted among the little islands held in the haze of neutral shadows, now dazzling in their sudden green. Summer had come overnight!

On the fifteenth of June we usually left for Enköping and the Yellow House to spend the lovely festival of the Midnight Sun with Uncle Oscar. Our spirits were high, and we were filled with childish exuberance. The packing had been going on for weeks, for the Stockholm house was to be closed for the summer months until the fall. After our visit with Uncle Oscar, we were all going directly to Mama's villa at Saltsjöbaden, where we were to spend July and August, and had to attend a dancing class and have English lessons.

The thought of the life and freedom at Enköping was exhilarating, and we spoke of nothing else for days before we left.

The trunks were brought from the storerooms, long straw carryalls for frilled skirts and elaborate bodices and ruffled petticoats, which Mama adored. Heavy hampers, too, were in the upper hall and rooms, all our summer clothes pressed between scented muslin, and square slipper boxes with metal handles. Then there were the pencil boxes to be tucked in corners, and slates and colored chalk, a few copybooks and bonbons, Lolly's battered doll, and Mjuk's history book and painted kite, and my jackstones and red ball, the umbrellas and parasols, the knee throws, the footrests, and the cushions. And a tin box of Turkish delights for Uncle Oscar. And a tin can of special tobacco,

also for Uncle Oscar, and a gold scarf pin of a setter's head. Cousin Ingeborg's lace patterns and twelve rolls of white thread and five pairs of scissors, all waiting to be shipped on before us, and Mama's harp.

FROM Stockholm to Enköping the little rivers and lakes were laden with boats. People rowing, fishing, sailing slowly under their little sails in the faint breezes. Motorboats clipped by, dancing through the open blue spaces of water, trailing their fleecy streamers of white foam. And the sun was high in the sky as we neared Enköping, though it was well past twilight. Wherever one looked Sweden was joyous, meeting the sunlit nights with a special frivolity and laughter, living under the magic intoxication of the *Midnatts-solen*, as if the illusion of forever were to continue forever and the myth of darkness were never to return.

When we drove up to the Yellow House, Uncle Oscar was on the stone steps to greet us, with two porters and the housemaids standing in a row behind him. His welcome, as usual, was warm and affectionate, mixing livelily with our kisses and chatter and excitement. His strong arms were thrown about each of us in turn, answering our fountain of questions with his bubbling humor and patience.

"Did the tan terrier have any new puppies?"

"Was the axle fixed on the pony cart?"

"How many China geese survived the winter?"

"Did Enoch, the stable boy, get the wooden whistle we sent him?"

"Was the platform laid on the grass under the trees for the Midsummer's Eve dance?"

"Not so fast, not so fast." Uncle Oscar laughed. "Oh-hoo, Biger Jarl," he cried, catching Mjuk up and swinging him around. "Did you bring your swords and spears and shields?"

"I brought my paper kite!" squealed Mjuk.

"Ah, that will make a good shield! And fly your colors high in the air. Splendid, splendid. Paper is the noblest commodity of all. Good for you, Biger Jarl." For the next two days we all called Mjuk "Biger Jarl."

Then he looked down at Mama, standing a few steps below him. "Anna," he said, suddenly grave, "you look like Midsummer's Eve itself. Continuous sun — golden!"

In a room upstairs someone was playing a violin. The plaintive notes of "Solveig's Song" from *Peer Gynt* drifted down from above. No one seemed to hear it except Cousin Ingeborg. Her eyes met mine in a sagacious squint, and I looked away from her, not quite knowing why, feeling per-

turbed. No one else noticed the wistful melody above the chatter.

Later, just before dinner, when we had all been well ensconced in our rooms, Cousin Ingeborg asked me to find her purse in the living room downstairs, where she thought she might have left it on her arrival.

I was about to enter the room when I heard Uncle Oscar speaking. His voice was so solemn that I hesitated on tiptoe in the wide hall.

"Why don't you stop all this, Anna? Why won't you marry me?" Uncle Oscar was saying.

"There's your dead brother — and Elsa Örne," Mama said softly.

"Elsa Örne!" exclaimed Uncle Oscar impatiently. "Elsa Örne, what a reason!"

"There's Magnus."

"But he would want it. Haven't I done everything I could for his children?"

"Everything," Mama replied.

"They're like my own. I love you, Anna."

"Married to two brothers. How could I?"

"He's dead, Anna, and we're living. He would want it, believe me, Anna."

"Like pagans — married to brothers," Mama sobbed.

"It's not Magnus that holds you back. What is it? I know you love me."

"Can't you see? Don't you know?" Mama whispered tearfully.

"I can't see you cry like this, that I know. I want to take you in my arms and —"

"Not now, with that woman in this house."

"So it is Elsa Örne! Am I to live like a hermit, a monk, because you won't have me? Anna, be reasonable, be fair."

The next morning I was on the west terrace overlooking the river waiting for Mjuk when Cousin Ingeborg found me. She carried two fine steel knitting needles in her hands and a ball of coarse thread. A few inches of lace edging hung from the needles.

"Why, Ava, I thought you had gone fishing with Mjuk and your Uncle Oscar," she said, sitting in a chair near the terrace wall.

"No, I didn't feel like it, Cousin Ingeborg. I went driving in the pony cart with Lolly. I looked all over for your purse last evening, but I couldn't find it," I lied.

"Oh, child, thank you. It was under the pillows on the chaise longue in my room. Thank you, dear. Didn't they take a lunch hamper down to the river?" she asked.

"I don't know. I was with Lolly."

"I think your mother went along too, didn't she?"

"I — I don't know," I hesitated, though I knew she had.

Slowly the notes of "Solveig's Song" floated down to the terrace, the violin even more plaintive this time, and lingering.

I stared at Cousin Ingeborg. "Do you hear it?" I asked boldly.

"Hear what, child?"

"Someone's playing a violin."

"No," said Cousin Ingeborg, cocking her head to the side and listening. "I don't hear a violin."

"I do," I said bluntly. "*Peer Gynt*. Like yesterday."

"I don't hear it," she said crisply.

"Is Uncle Oscar a hermit?"

"A hermit? Your Uncle Oscar? Of course not. Don't ask such foolish things," she admonished. "Your Uncle Oscar doesn't live alone. He always has dozens of people around him. A hermit lives in a cave."

"Oh."

"All alone in a cave. A hermit is a person who doesn't like people. Sometimes they live alone to be with God."

"Elsa Örne is locked in her room," I said. "I saw her in the window looking down at Mama when we were in the garden yesterday."

"Hush," murmured Cousin Ingeborg.

"But Mjuk saw her too."

Cousin Ingeborg made a grimace. "And Lolly?"

"She wasn't there."

"Say nothing of this to your mother." Cousin Ingeborg looked about her cautiously, to see if anyone might have overheard.

"Why is Elsa Örne not supposed to be here when we come?" I asked.

"She goes on vacations."

"She's not on one now. She's locked in her room. Has she the measles?"

"I believe she has," coughed Cousin Ingeborg, clicking her small pointed needles together fiercely, lengthening her white edging by an inch.

The melody of the evening before started again, with variations and whimsy. It clung to the morning air, lifting and sprinkling like golden pollen.

"Do you hear it?" I whispered. "The violin?"

Cousin Ingeborg lifted her head and dropped her hands in her lap. "A violin? No, I hear nothing."

"I think I'll go and see the pony in the stables," I said.

"Yes, do," said Cousin Ingeborg.

THE following morning we overslept, as we had been permitted to remain up the night before way past our bedtime while the sun was still high overhead. It was part of the joys of *Midnatts-solen*.

In the afternoon Lolly and I wandered indolently down beyond the English gardens to inspect the Midsummer's Eve platform in the birch grove. Mjuk was on the miniature lake in the swan boat with his kite and Uncle Oscar, coaxing it into higher winds, unhampered by shrubbery or trees.

The boards in the birch grove had been sanded and polished to the color of amber corn and looked as inviting as honey and as slippery as a snake. Suddenly the melody from *Peer Gynt* floated down the breeze to us in the birch grove, clear and distinct, each note holding its complete round.

I looked at Lolly wide-eyed.

"What's the matter?" she asked in a frightened voice.

"Nothing. Someone's playing a violin."

"Who?"

"I don't know. Do you hear it?"

"Yes," cried Lolly, enchanted, the fright in her little face fading. "Let's dance! Let's dance on it." She bent down and patted the waxed platform with her chubby hand.

"We're not supposed to until Midsummer's Eve. It's bad luck."

"Oh, no one will know. Do let's," she begged, clapping her hands.

"They're going to put canvas over it soon, so the leaves and twigs won't fall on it and make it dirty."

"Let's dance before they do."

"We'd better not. It's just been finished today."

"But it's four days until Midsummer's Eve," Lolly pouted.

"Only four days? That's not long," I pretended.

"Yes it is. You know it is. Why can't we?"

And she skipped away across the amber platform, dancing, out of my reach, and I in pursuit, our tracks forming a gay beige design on the smooth surface.

The music of the violin had stopped.

As I caught her, we heard a wild shout of anguish. We stood transfixed with fear. Again and again the shouting echoed through the grove. I started to run, holding on to Lolly's hand. We heard a high piercing shriek of terror that dragged into ominous silence. Then the yells of men and the running of heavy feet.

When we reached the lake, the shore around it was swarming with workmen and stable hands, and Elsa Örne was coming out of the water, naked, with Mjuk in her arms.

Mama was running from the house in a dimity dress, holding a wavering parasol above her head, and Natta and the servants close behind her.

"What is it?" cried Mama as she reached the water. "I heard Oscar shouting. Where is he? What's happened?" Then she saw Elsa Örne with Mjuk's dripping figure in her arms. "My

little Mjuk! What's happened? Is he dead? Is he drowned? Oh, God! Why are you holding him?"

One of the porters lifted Mjuk from Elsa Örne's arms and blew down his throat. "No, *min fru*," he said, "he's all right. He's breathing. See, his eyes are open." He took his coat and wrapped it carefully around Mjuk.

"Thank God," wept Mama. "Oh, God, thank you!"

"I'll carry him to the house, *min fru*, with Natta. He'll be better there." The man left with several of the servants. Some of the men were already in the water rowing toward the swan boat.

Then Mama seemed to see for the first time that Elsa Örne was naked.

"Cover her," she sobbed. "Somebody cover her." And she inadvertently gave someone her parasol to hold over Elsa Örne. A stable boy threw a horse blanket over Elsa Örne's shoulders. He had been attending a sick horse when he heard the shouts.

Mamma looked into the lake-wet eyes of Elsa Örne. Her dripping colorless hair was still held high on her head by her innumerable combs and hairpins.

"Where is Oscar Lewenhaup?" Mama cried, her tears falling. "Speak — what has happened? Where is he? It's a very shallow lake. It's no

lake at all, just a plaything! Speak, Elsa Örne!"

"I saw it happen from my window, *Madonnabild*," said Elsa Örne calmly. "I was playing my violin. The little Mjuk tried to reach for the string of his kite. It had slipped through his fingers. And he fell in. The master plunged after him. I ran down to help. I took off my clothes and swam out to them. That's all."

"Oscar Lewenhaup was a strong swimmer, Elsa Örne. A strong man," Mama said sternly.

"Yes, he was. The bottom of the lake has always been questionable. Full of mysteries. And I am a strong swimmer."

Mama looked up at the sky helplessly, beside herself. "No winds, no rains, a clear summer's day." And she broke into violent sobbing.

"Yes, *Madonnabild* — on a clear summer's day."

Mama looked into Elsa Örne's wet face again. "Why did you save Mjuk, Elsa Örne, and not Oscar Lewenhaup, your lover?"

Elsa Örne was shivering now, under the horse blanket. "Oscar Lewenhaup couldn't free himself, something at the bottom. There was a choice to make. This way I think is better, *Madonnabild*."

Two hours later they found him, his right foot held fast in the rotting root of a gnarled tree.

On Midsummer's Eve the swan boat floated peacefully through the sunlight night.

BITS OF SUN

BY MENKE KATZ

O my father's house: the proud patch, mortgaged tear,
with the tale-spinners under the humblest tree,
which begged bits of sun on his ice and coal yard.
No birds — full-bearded, virile men found solace
in the genial blight of its shriveled shade.
The carefree chat, the prime sport, rolled as a stream.

O my father's house, bleak as the winter night,
when out of quenched fires slipped in Eden neighbors
and hid in ambush, in the covered mirrors.
The moon went down as an indolent tumor,
in the dull-eyed hick town, at Passaic River.
Stones knew the mute panic of silenced objects.

The gray street was a legendary snowland.
The tree: frost-rent, each limb — a shroud in the wind.
The urine of sewers was its smarting dew,
gnawing it from heartroot to crown gall alive.
The sole admirer left was the woodchopper.
Hewed down, it was my father's wood nymph again.

A Rough Map of Greece

The Bus From Athens

BY PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

This is the fourth article to result from the travels of PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS, who in the spring of 1962 made an independent exploration of the Greek mainland and its surrounding islands. Miss Adams, a graduate of Radcliffe College, is a member of the ATLANTIC staff.

GREECE is full of buses, ranging from dented bone-shakers that rattle around a daily circuit of villages to glass-topped palaces on wheels that carry tourists to points of interest. The bone-shakers are good-humored, adaptable, and always get there, but they operate in Greek and attend solely to transport. The tourist buses are polished and feather-sprung. They provide iced drinks and a guide who speaks three languages. They propose to waft the traveler about the countryside as though upon a magic carpet, and would succeed if the traveler didn't interfere.

Travelers being what they are, the intentions of the bus companies are invariably thwarted by misunderstandings over tickets, seats, or destination, and progress is interrupted by emergency stops and enlivened by missed connections. Every bus party contains one member who, at the moment of departure, must be enticed from a shop, a cave, the top of a pillar, or the washroom. It also contains, unfortunately, one member who thinks he (or she) has been cheated out of the front window seat and refuses to be consoled.

These difficulties aside, sightseeing by bus is convenient and pleasant. It takes the traveler anywhere within reason, and the schedule is flexible. A passenger who falls in love with Nauplion can improvise arrangements to stay there, going on by another bus when his interest in the place is exhausted.

The bus trip out to Cape Sounion is an afternoon's diversion. The road follows the coast east-

Photograph of Charioteer at Delphi by Alison Frantz. Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.



ward through a plushy beach resort district and some scattered commercial enterprises, among them a salt plant. The open pools for evaporating seawater are surrounded by stacks of reddish tiles — slabs of salt awaiting further refinement.

When open country begins, it is all hills and sea. The coast is not high, but very steep and irregular. Peacock-blue water lies below, and bare, dust-brown scrub above, with the road hung between and clinging to the rocky, sharply indented coastline like a panicky climber to a ledge. Now and then a small hut appears, or a half-built house, but nobody really lives on these breezy heights. This is strange, for the view lies clear for miles around and the beaches, although narrow, are smooth, attractive sand. The guide explains it briefly. No water. No rain.

Cape Sounion is far enough east to provide a wide view of the sea-lanes leading to Athens, and therefore of any enemy fleet approaching the city. It is near enough, in a straight line, so that the spearpoint of the gargantuan statue of Athena on the acropolis could be seen, a single fleck of gold light, from the cape. There must have been a lookout at Sounion as soon as there was a town at Athens, and various fortifications have been raised and fought over. Today there are the ruins of

Poseidon's temple, the much-observed remains of a lesser temple to Athena, the parking lot, the office selling tickets to view the ruins, and an inoffensive tourist pavilion hunched down on the western beach, where it offers food, drink, and lodging without obscuring the antique prospect.

Very slightly offshore, east of the temple, stands the huge rock from which Aegeus threw himself into the sea when Theseus' ship came back from Crete with black sails, indicating to Aegeus that his son had been killed by the Minotaur. Having led his pack up the steep path to the temple, the guide sat us on fallen stonework and told the whole legend before going into the history of the building, which is interesting and a source of scholarly controversy.

POSEIDON's temple is Doric in style, but its proportions are not those of the Parthenon. Debate rages over just what the differences indicate. Is it an earlier, less expert structure, or is it contemporary, but adapted to different stone and a different setting? To a nonexpert eye the temple, although stubbier than the Parthenon and made of a coarse local marble that lacks the Pentelic radiance, is a splendidly ruinous ruin. A drift of storm-scarred columns rises from an open rectangle piled with blocks and drums of stone. The marble is a soft silvery sand color, and since the interior walls are completely gone, light falls from all sides across the pillars. Reflections and shadows cross and tangle in a delicate, continual motion, as though the marble breathed. Every change of ground reveals a different pattern, the standing columns, the broken columns, and the fallen pieces wheeling lightly around each other like the glittering fragments in a kaleidoscope.

It is a little disturbing to imagine what the building was like when it stood intact, with a sanctified blockhouse set among the columns and a sturdy roof closing out the sky. Would we like Doric buildings half so well if they came to us undamaged? This one must have looked a bit like a Victorian bank — aggressively respectable.

Filled with information, the bus party exploded and went scurrying over the ruins with cameras, each person intent on photographing the temple minus other tourists. A stout German with a thatch of rusty gray curls struck a Byronic pose that suited his hair if not his accent and held it while his friend adjusted the camera. At the crucial moment, a man trying to photograph his lady perched on a wall backed in front of the German, and Byron was blotted out by an alien rump. Problems of this sort led to a war of maneuver, which was conducted with patience and the taciturn chivalry appropriate to a hopeless cause.

The guide withdrew to a remote corner, out of everybody's line of fire, and sat down to laugh. He did not resent interruption, however. Byron's autograph? Chagrin. What a thing to forget. Around on the east front. You can't miss it.

You certainly can't. It leaps out and stabs the eye. Not that his lordship was more of a vandal than the hundreds of other visitors who have knifed their names into the stone; he merely has more friends. Generations of romantic travelers and Greeks with a kindly memory of the poet who died in their war have run gentle fingertips across the letters. The name Byron stands in its own little polished plaque, an oval of shimmer created entirely by anonymous caresses.

The program of this excursion included a swim and tea at the tourist pavilion. The guide presently collected the troupe for the quarter-mile bus trip down to the beach, but he was not bigoted about it. Sounion is noted for sunsets, and if I wanted to sit up there and watch one, he had no objection. He delivered warnings about missing the bus and finding the proper footpath, and left.

Either the sunsets at Sounion are overrated, or this was a poor specimen. The west merely turned pink, but the shadow that crept up the eastern sky was worth watching — a slow rise of violet stalking a brightening half-moon. I climbed down to look at the old tufa foundations which support the whole terrace. (There was an earlier temple built of this same tufa, which the marble structure replaced.) Rough, thick bushes overhang the stonework. As I looked back and upward, Poseidon's columns seemed to grow out of a green mat and lifted against the amethyst sky in stripes of pink and silver.

The proper footpath required a scramble back up the wall and a considerable loop to the east. Under my feet, a tipsy goat-and-child track zigzagged down through brush and thistles to fetch up against the wire fence that keeps free-loaders out of the area. These fences always look horse-high and hog-tight, but where I come from, if there's a child's path, there's a negotiable hole at the end of it. I was pleased to discover that arrangements are no different in Greece.

As we drove back to Athens, the bare hills came to life. In the shadows of a ravine, three men wearing long black cloaks and carrying the traditional crooked staffs were hustling sheep into a fold, a low fence of straw piled over brush and stakes. Children trotted along the roadside, bound on mysterious errands. One disastrous-looking shack, hung askew on a rock, had turned into a tavern and oozed light and the tinkle of *bazoukia* music. The guide admitted that Sounion supports more life than a desert should. Besides the sheep, there is reputedly good bird shooting in season.

The bus trip to Delphi is a more formal affair, requiring advance reservations and much checking of records to be certain that the same window seat has not been sold to three different customers. Window seats become a neurotic preoccupation with bus travelers, who have come to see Greece rather than a neighbor's ear.

ATHENS to Delphi is a better than four-hour drive, and starts early in the morning with all the passengers half asleep. Fortunately, there is nothing to observe on the main west road but a sacred lake of which, at the guide's insistence, we all took disgruntled note. It is dull and reedy and surrounded by small factories, no object to arouse enthusiasm in the semicomatose.

The party was finally aroused by a stop. Everyone was suddenly lively, talkative, and hungry, and the local restaurant did a monstrous business in orange soda and miniature souvlakia — small wooden skewers strung with tidbits of freshly roasted lamb. The guide demolished sentimental imaginings about our glorious predecessors on the route. Most clients went to Delphi by sea. It was much easier.

This information was backed by the road, which now began climbing at an alarming pitch. The ridge on which Delphi is located follows the north shore of the Gulf of Corinth, rising almost straight from the water into high, improbable turrets and minarets squiggled out of the rock. This line of hills is slashed crosswise by equally steep, narrow ravines cut down almost to sea level.

The highway mounted the ridge by the inevitable loops and switchbacks and settled, halfway up, to progress along the edge of nothing. Once or twice, in what must have been moments of unusual exuberance, the road builders had provided bridge shortcuts across ravines, but for the most part, the route followed each canyon north to its inner end, rounded a short turn dug into the mountainside, and rolled southward to the next salient. The people in the rear of the bus peered out of the windows and reported, unhappily, that everything behind the back wheels hung over space on the turns. Moral: those subject to vertigo should not sit in the back of a mountain bus.

The slopes below the road were covered with dull-green olive trees and fields where grain, already being harvested in the lowlands, still stood mottled gold and green. Above us, the rocks were splashed with flaming yellow broom and shrubs as dark as spruce. The air turned sharply cool. Patches of snow appeared on the hilltops, and Mount Parnassus, heaving up to the north, was white.

Innumerable small tracks wandered up and down the mountains, their purpose obscure until we passed, in the depths of a canyon, a string of horses and donkeys. They were on a path above the road and were followed by a brisk old lady in black, loaded, like her animals, with grass and brushwood. The procession headed straight up the hillside, seemingly walking on air, and clinking softly with bells. The bus churned out to the open end of the canyon, rounded the turn, and wound its way to the head of the next canyon, where the old lady and her train were pattering along the path above the road. She had gone straight over the hump while modern machinery went a half mile around, and she grinned down at us with impish triumph.

The present town of Delphi hangs on the mountainside like a swallow's nest. Houses and gardens swarm up the hills, spilling flowers from every wall and window. The main street is lined with shops on the inner side. Restaurants and hotels are on the outer one, where their windows overlook the downward sweep of gorge and valley to the gulf.

The whole town is relatively new. It used to lie smack on top of the ruins, but when the French undertook excavations in 1892, the entire village was expropriated and moved, at the expense of Paris, up the road, where it now stands. These high-handed methods were resented at the time, but since the new site is as beautiful as the old and somewhat more convenient in regard to water, the Delphians got the best of the deal, with a thriving tourist business thrown in.

Among its other elegancies, Delphi owns a new hotel hung down the cliffside, an arrangement that gives everybody a balcony overlooking the valley, and a bar in hunting-lodge style with a large fireplace, bright handwoven rugs and cushions, and a veranda that overlooks everything. This bar is known to tourists as "t6 nightclub," and to Delphians, who take it over in the winter, as "the club." Winter, they confided, is the best time in Delphi. When groves and vineyards have been bedded down against the cold and the fireplaces roar with wood collected throughout the summer, the grave Apollo departs, leaving his shrine and oracle in the hands of Bacchus, an altogether more agreeable god. The Delphians then relax and enjoy life uninterrupted by outlanders, for snow closes the roads.

By mid-May, summer traffic had begun in Delphi. Our two buses had traveled in tandem for three hours without serious competition, but they could hardly be wedged into the museum parking lot. A rival bus company and a fleet of cars were there before us. The guides sorted out the party — French and English over here, Ger-

man and Italian over there — and laid out separate routes, for there is something hilariously distracting about the same *spiel* heard simultaneously in two languages.

The information rattled off by the Chat girls was extensive and well organized, and it was reinforced by real knowledge and affection for the subject. The official speech was a good summary, but questions brought out more facts, along with personal opinions and lively comparisons of Delphi with other sites. The museum guards, meanwhile, mercilessly drove from our path the passengers of an earlier bus: uniformed schoolchildren, all armed with rattling boots and ringing voices. Schoolchildren are constantly to be found in Greek museums, herded by teachers and invariably hissed at, shoved, and admonished by the custodians, who view them with undisguised loathing.

LIKE every major Greek museum, the one at Delphi is a marvel, full of the wonders unearthed by the French archaeological teams that have worked there, off and on, for seventy years. An archaic frieze from the treasury of Athens represents the labors of Herakles and the adventures of Theseus, a parallel dear to Athenian hearts. (Athens, as other towns are still quick to point out, was always bumptious.) The thick, simplified figures still show traces of red paint that must have added considerably to the ferocious effect of these struggles with monsters and bandits. The frieze from the Siphnian treasury is more complicated, less barbarous, and, with its overlapping files of lions and horses, altogether more sophisticated.

The famous charioteer dominates a long room that actually holds other fine pieces, all invisible in the shadow of this superb bronze which is in itself justification for the effort and money lavished on Delphi. Tons of dirt and debris were hauled away. Archaeologists prowled the valley hunting for stones rolled downhill in the earthquakes which, along with housebuilders and Christian fanatics, were the curse of the place. Once found, the heavy blocks had to be identified and lugged one by one back to their original places, and eventually a quite surprising number of shrines, treasuries, and subsidiary buildings were at least partially reassembled.

The charioteer gave no such trouble. He was found behind a retaining wall where he had evidently been stowed away as too old-fashioned to display and too sacred to destroy. Severely controlled, straight as a column, the figure is serenely formal but vibrates with energy, an effect peculiar to the brief period between Archaic stylization and the softer manner of the later fifth century.

Nothing is left of the young man's team but some heartbreaking fragments of leg and hoof, just enough to prove that the horses were worthy of their driver. It is a sore disappointment to Delphi that the track where he won has not been located.

The temple of Apollo, who displaced a much older oracle belonging to some disreputable earth spirit, was the center of an extremely crowded sacred community that climbed well up the mountainside and rolled, as time passed and prosperity increased, far down into the valley. The one-day bus trip allows three hours for the whole thing, which is inadequate. Hachette's guidebook recommends five hours for a "cursory tour." I hesitate to differ with Hachette, a formidably thorough and careful authority, but I believe there is a question of temperament involved here. Hachette's schedule is calculated on a particular type of tourist. He wears sturdy, comfortable shoes and carries a stout stick. Having selected a route, he never deviates from it or pauses in his even progress. He is not tempted by shade trees, or rustles in the grass, or strange flowers, or children who want to practice their English. He may drink from the sacred spring where it bubbles icily over black and white pebbles, but he does not paddle in the lower pools or climb into the wild, narrow gerge after maidenhair fern. He's a thoroughly admirable fellow, and I'd hate to travel with him. He would hate to travel with me, for my cursory tour took a day and a half, thanks partly to the storm.

It came with no warning but a cold wind smelling of wet moss, mint, and goats. The sunlit sky instantly went bruise-blue, and the whole landscape took on the thunderstorm look, the olive trees and highland brush turning purplish black while rocks, grass, grain, and the yellow broom flowers glowed with a chill, brassy luster. Rain and lightning arrived while everyone was still running for cover, and hail followed the rain. The heights vanished into mist, which rose swirling out of the valley like a tide. Every crack in the rocks ran a brown torrent. Over the rush of water and the irregular beat of windswept hailstones, thunder racketed from crag to crag, the echoes rolling back and forth across the valley.

In the drizzling tag end of the storm, an old gentleman in a blue pinstripe suit rode into town on a donkey. He had converted his coat into a cloak by putting it over his head and fastening the top button under his chin. Water clung to his eyebrows and dripped off his luxuriant mustache. He sat straight-backed and indomitable, his face expressing patient contempt for all the insanities of the universe.

The storm, which was nothing unusual by local standards, cleared more slowly than it had begun.

Thin sunlight picked out the golden broom on the hillside, then the pewtery gloss of olive trees, then a herd of sheep and their shepherd emerging from the lee of a large tree to shake themselves dry. Then everything suddenly blazed in full light that picked up a watery glaze everywhere but on the open spaces up the hill, which all sparkled sugar white with hail. The last of the extempore creeks dried up. The great birds that circle above the heights and below Delphi's hotel balconies reappeared and took up their slow, arrogant patrol. The tourists jogged off to the ruins, and the shopkeepers came out to rehang the pretty rugs, bedspreads, and embroideries that had been taken in out of the weather. The town was back in business.

Next door to the white painted hotel where I had a room with a balcony jutting into a loquat tree full of luscious, not quite reachable orange fruit, I found the shop of Georgiou Petrou. Mr. Petrou is remarkable among the proprietors of tourist shops in that he shows no junk, despite the established fact that tourists, under the influence of haste and excitement, will buy almost anything. The place is stocked with fine large rugs woven on a three-woman loom whose operators lay in colored medallions on the white background; fur hats and neat, ankle-high fur boots; embroidered linens and smart, simple coats and dresses in handwoven materials which Mr. Petrou says are of his own design.

Being a shopkeeper in Delphi has its unsettling aspects. Mr. Petrou belongs to a large local clan with vineyards, olive groves ("Olives from your grandfather's hands, grapes from your own"), and animals strewn about the district. Always a trifle amazed at his success, which began with a capital of three hundred dollars put up by a kinsman in the States, Mr. Petrou occasionally goofs off from commerce to look at crops and real estate. Last summer he had a notion to do some hunting, and like a good countryman shooting over his own land, dressed down for the project rather than up.

Observe the prosperous Mr. Petrou, then, in comfortable old boots, patched trousers, frayed shirt, and sagging hat, slouching along the ridge with an ancient but accurate shotgun under his elbow and a donkey trailing at his heels. He came down a path that passes the highest drivable level of the ruins, and there was a busload of tourists. They were delighted with this mountain peasant and fell upon Mr. Petrou with cries of, "Poor boy, he's so ragged," and "Isn't he picturesque!"

Since a picturesque peasant, by definition, speaks no language but his own, Mr. Petrou couldn't get a word into the torrent of admiration and sympathy until it was too late. "They kept saying, 'Poor boy,'" he reported, "and I was

ashamed to hurt their feelings by saying I am not a poor boy. They made me pose for pictures, and then they wanted to give me money. When I said no thank you, they stuffed it in my pockets anyway. 'Poor boy,' they said, and I certainly was. When I got home and counted up, I had about twenty dollars from being a poor boy for fifteen minutes." He had figured out, given the number of tourist buses per week in Delphi, that a man willing to hang about the mountainside with shotgun and donkey all summer could make a very respectable living. "You could get rich on being a poor boy," he concluded, adding plaintively that it was disgusting.

The ruins at Delphi, like all such places in Greece, open at sunrise and close at sundown. (The Acropolis can be visited for three nights at the full of the moon, however, and there are stories current of travelers whose whole lives have been blighted by a cloudy spell.) I sat on some old stonework under a tree while the light softened and the guard, lounging on a lower course of foundations, bragged of the charioteer's bronze wire eyelashes and advised against going down to the harbor of Itea for dinner. He said the place would be dead at that time of year, and he was right.

A faint ripple of music floated romantically from somewhere beyond the half-dozen columns that are all that survives of the temple of Apollo. The guard leaped up and blew deafeningly on his whistle, following the blast with an enraged howl. "Radio," he explained apologetically. "*Verboten*."

The radio owners came down the path, a trifle sheepish with their obscene machine, to ask if those birds up there were eagles. The guide said they were. "There are always eagles at Delphi."

There should be eagles, for the center of things was determined by the eagles of Zeus. He released them from the eastern and western limits of the world, and they met at Delphi. The guard was not the only Delphian to tell a tourist, out of pure kindness, that the birds marking their easy, invisible spirals against the sky above the sacred spring were eagles. The manager of the hotel, however, is a man of stiffer standards.

"Engles?" he said. "No. Those are not engles. They are another bird. I don't know the English name, but they eat dead meat."

Vultures, then.

"Wait. I will find out." He searched the desk drawer and, not finding what he wanted, seized and frisked the nearest bellhop. A small, fat, worn dictionary was recovered. "What did you say? Vulture? You are right. Here it is. *Vul-chure*. Now," with the triumph of the born scholar, "I know."

I foresee the total extinction of the eagles of Delphi.

"Wait Now for Bombs"



The Englishman Who Foresaw the War

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD *As Hitler's shadow loomed over Europe*

from 1934 to 1938, there was a man in the British Foreign Office, Ralph Wigram, who was deeply versed in the German character and downright in his distrust of everything the Nazis stood for. This is how Wigram appeared to his perceptive junior, VALENTINE LAWFORD, whose memoirs, BOUND FOR DIPLOMACY, appear this month.

RALPH WIGRAM seemed a very gentle, almost shy person on my first morning in the Foreign Office, with his youthful looks and quiet voice and few words. An arc of hair falling forward from the part and cutting across the line of the cheek seemed to make his face even slighter and younger. His nose had character all right; it was high-bridged and not small. And though his face narrowed abruptly from the cheekbones down and came to a point at the chin, the chin itself was fine and firm, like the thin end of an almond. Still, it was the upper half of the head, from the crown to the eyes, that caught one's attention. The hair was the color of bronze, thick and unruly, but not concealing the fine shape of the head. The eyes were set wide apart, intensely blue and watchful, with a shadow along the eye sockets beneath them. Wary rather than suspicious, knowing but surely not unkind. Perhaps the mouth under the fair mustache was a little thin. But, far from innate fanaticism, the taut lips suggested an acquired habit of concentration and perhaps even of putting aside pain.

Heaven defend me for saying anything so antediluvian, but he had an English face, the sort of face that a medieval sculptor might have had as his model as he carved the likeness of an English knight. The face of a young country gentleman up

from the West to be drawn by Holbein. The face in an Elizabethan miniature, or under the hat or helmet of a captain at Naseby — one of the best England could offer. I thought I could trace it in a dozen incarnations, through the Peninsular and Crimean and South African wars, all the way to this product of Edwardian Eton.

In telling me that I had been chosen to work in the Central Department, Nigel Ronald, the potentially sympathetic, potentially professorial diplomatic private secretary, had hinted, between impressive sniffs, that it was something of an honor, for the department (in Foreign Office parlance) "dealt with" France and Germany — and Poland and Belgium and much else besides — and if any department could claim to be in a perpetual state of crisis, it was this one.

As the humblest member of the local hierarchy I had been placed exactly opposite the door communicating with the room of the head of the department; in the best position, that is, to be seen by Wigram whenever he came through in search of someone to run an errand. But being naturally exempt the first day from departmental duty, I didn't even have to play a part — beyond gratuitously feeling still more sick and solemn — in the coming and going that followed on the receipt of the news that King Alexander of Yugoslavia and

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Monsieur Barthou had been assassinated that very afternoon in Marseilles. The King's murder, I gathered, was the concern of the Southern Department, who, from rooms adjacent to ours along the ground-floor passage, tried sportingly (but by Central Department standards not quite seriously) to cope with a picturesque but politically secondary province, ranging from Italy through Austria and the Hapsburg Succession states to the southernmost tip of the Balkans. But only half the crisis was Ruritanian; and naturally the assassination of the French Foreign Minister set the Central Department's incomparably more efficient machinery working at full speed. In and out of Wigram's door went one after another of my colleagues, and from where I sat I couldn't fail to observe that each time one of them emerged again he moved briskly, as though impelled by a force in the room beyond.

It wasn't until I had been told that I might go home and had slipped through the door of the Third Room into the passage that I came face to face with Wigram again. Leaning slightly backward, with a bunch of papers in one hand and a stick in the other, he stood at his own main door as I passed and asked me how I was getting on. I murmured something about having found everything very interesting, and seeing that he appeared to be headed in the same direction, paused, presuming I ought to walk beside him or, respectfully, a few paces behind. But he signaled to me with the papers to go ahead and said a curt good night. I said "Good night, sir," and did as I was bid. But not before I had seen with what an infinite, unfair handicap he moved: head down and to one side, forelock hanging perpendicularly, white knuckles pressing heavily on a stick for support.

NEXT morning I had hardly settled into my chair when I heard an unmistakable step on the tessellated floor of the passage, and a few minutes later my telephone rang and Wigram was asking me to come into his room. He needed something from the Registry at once, some telegram, a copy of which he had already seen in the morning's distribution; the sort of thing that, however urgently the registrar might enter it and the central division jacket it and docket it and submit it with its references and a file of previous papers on the same subject, they could never produce promptly enough for him. And from that moment on, I was rarely to sit at my desk for more than five minutes on end in the space of over two years.

That morning's summons marked for me the beginning of an unforgettable adventure, ranging

all the way from nightly horror at having been caught up in an institution from which there was no prospect of respectable escape, to ineffable physical, as well as mental, relief on the rare, red-letter days when I had miraculously performed some task, however menial, to the institution's implicit rather than explicit satisfaction. And since there is no doubt in my mind today that, whether I enjoyed the adventure at the time or not, it was pre-eminently from working for Ralph Wigram that I learned whatever it was granted to me to learn in my first two years in diplomacy, I cannot more fittingly recall the splendors and miseries of my apprenticeship than in terms of the exceptional man who was my head of department.

He used his pen as unsparingly as he used his juniors' shoe leather, jabbing it into the ink so hard that one could hear the nib strike against the bottom of the bottle, and forcing it to the last, inkless scratch. His letters weren't very well formed. In fact, there would have been something slightly immature about the hand had not each word stood so sturdily upright and on its own that the cumulative impression, above all when one watched him writing, was of some highly strung young general, nervously but expertly placing his outposts as he advanced across a plain.

When he dictated he did so rapidly, in a clear, staccato voice, hardly ever at great length and seldom correcting himself, let alone losing the thread or gazing speechless into space or starting all over again from the beginning. I never saw him use notes, or even consult the back papers in a file, unless it was to verify a passage to be quoted verbatim or to check the reference number or date of a dispatch or telegram. It was as though the facts had etched themselves into the grooves of his mind, and their mere recital, as crisp and sure as a record, was for him both argument and style. "Last week Herr Hitler said — This week Baron von Neurath says — Next week, no doubt — "

Bit by bit, ever since those early days, I have done my best to piece together a knowledge of Wigram's past. As his appearance suggested, he sprang from the remains of the officer class. But he himself, I believe, didn't regard his or anyone else's genealogies with much interest. Through his maternal grandmother, he was descended from George III's egregious Prime Minister, the Duke of Grafton. But the only aspect of his ancestry from which he derived any noticeable satisfaction was his descent, through his paternal grandmother, from Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny. If he had any intelligence above the average, he was reported to have said, it was to Richard Arkwright that he owed it. Bristol merchants in the eighteenth century, the Wigram family throughout the nineteenth had

sent its sons into the army and navy and East India Company (with its offshoots, the Bengal and Madras civil services) and, rather less frequently, the Church. But though, broadly speaking, that sort of Thackerayan tradition was shared by the family of more than one of my contemporaries, as well as by my own, there must have been an austere evangelical quality about Wigram's early-twentieth-century youth that had been notably absent from ours. On coming down from Oxford in 1912 he had gone to work in the East End of London, running a boys' club under the auspices of Toynbee Hall, being a scoutmaster, and teaching at the Working Men's College.

THE outbreak of the First World War had put an end to his activities as a social worker, and also to his more recently adopted career as a lecturer at Leeds on economics. He wanted passionately to go to the front, and applied to the Coldstream Guards for a commission, hoping that his father's previous connection with the regiment, as its adjutant, would give him a chance of being accepted. But the stringent physical requirements still in force in those days as regards height and chest measurement caused him to be rejected. Whereupon, disappointed but not daunted, he tried to enlist in the ranks. For two years he was employed in the office of the director of military operations, and in 1916 paid two visits to Russia as a member of a military mission, during one of which he was invited, with his general, to dine *en petit comité* with the Czar. Then he had spent another two years, still in a military capacity, at the embassy in Washington, and in 1919 entered the diplomatic service, serving first in Washington again and afterward in the Central Department of the Foreign Office, where he was also for a time resident clerk.

It was while he was a member of the Central Department in 1920 that, returning on the Orient Express from a trip to Vienna and Budapest, he chanced to meet Lord D'Abernon, and in the course of a brief conversation impressed that ambassador sufficiently to be invited to stay with him and advise him on the reorganization of his chancery in Berlin. History does not relate how Lord D'Abernon's staff felt about that; but as to Wigram, one would hazard a guess that he didn't let it deter him, and in the end they were probably grateful.

Though he was still only a minor official, his exceptional reliability made him a valued member of the British delegation to the Spa Conference of 1920 and the Paris Conference of 1921. From the first, too, he had attracted the favorable attention

of Sir Eyre Crowe — as I have always liked to think, through what can only be described as his gift of supernatural common sense. Transferred to the embassy in Paris in 1923, he became a head of chancery of exemplary efficiency.

His experience with delegation work caused him to be temporarily recalled to London for the London Conference of 1924, in the course of which one Sunday, when the principal delegates were resting in the country and the less exalted were thrashing things out in committee, he had the nerve to summon Herr Stresemann and the Foreign Secretary back to London in the Prime Minister's name so that they might deal at once with a number of knotty points on which work in committee was held up. It is an incident that has always pleased me, for not only did the bold stroke, as in the most heartwarming Victorian fiction, perfectly succeed and actually receive retrospective sanction from on high, but nothing was more characteristic of the man, as I came to know him, than the ultimate in bureaucratic keenness, combined with uninhibited ideas about what great men are for and an absolutely unbureaucratic lack of scruple.

Ten years were to elapse between his transfer to Paris and his final return to the Foreign Office as head of the Central Department; years of great promise, great happiness, and great disaster. Making a brief tour in French North Africa in 1924, he met the daughter of John Edward Courtenay Bodley, the great late-nineteenth-century British authority on France and the French, and decided then and there that she must not only accompany him on the rest of his tour but, with the least possible delay, become his wife. To Ava Bodley — young and clever, free as air, fresh as a rose on a June morning, armed less with thorns than with a formidable sense of the ridiculous that had been anything but blunted by a short period of work in the Foreign Office as one of the "library ladies" — the strange little itinerant first secretary's insistence seemed impertinent and absurd. Yet twenty-four hours later there she was, with a chaperon, going on his tour with him; and early in 1925 Wigram and the great authority's daughter were married in Paris.

From his place of retirement just across the Channel, Wigram's remarkable old father-in-law — the one-time friend of Ruskin, Wilde, and Whistler, Princess Mathilde and Pierre Loti, Clemenceau and Charles Maurras — watched expertly over the young couple's progress in France. Ava already enjoyed a position in Paris which, to put it mildly, was unusual for a lesser British embassy wife. Talleyrand's great-niece, the imposing Countess Jean de Castellane, in a dashing pale-mauve velvet cartwheel hat with ostrich feathers, had functioned unforgettably as matron

of honor at this first secretary's wedding; and from the beginning politicians and journalists of the right, left, and center, labor leaders, financiers, intellectuals, artists, and men of letters frequented the newly married couple's apartment. In course of time, no doubt, Wigram would have come to know many of the leading characters in contemporary Paris life, even if he had not been married to Bodley's daughter. But the fact of his marriage hastened the process of acquaintance and added immeasurably to the charm of the experience.

PRIVATE life, embassy life, diplomatic life, Paris life in its matchless depth and diversity all were exploited and enjoyed to the full. On the wider international scene, too, the tensions which had come near to breaking point in the year of his arrival in Paris with the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr had been succeeded late in 1925 by the relative relaxation of the Locarno period. What was known as the spirit of Locarno may have owed its origin to the fortuitous coincidence in office of three individual statesmen united for once in the will to agree, rather than to any real solution of a basic problem. But at least momentarily the yawning gaps between the nations looked as though they had been boldly bridged. And Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Germans were encouraged to approach one another, even if in the light of the years to come it might appear that they had actually been offered nothing more solid to tread upon than three layers of polite misunderstanding.

But from such satisfactions, illusory or otherwise, as the next few years had to offer, Wigram himself was to be largely excluded. In 1926, the year after his marriage, he was suddenly struck down by infantile paralysis. For months it seemed unlikely that he would survive, or that if by some chance he did, he would ever again be fit for service. And even when at long last, to the bewilderment of the doctors, his strength of will and his wife's nursing achieved the impossible and he was once more installed at his desk in the chancery, he was a semi-invalid to whom further illness would be fatal; for a while little more than a ghost of himself, often in great pain, and permanently deprived of the normal use of his feet.

It was a loss all the more cruel to one who had hitherto been a young man who never walked but ran; to a good athlete, too, with an unerring eye in games as in work, who on the very day before he was stricken had roundly defeated one of his juniors in singles at tennis. But far from repining, he now taxed his brain and body harder than ever. And to his juniors, he seemed more

a perfectionist than ever. Leaner now and clumsily limping, but robust and rapid as ever in mind, with eyes and ears missing nothing, he was again to be seen wherever he thought there might be something for him to learn in Paris, even in the salons, for he knew France far too well to scorn the French mundane.

"Monsieur Wigram turns up everywhere," a French acquaintance said of him at this time, taking care to add — for, in the international world, such things do not necessarily go together — "and everywhere he is welcome."

His French was serviceable rather than scintillating; fluent enough, all the same, for him to be chosen as interpreter and record taker, as well as technical adviser, at many of the Anglo-French meetings and international conferences. As I was fated to learn in due course, the mental and nervous and muscular strain of simultaneously interpreting and recording an international conversation made the assignment one of the most wearing that could fall to the lot of a member of the career. But Wigram's performance of the dual role, and his reliability and resourcefulness as an adviser on reparations during the Lausanne Conference of 1932, earned him a special encomium from Neville Chamberlain, then undergoing his first experience of international negotiation. And two years later the promptness with which he submitted his records won praise from Sir Maurice Hankey, the secretary of the Cabinet, himself a recognized prodigy of bureaucratic efficiency.

By then Wigram had left Paris behind him. For when the position of head of the Central Department of the Foreign Office fell vacant in 1933, he had been chosen to fill it. After such an unusually long period of service abroad, he must have tried hard, on returning to London, to continue leading a useful double life. As always, it was a losing battle. Yet he and his wife did contrive to make of their little house in North Street, Smith Square, a sort of London equivalent of their Paris apartment.

Perhaps it was not really all that remarkable that as head of the Central Department during Hitler's first few years in power he should have come to believe that there could be no genuine peace in Europe so long as National Socialism ruled in Germany; that whatever Hitler might promise, and even sometimes like to think he meant, he was bound in the long run to attempt to encompass the destruction of France and Britain; and that, accordingly, any idea of a valid compact with him was a delusion. Perhaps it was not so very remarkable either that, given such beliefs, Wigram should have thought that Britain and France would risk less by showing firmness, while their future adversary had still not attained his

full strength, than by doing what in practice amounted to nothing each time he put out his hand to grasp this or that tactical advantage, in order to be progressively more sure of destroying them. Nor, again, was it remarkable that Wigram should have been convinced that, if it was to be able to pursue a policy of firmness in peace and to win an eventual war, Britain had no choice but to look urgently to its defenses; rearm, not disarm, strengthen, not weaken its ties with nations whose interests coincided with its own, and encourage them to prepare themselves likewise.

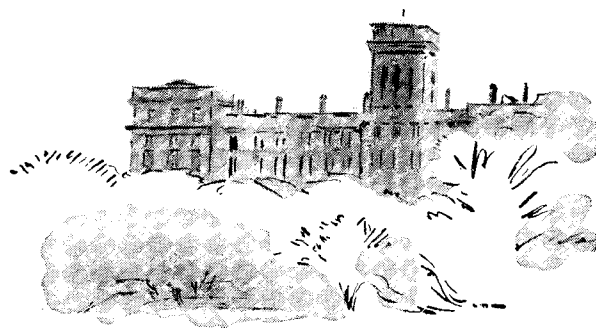
INASMUCH as Wigram had *Mein Kampf*^f to read and the courage to read it — not just in the only half-complete English translation of those days, but in its painful German entirety — any views other than these would have been far more remarkable. Furthermore, these were the views held by the two senior Foreign Office experts together with whom he was responsible for advising the government on the conduct of relations with the new Germany, the permanent undersecretary, Sir Robert Vansittart, and Sir Orme Sargent. These were the views, too, that underlay the increasingly gloomy predictions that from the spring of 1933 until his retirement in August filled the dispatches of Sir Horace Rumbold from Berlin. And they were the views — whatever may since have been alleged about his dispatches' containing too much wit and too little warning, and however dubious he may have been about French enthusiasm for the war when it came — of Rumbold's successor, Sir Eric Phipps. "This is a most illuminating document — and terrifying," wrote the then Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, in a minute on Phipps's dispatch of January 30, 1934, in which the ambassador had pointed out, among other things, that the German government didn't "believe in" negotiation and that nothing had so enhanced Hitler's prestige in Germany as the behavior of the Western nations since he had taken office.

Far more remarkable than his views themselves was the consistency with which he held them; and scarcely less so, the methods, some of them unheard of for a British civil servant, that he was prepared to adopt in order to ensure, if he possibly could, that they should prevail.

In a sense the ground was stony indeed. Yet surely not quite in the sense that has generally been suggested since. For the pre-war population of Britain was not in fact divided into the very few "who knew" and the very many who were abysmally ignorant; into those who believed in the existence of a German danger and those who didn't. If it had been, Wigram's (and Sargent's

and Vansittart's — and Churchill's) task might have been easier. For those who do not know can sometimes be cajoled into learning, and unbelievers have been known to be converted; whereas there is virtually no persuading those who know but who for some compelling reason prefer to go on behaving as though they do not. And in 1933 and 1934, and for some time thereafter, among even the sanest members of the British public there were few who could permanently resist the lure of yielding to the natural human desire to be left in peace; either choosing to ignore the danger that threatened them, or insisting that it was a danger that could somehow miraculously be avoided and superseded by a general settlement designed to include National Socialist Germany and, equally miraculously, leave Britain's prestige and prosperity undiminished.

Of course, there were allegedly some odd people in England who were both aware of the imminent threat and actually happy about it, looking forward as they did to the coming Anglo-German conflict as an essential step toward their particular millennium, the destruction of capitalism. But one would hazard a guess that they were as far from numerous as the British admirers of Hitler and National Socialism. Incomparably more familiar were those who had matters of greater concern to think about, or who disliked thinking of anything so unpleasant, or who were by nature averse to drawing conclusions from knowledge; those who would never renounce their native right to say, "Britain will muddle through, hope against hope, keep your hair on, that sort of thing doesn't happen to us"; those who thought it unwise, or unfair, or a mixture of both (that is to say, un-English), to seem to suspect a potential enemy, or who hoped it might one day turn him into a friend if they seemed not to do so; those who believed that to say that war was inevitable was the way to make it inevitable; and those who said you could hardly blame Hitler for being suspicious of the British Foreign Office. Then there were those who felt that, since the League of Nations was there, it was immoral as well as unreasonable not to put their faith in it; the bird watchers,



running off after every successive wild goose as it popped over the horizon and collecting signatures to certify that here at long last was the authentic dove of peace; and the word watchers, patiently tuning in again and again to hear from Hitler at firsthand that from this day forward he had positively no more demands to make.

Add to the above — and, naturally, the list has no remote claim to completeness — the ironic fact that in Parliament the Conservative majority, who by nature might have been expected to be favorable to the idea of a well-armed Britain, were the very people most tempted to let sleeping dogs lie, while those to whom Hitler should have been the archenemy, the Socialist opposition, were the very people by tradition and doctrine most hostile to the idea of effective military preparation as a way of dealing with him.

FROM the first I had sensed that my head of department had a special position in the Foreign Office. The limp and the legend in themselves were enough to set him apart. As is usual with people who are institutions, though, it was not easy to say that he was liked. He was accepted as a phenomenon by all, respected by the majority, admired by several, feared by quite a few. He seemed most attached to Sargent and Vansittart; typically so, for they were the two people with whom he worked most closely, who pre-eminently shared his anxieties, and through whom, if through anybody, something might one day at last be achieved. As for the rest, if someone stopped to talk to him in the passage, his eyes would look straight into theirs. But most people must have shared my suspicion that he looked less at you than through you at something in his own mind.

“Little Ralph Wigram,” Vansittart has written of him, twice; and “Wigs” he was to his contemporaries, not just posthumously but during his lifetime and to his face. But rather than condescension, or even camaraderie, the use of the nickname by his colleagues always seemed to me to denote a desire on their part to catch up with one of their number who had unaccountably gone deeper and got further ahead and to remind themselves that he was human also. For even inside the Foreign Office there were those whose smiles tightened a little when his name was mentioned, and who would have admitted, if pressed, that they were not entirely happy about his uncompromising views. Not that his colleagues were jealous; for whatever may be said about the pre-war British diplomatic service, it was certainly, of all the services, the one where the weed of jealousy had least hold. But however sincerely they re-

spected the man and his courage, there was no denying that his conception of the role of the diplomatist no longer quite corresponded to theirs. Diplomacy that consisted in repeating that negotiation was worthless and conciliation a fraud came dangerously close to being no diplomacy at all. I doubt if anyone wished him out of his job exactly, but there may have been one or two who felt that if by some mischance they had had to take it over, they would have tried by hook or by crook to do something a little more positive.

Nothing he did could escape notice; if only because, however highly other heads of department might personally rate the importance of their own problems, in the back of everyone’s minds lay the thought that Wigram’s department was the one whose daily work concerned the survival of us all. On a more parochial level, too, his keenness to keep every paper with a bearing on Germany in his own hands or under his control was liable on occasion to complicate his relations with colleagues whose sphere of interest — usually as a result of some administrative arrangement which had once been perfectly reasonable but which time, aided by Hitler, had begun to turn into an anomaly — included a region or a subject that formed an integral part of the German problem from 1933 on.

There was one subject, I remember, which, however strongly he might resent the fact, he was quite unable to highjack. For historical reasons naval matters were included in the province of the American Department of the Foreign Office, and so it came about that a subject that he regarded as an inseparable part of the German problem, the whole question of the negotiation of an Anglo-German naval agreement in the summer of 1935, came only indirectly within his purview and effectively escaped his influence.

Believing that if it suited him, Hitler would violate one and all of the provisions of any agreement at the drop of a hat, Wigram dismissed the technical merits or demerits of the various proposals under discussion as completely beside the point. And while the head of the American Department and the Admiralty experts entered meticulously, as was their duty, into questions of tonnage and guns and submarines, he was far more exercised by the plain fact that by actively conniving at this further breach of the limiting clauses of the Treaty of Versailles so soon after publicly condemning Hitler’s unilateral repudiation of the military restrictions of the treaty in the spring, Britain was not only encouraging German rearmament but gratuitously providing the German government with just the kind of opportunity it so much relished to drive a wedge between Britain and its closest friends. Others might, and did,

argue that since Germany was bent on rearming in any case, there was conceivably an advantage in "getting something on paper" for a while. The phrase had — has it not still? — a kind of classic respectability; and it was in fact what Vansittart was himself to write about the agreement in due course, though not, one feels, with quite his usual conviction. But Wigram was always more wary of the "breathing space" argument than most, and his private comments on the whole interlude were scathing. In those days he was more on edge than ever, and in his frustration he may sometimes have been a little unfair to those with whom he disagreed.

Looking back now I can see that it was only natural that there should have been a widespread notion that, like everyone else in the Foreign Office who dealt with Germany, Wigram was anti-German. But in fact he subscribed far less than many people even now to the dogma of German original sin. If he could possibly help it, he would not miss an opportunity to nail a Nazi lie. And he took an almost savage pleasure in nipping in the bud the various German attempts of those days at infiltration and subversion, under the guise of social or cultural activity, in the countries of the British Commonwealth, hustling and harrying other government departments mercilessly in the process. More consistently, too, than anyone else I can remember, he opposed the recurrent suggestion that Germany's former colonies should be returned to it, in the hope of satisfying its appetite at not too great expense. But he never confused the need for vigilance in protecting British interests or belief in the inanity of trying to appease Hitler with acceptance of any twentieth-century superstition about the inherent wickedness of the Germans as a race.

He was even capable of the exceptional historical impartiality required to write, in 1935, that from the German point of view Hitler's record in foreign affairs was a glorious one. Here spoke the professional diplomatist, if you like, not without a side glance at the particular political systems that, for all their virtues, seemed in practice to place diplomatic successes of the Hitlerian kind out of reach of Germany's competitors in the West, where, unless a policy could be publicly proved beforehand to the majority of the electorate to be totally devoid of risk, the chances were that it would never be pursued. There was never the slightest doubt, nonetheless, about Wigram's personal attachment to what was then coming to be known as the British way of life. Loyalty to it was bred in him; and his duty was to play his part in preserving it. Not only was it a way of life without which human products such as he was himself would have been unthinkable, but

he had been born early enough to enjoy the advantage of sincerely believing that if the British way of life were to be wiped out, not only his own race but the world would be the loser.

Yet even so, he did not regard truth as the prerogative of any nation or system of government or grouping of forces. If, exceptionally, he used the word at all, he was more likely than not to be referring to the lamentable state of our defenses. "One sees more and more clearly," he was one day to write, "that in foreign affairs nothing is important but one's armed strength. If that is adequate — and for us that means the Fleet and the Air Force — we have nothing to fear. If it is inadequate, what we have and is worth having will be taken from us." *What we have and is worth having*: the elementary style is typical, and so is the elementary thought.

It is tempting to speculate whether Wigram, who certainly did not suffer from too subtle a style or from a chronic allergy to *Deutschum* in all its branches, would have been more fortunate than Vansittart, had he been older and more physically fit, in the pre-war permanent undersecretary's place. But I must confess that I am still capable of being intimidated by the thought of how crossly Wigram himself would have rejected the idea of any such comparison. It is true that he never let considerations of hierarchy inhibit him from seeing whomever he wished — the popular or the unpopular, present members of the government or public figures notoriously beyond the pale. But he was still enough of his period to have an unquestioning respect for the authority of the head of the service, and his loyalty to Vansittart personally was complete and touching. When he was summoned to Vansittart's room along the passage, he would first open the top left-hand drawer of his desk, take out a hairbrush that he kept there, and smooth his unruly lock down across his forehead — a little preparatory ceremonial that was otherwise reserved for his interviews with the Secretary of State.

Signs are not lacking, in any case, that he was already on the way to earning a reputation as a sort of minor Vansittart. More than once I myself heard his name coupled with Vansittart's in gusts of low but irritable conversation that reached me across the reading room of one of the better London clubs.

To my chagrin, by the beginning of my second winter in the Foreign Office I had as good as given up keeping a diary. But occasionally something that happened to me outside office hours would be thought worthy of mention on its other-

wise blank pages. "December 14th, 1935: Danced as a Bird's-Nester in a Christmas Spectacle at Fordingbridge, organised by the Augustus Johns — Diana Cooper, Juliet Duff, Cecil Beaton in the audience"; and "January 28th, 1936: Marched in the Funeral Procession of King George V from Westminster Hall to Paddington Station. Numerous Territorials fainted." After which there is more or less of a gap again, until the words "Re-occupation of Rhineland" bring the memory sharply back to where, for my present purposes, it rightly belongs.

It is so universally accepted as an axiom today that Germany could with impunity have been forced to withdraw its troops immediately from the remilitarized territory that one is sometimes tempted frivolously to wonder why, with such an example of a missed opportunity to guide them, none of the wise men of the West ever had the foresight to advocate risking a preventive war against the current Russian menace while there was conceivably still time. But the fact that Hitler's denunciation of Locarno and the British failure to react to it effectively formed the climax to the life of the man I am trying to describe — and, to a lesser degree, the fact that an expert of the caliber of William Shirer, in his modern classic on Nazism, has pardonably but somewhat misleadingly written that Churchill alone in England seemed to realize the vast implications of the Rhineland's remilitarization — must be my excuse for returning to scratch very briefly at this particular corner of the chicken run.

TO PEOPLE who thought like Wigram and Sargent and Vansittart — and virtually every young man in the Foreign Office — Hitler's annual surprise for 1936 looked, for one wonderful, wishful moment, like a godsend. Yet scarcely more than twenty-four hours was needed to prove once again that it was the dictators, not the democracies, on whom the divine power to work miracles had descended.

That there were protests goes without saying; and for a period of weeks the French government "insisted" on a German withdrawal. There was also a considerable consensus of opinion that it was high time for Britain to rearm. Here, of course, there was always a saving clause. The real justification for amassing arms, as even Wigram would have conceded, was that in so doing lay the one faint chance of never having to use them. But even in the more and more frequently expressed opinion that British foreign policy must have a backing of far greater armed strength to enforce it, it was possible to discern not only an implication

that this was a sign of contemporary Foreign Office incompetence, but also a feeling of profound relief that for the moment there could be no question of enforcing any foreign policy at all, since arms were so palpably lacking.

Idealists scented a chance to bring good out of evil. And the worldly-wise were comforted by thoughts like that of the late Tom Jones (who, whatever his live limitations, has at least the posthumous virtue of being a mine of "period" quotations) that "it need not be 'either' or 'or' in an absolute sense if we are skilful." Small wonder, then, that ordinary citizens were relieved when, instead of the German coup of March 7 being interpreted, as Wigram had vainly hoped, as a chance to call Hitler's bluff, it was translated for them overnight into an idiom so much more familiar to the inhabitants of an average British home. The Germans were only walking — or, since they were Germans, only marching — into their own back garden, and Hitler's peace proposals were the last bus that we might still catch if we ran for it, but that we were bound to miss if we stopped to ask ourselves whether it was going in the right direction.

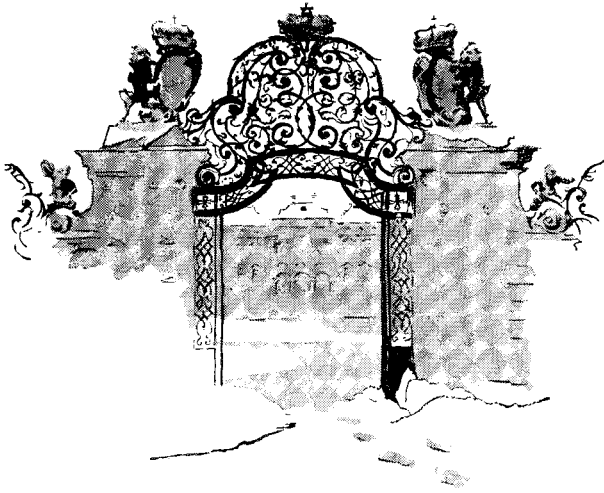
In the diplomatic tragicomedy that followed, Wigram had perforce a doubly wearing role. Not only was the whole play one he would have given all he possessed to prevent from being performed; it was as though his own part in it had been expressly designed to give him gooseflesh.

In Paris on March 9 for the preliminary consultations between British and French leaders, it was Wigram who must ask the French Prime Minister to agree to the forthcoming meeting of the League Council being held not there, as had at first been proposed, but in London, where, so he must allege, France would be more likely to receive effective support from Britain. Though he might be used to hinting privately to the French how they might get the best out of their odd ally, this macabre version of the exercise could afford him no conceivable satisfaction — not least because the implicit admission that the British government had cold feet provided those of their French colleagues who were similarly afflicted with the perfect pretext for blaming *le climat anglais* for their affliction.

At the council meetings in St. James's Palace he was constantly at the Foreign Secretary's side, inwardly increasingly disillusioned and depressed, but outwardly as tireless and dedicated as ever.

He was not afraid to follow a course of his own behind the scenes. One day in the Wigrams' drawing room a representative audience of British politicians, journalists, and businessmen was invited to hear the French minister Flandin's views on the inevitability of war if France and Britain

failed to act to stop Hitler now. But that could not alter the course of history, nor, as is well known, could the eleventh-hour visit which Flandin paid to Baldwin on March 19 at Churchill's, but also at Wigram's, instigation, to ask at least for British moral support for a French police operation. Baldwin reportedly replied that if there were one



chance in a hundred that war would follow such an operation, he had not the right to commit England, for England was not in a state to go to war. And since in the nature of things no one, however convinced he might be that the balance of strength (at least on paper) was still overwhelmingly against Germany, could possibly prove in advance that there was no such risk, and since to argue that by this time England *ought* to have been in a state to go to war served no practical purpose, there remained nothing for Wigram to do but bid farewell to the French delegation at Victoria Station.

After this he went home to North Street and, sitting down in a corner where he had never sat before — as though to emphasize the exceptional solemnity of the hour and his sense that something was irretrievably lost and over — let himself go to his wife in the words that she later recalled for Churchill and that he has quoted in *The Gathering Storm*. Churchill had long since taken the true measure of this particular associate and has carved for him a small but noticeable niche in English history as no one else could. This is as it should be; for of all the comments and judgments, then and since, on the events of March, 1936, including even those of Churchill himself, few can have been so trenchant and succinct and accurate and unassuming as Wigram's warning to his wife that afternoon: "Wait now for bombs on this little house."

That moment of utter despair at his own lack of strength and influence, as well as the presentiment

that he might not himself live to see the war that he now regarded as absolutely certain, has caused it to be suggested, with the best and most sympathetic intentions, that failure and frustration broke his heart. But I think he would have been surprised, even a little piqued, to hear it. For, sensitive as he undoubtedly was, he was of all men surely one of the least inclined to allow discouragement, however deep, to distract him for long, much less pull his spirit permanently down. The purely physical demands of those twelve days had been almost intolerable, and they had still further enfeebled the frail organs of a body that, thanks to his constant habit of overwork, had never even halfway recovered from its brush with death in Paris ten years before. But in the only letter I ever received from him, dated March 26, 1936, which was the day after I myself had gone on leave at his insistence, there are signs enough of the Wigram one knew, with his capacity to accompany deadly seriousness with a kind of mischievous music that prevented him in real life from ever seeming grim or priggish, but no evidence at all, unless he was a far better actor than I guessed, of anything resembling a defeated heart. "We shall be glad to see you back," he wrote in a postscript, "but take your ten days leave — then you will be all the stronger to work yet harder."

Churchill has also recorded of him in an earlier passage that again and again his thoughts turned to resignation, which there is no reason to doubt. But the habits of half an official lifetime are not easily cast off. And now, if only from habit, he went on with his daily work; helping to draft a questionnaire to the German government about their peace proposals, scrutinizing their reply to it, drafting yet more questions in reply to their reply — though personally he believed the whole exchange was bunkum — and worrying the French like a dutiful sheepdog whenever they seemed to be weakening in their enthusiasm for the new Locarno that was supposedly to replace the old.

But, as always, it was his own private and slightly unorthodox preparations for the day of reckoning that really occupied his mind. Though it may have been harder than ever for him to believe that there was anything effective that a mere diplomatist could do, the thought that there might be only a little time left to him must have spurred him on and given him courage. As in 1934, when he had asked and obtained Vansittart's permission to "leak" certain German Air Force figures from secret sources to a few chosen publicists, and more recently had distributed our departmental translations of a number of passages from *Mein Kampf*, not included in the English version of the time, to the Duchess of Atholl and other members of Parliament for use in speeches

and pamphlets, so now he planned on the principle that the best hope of moving the government lay in moving the public. If they could not bring themselves to lead, perhaps they could be brought to follow. More and more of his time, accordingly, was spent sharing information with journalists of like mind, in particular with F. A. Voigt of the *Manchester Guardian*, from whose fund of knowledge of Germany and Germans he profited greatly in return.

And now, too, began his association with E. L. Woodward of All Souls, the author of *Britain and the German Navy*, about whose visits to him in the Foreign Office there was always an intriguing air of mystery, or so it seemed to me, unable as I was, each time I went into his room when Woodward was there, to avoid the sensation of having interrupted some sort of conspiracy; though in fact, as I knew perfectly well, they were up to nothing more secret or subversive between them than a last, desperate attempt to salvage the remains of British supremacy. In reality all they planned at the moment was a memorandum summarizing the main ideas of *Mein Kampf* and the general principles on which the National Socialist leaders were working, and showing how these ideas and principles were directly connected with, and the product of, certain earlier German and Austrian thought; in short, a historical and philosophical basis for a realistic, passionless view of the Nazi challenge. And this, it was hoped, would one day be published in the *Times*, where it would not only receive a wide circulation but, as Wigram ruefully suggested, might be taken more seriously by members of the government than if they were to come across it in the form of a "mere Cabinet Paper" prepared in the Foreign Office.

I do not know how much of such a memorandum was ever written. But I do know that Wigram took a new delight in the association and was rather endearingly proud of his part in what was to be a scholarly approach to the problem of Anglo-German relations, as a change from the comparatively superficial approach of day-to-day diplomacy. My own share in the operation consisted in making some translations from German texts. But I did them with feelings that I had never experienced as a schoolboy or undergraduate or crammer's client, knowing the use to which, as we hoped, they were to be put.

FROM those months, too, date a few modest but enduring mental acquisitions on my part, all of which I owe to Wigram. That I had learned innumerable lessons from him already goes without saying. But they had been predominantly

for office use: as, for instance, the lesson that for every secret report in one sense there would invariably be a secret report in the contrary sense; that foreigners must not be expected to attach a supranational importance to the demands of British parliamentary procedure or other British native customs; that permanent officials could save themselves infinite trouble later on by taking a little initial trouble over their draft answers to questions in the House. By this time, however, I had advanced to lessons of more universal significance, such as that it is the sign of a potential aggressor to speak most loudly of peace (which is pure Clausewitz); that no one is fit to deal with totalitarians who has not received a thorough grounding in the theory and practice of the science of spurious concessions; and that in foreign affairs every accusation must be immediately answered, and no calumny, however patently absurd, left to go by default; for there are few things of less practical assistance to a country today than the judgment of history tomorrow, or more mythical than contemporary cosmic common sense. But even so I cannot pretend that I was ever intimate with my head of department or ceased to go in dread of incurring his displeasure.

One weekend in the war — by which time I was an assistant private secretary — remembering a story of how Monsieur Briand on becoming Minister of the Interior had sent for his own police dossier, read it from end to end, and burned it in the ministerial fireplace, I took advantage of the fact that I was alone on duty to rifle the diplomatic private secretary's cupboard and extract from it the reports that Wigram had written on me when I was serving in the Central Department. Punctuality figured and one or two other virtues so minor that even I have forgotten them, except that he mentioned with equal approval that I seemed to have avoided getting on the wrong side of the Registry staff and that I sometimes rode in point-to-points. But what there could be no question of my ever forgetting was the utterly unexpected concern that he, of all people, had expressed about my health. And far from following Monsieur Briand's example from then on, I put my personal file back carefully in its place, overcome by quite a new sense of wonder at this man, so often in cruel pain himself, who could worry about the occasional evidence, in the face or manner of one of his subordinates, of nothing more painful or deadly than what had once been an "artistic inside" and was by then turning into a common acid stomach. And my wonder was only the more sincere for the recollection of how completely I myself had been taken by surprise — though I knew, of course, that his hold on life was always tenuous — when someone came into the Third

Room on the very last day of 1936 and told us in a scarcely audible voice that he was dead.

My first reaction was a sense of inadmissible relief. A massive burden of expectation and responsibility had been lifted from my shoulders and dumped forever behind me in the past.

So far as my career was concerned, it was as though Fate had arbitrarily decided to start unpicking a piece of weaving that she had only just begun. And though I am aware that it ought to have been otherwise, it is a fact that Wigram's death, quite as much as the deceptive air of calm on the German front or the music-hall quality of contemporary French politics, was responsible for giving to my life in the months that followed — including my introduction to diplomatic life abroad, at my first post, the embassy in Paris — such a markedly, almost wantonly inconsequential, unprofessional flavor.

But it is equally a fact that in my experience disillusion was never to be more than a momentary port of call. The real end of my maiden voyage in diplomacy was pity; pity for one who had so obstinately believed that there was something he could do, because he must; and pity too, if the truth may be told, for the ship of state itself, that I had once pictured as Leviathan but that I now knew to be as human and fallible and essentially unimpressive as the self-induced strength that in dreams we rely upon to convey us on foot across the Atlantic or wing us effortlessly over the Alps.

If only one had been able to believe that by dying Wigram had at last focused the attention of his contemporaries on his urgent but uncomfortable message. Perhaps among those in authority in England there were some few to whom so radical and costly an offering gave pause. (Fairness, if nothing more, impels me to record that one of the most warmly appreciative of all the letters received by his widow was from Neville Chamberlain, who

wrote of Wigram's capacity to inspire him with confidence; for he had never forgotten his help at Lausanne.) But how pretend that, to the newspaper-reading public, the people whom he had so much wanted to enlighten but who for the most part had never heard of him before and who were hardly in the habit of associating the Foreign Office with heroism in any form, the exceptional tributes to this government servant in the press meant more than a strange thought or two at breakfast or in the tube or the train?

The obituary notices, I thought, would not have displeased him. They showed at least that his friends had loved him and would miss him grievously; that his colleagues would never again know anyone remotely like him; and perhaps even that, thanks to him, here and there someone who had been in darkness had seen a glimmer of light. But he himself was not one for giving or taking praise or for dwelling on testimonials or *oraisons funèbres*. Like a child, he was at once too impatient and too wise. He, of all people, who had spent such a large part of his time for ten years combatting the inertia of others and his own infuriating infirmities, knew the unrecordable drudgery that goes into humanity's most shining exploits and the almost ludicrously prosaic background that in the twentieth century, par excellence, is inseparable from the pursuit of high public aims.

So it is that I am not ashamed to write now that, in the course of trying to recall Ralph Wigram as he was when I knew him, what brings me closest to the genuine image of the man is not the memory of his devoted service to the state or his incomparable personal example — both so sadly squandered in the event — but purely and simply a way he had of slowly hauling his invalid body unaided into a London taxi that, each time I witnessed it, made me want to lift him in my arms.

A LITTLE MORE TIME FOR VIOLENCE

BY

DAVID LOWE

A producer of television documentaries, DAVID LOWE has to his credit such programs as "Harvest of Shame," on the migrant workers in the United States; "Who Speaks for Birmingham?"; "War at the Top of the World," on the Chinese invasion of India; and "Sabotage in South Africa."

IN THE May issue of the *Atlantic*, Clarence B. Randall wrote with great feeling about South Africa and urged that we "lower our voices . . . and adopt instead friendly argument and thoughtful persuasion, on a man-to-man basis." He concluded his article with three short sentences I shall long remember: "At heart they [the South Africans] are our kind of folk. In the end they will do right. Let us give them a little more time."

The ensuing question is, time for what? Time to pass more restrictive measures, such as the recent Security Act, a law as vicious as the Sabotage Act, if not more so? The law states that people can be held in solitary confinement for repeated periods of ninety days without charge or jury trial and is called by its opponents the "eternal arrest bill." This is the law which the Bar Council in Johannesburg condemned as "the virtual end of the rule of law in South Africa." This is the law under which a newspaper editor or reporter who withholds information can be placed in jail and never tried. This is the law which demands the death penalty for anyone who advocates abroad South Africa's overthrow, or seeks foreign intervention. Thus, a citizen making a speech in the United Nations, under this law, could be arrested in South Africa and, if convicted, executed. One aspect of this piece of legislation offers a horrifying insight into the minds of Verwoerd and his followers. It is retroactive to 1950.

Mr. Randall visited South Africa last November, and to the best of my knowledge was a guest of the South African Foundation. This organization's chief purpose is the bettering of business relations between that country and other nations.

During the past year I spent seven weeks in South Africa as a journalist, producing a television documentary film about that country. Mr. Randall and I saw the same inequalities, the same injustice. Hundreds of "For Europeans Only" signs, the daily arrests of nonwhites for pass-law violations, job qualifications restricting nonwhites to certain, invariably menial, fields of employment, separate houses of worship for whites and blacks (in the Dutch Reformed Church), townships for nonwhites only, and countless other indications of the brutal drive by Verwoerd and his government to separate colors — white from black, black from Coloured, and Coloured from Asian. Rarely in the civilized world have we had so blatant an example of man's inhumanity to man.

Mr. Randall feels keenly about some of these South African legal restrictions, for he writes, "Nor can we stomach the intrusions into personal liberty: the constant carrying of identification cards; the requiring of passes for both the white man and the black man." But what he fails to state is that if the white man does not have his identification card, he is not arrested. The black man is, and usually is fined one week's wages.

He praises Albert Luthuli, the Nobel Prize winner and "leader of the African National Congress," without stating that the Congress has been outlawed by the government since 1960 and that activity by anyone in its name invites immediate arrest and long imprisonment.

After listing what he finds distasteful in South Africa, Mr. Randall turns to the job at hand, that of explaining the problems besetting the nation. In this way he lays the basis for his plea that, in spite of its shortcomings, apartheid is perhaps inevitable, and that more time to develop the policy, unhampered by outside criticism, might show surprising results.

Mr. Randall begins his apologies by stating that South Africa is our staunch ally in the struggle against Communism. And yet some of the leaders of the ruling National Party during World War II were interned as Nazi sympathizers. Prime Minister Verwoerd after the war sued a newspaper for libel when it stated that his sympathies were with Nazi Germany. Verwoerd lost. All of us, obviously, realize that in the struggle against Communism we must have allies, but need we ally ourselves with a nation which denies even the basic liberties to 13 million people, some 80 per cent of the population?

Mr. Randall claims that the white people landed on the Cape in 1652, at about the time the natives moved into southern Africa from the north. Since both groups sought to establish homelands at the same time, according to Mr. Randall, "It is this historic separation which apartheid seeks to perpetuate." To back up this unusual argument, he states that "as our ancestors staked out in the open prairies, the white man is within his rights when he names the conditions upon which the black man may enter his territory."

Mr. Randall goes on to describe some of the heartening signs of progress among natives in South Africa. It is true, as he writes, that there are 2000 university graduates, but since there are 11 million natives, or Bantu, this simply means that one out of 5500 is a college graduate. He states that among the Bantu there are 70 doctors, not adding that this works out statistically as one doctor for about 157,000 people. But even this is not exactly true, since 20 of the doctors work in one hospital near Johannesburg. A more accurate statistic would be one doctor for 220,000 people, a truly pathetic figure.

He brings our attention, too, to the 70 Bantu librarians and the 50 Bantu attorneys for 11 million people. A nonwhite might find a white attorney to handle his legal problems, but if the offense is a political one, a white attorney is hard to come by.

Mr. Randall has high hopes for the develop-

ment of separate Bantu states, the first of which is the Transkei. He claims that with next year's general election a Bantu Parliament will be chosen and a Bantu Prime Minister will be placed in power. What Mr. Randall fails to tell us is that all legislation passed by the Bantu Parliament must be approved by the President of the South African Republic. At the present time, two things have been approved for the people of the Transkei, a flag and a national anthem. What they do not have is education, employment, political freedom, and dignity.

Mr. Randall says, "I had the privilege of an interview with the high commissioner to the Transkei, who has the matter in charge, and I was impressed with his grasp of the problem, his humility in the face of a difficult task, and his manifest sincerity." The man in question is J. H. Abraham, a close friend of Prime Minister Verwoerd's.

Indeed, Mr. Abraham does have the "matter in charge." Natives in the Transkei who criticize the government may lose their jobs — if they are fortunate enough to be employed. If considered by Mr. Abraham to be dangerous, they can be transported to oblivion, deep in wasteland areas, hundreds of miles from any large community. Escape is virtually impossible. Hundreds of Africans have been put away in this fashion and denied the use of the mails, the right to have an attorney, or even the right to be tried in a court of law. Are we to hope that the Honorable J. H. Abraham, commissioner-general of the Transkei, will "do right" in the end?

When I talked to him, Mr. Abraham had complete faith in the newly formed native government in the Transkei. I asked him how many years it would take for the Transkei to be independent. He said he would not venture to predict a date in the future because "political matters all over the world are moving too fast." He assured me, however, that self-government would not happen suddenly. Mr. Abraham reminded me that we had far greater problems in the South than he had in the Transkei. I suggested that in the United States segregation, though still in practice, was illegal, whereas in South Africa segregation has been legalized. He looked at me and asked, "Well, then, isn't our way better?"

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Randall's plea for the Republic of South Africa, there are several ugly truths which must be recognized. The simple idea of freedom has not yet come to this last bastion of white supremacy in Africa. The government's credo is "separate and survive." This beautiful,

bountifully endowed land has determined that 3 million whites shall prevail, no matter what the cost to the 13 million nonwhites. Apartheid, or separate development, is a fancy word for segregation — total, enforced segregation, a national policy applied at every level, down to and including the home.

What was once a policy directed only at the nonwhites has developed into a brutal campaign against everyone, white or black, speaking up for liberty. Verwoerd and his colleagues find it difficult to distinguish between a traitor and a critic. Speaking out against the suppressive policies of the National Party invites being called an enemy of the state. Criticism becomes sabotage, and protest is called treason. The government has a spectacular talent for devising unusual and cunning forms of punishment, and for justifying them.

True, last year the more than 365,000 nonwhites arrested for pass-law violations did tax the capacity of South Africa's jails. Matters failed to improve even when "our kind of folk" (Mr. Randall's phrase) saw to it that 17,000 prisoners received 81,000 strokes with a heavy cane.

This year Minister of Justice Balthazar J. Vorster introduced the novelty of house arrest. Under this scheme a person arrested by order of the Minister of Justice is confined to his home, even if the home is but a single room. He is strictly forbidden to communicate with anyone outside his immediate family. He may be released briefly to report to the police station. That is all, his only breath of air. The effect of this extreme punishment is "banishment from life." Among those currently banished in this fashion are several women, one of them Mrs. Helen Joseph, whose crime was that she denounced these cruel and inhuman practices, as well as the government's barbarous treatment of the natives.

A few people placed under house arrest have been smuggled to the dubious safety of Basuto-

land, a British protectorate in the middle of hostile territory.

Liberal white South Africans say that their country is on a collision course. The natives, whose every daily activity is covered by legislation, have jettisoned Chief Luthuli's policy of nonviolence. The government, filled with fear, has enormously increased the defense budget. It is training home-defense brigades and has purchased more guns, tanks, fighter planes. Fear begets violence, and violence has already come to South Africa. Riots have occurred in Pondoland and in the Transkei. In October, November, and up until December 15 of last year, there were forty-six reported acts of violence and sabotage, including bombing, dynamiting, arson, and cable damage. The government arrested thousands of natives. Most of them are still in prison and held incommunicado. Three underground groups, the Spear of the Nation, the National Committee for Liberation, and Poqo, working separately, continue to worry and harass the whites.

Mr. Randall says that he had "the extraordinary privilege of seeing at firsthand every part of the Republic of South Africa under experienced guidance." The two words "experienced guidance" worry me. My memories of South African guidance include being followed for two hundred miles by C.I.D. cars. Did Mr. Randall speak privately to Africans who might be eluding the ever-searching police, or did he speak to Africans at meetings arranged by the government guides?

Violence will not solve the problem in South Africa. But violence will come if the Verwoerd government, which has taken a vow to fight to the death and which says, "If we die, it will be our fate and not our fault," is unwilling to make humane concessions.

It is little wonder that Rebecca West, describing the Republic of South Africa, said, "I've never seen a country as low as this one. It's like a country being governed by mad babies."

Clarence Randall comments on this article in Atlantic Repartee, page 24.

DEATH FOR TAHITI

BY HUGH CAPET

Long residence in Papeete, Tahiti, has given HUGH CAPET close knowledge of and deep love for the people of the South Seas, and he views with utmost dismay General de Gaulle's decision to turn the golden isles of Polynesia into a testing ground for nuclear weapons.

SINCE 1842 France has given Tahiti and its surrounding islands a type of protection unique in the world today. Even at the peak of World War II, France with great reluctance gave permission to the United States to build a base on Bora Bora, and only a handful of high-ranking officers were allowed to visit Tahiti, 125 miles away. The Battle of the Coral Sea ended Bora Bora's usefulness, and in a few years the tropical growth took over.

But now Charles de Gaulle has decided that Tahiti is to be the heart of his *Force de Frappe*, thus bestowing upon the queen of islands the kiss of death. A missile and military base was planned for Mangareva in the Gambier group, but this installation has been postponed because of the strong opposition of the people there and on tiny Pitcairn Island. Air base and atomic testing sites are now planned for Mururoa and the islands of Hao and Anaa in the Tuamotus. On Tahiti itself, barracks and housing areas are to be erected to house three thousand military and technical personnel. The sleepy port of Papeete, known for its beauty, is to be converted to handle the vast amount of military cargo, which will triple the flow of commercial cargo.

To France, the cost of building such a project will be astronomical, but *le grand* Charles wants his own bomb, and if the Sahara cannot be used for incubation, then the world may lose Tahiti.

But what would this mean to Tahiti? The economic and political impact would be staggering, and a death blow would be dealt to the budding tourist trade, which at the moment is bringing in an amazing amount of foreign exchange that goes to France. It is true that the Tahitians would have jobs, but the pay would be carefully regulated while the general local economy would be in a mad upward spiral, leaving the native with a reduced standard of living. His land is expensive even by Honolulu standards.

The white man has enjoyed his position in Tahiti because he has been in the minority, but

with an invasion of French workers with money to spend and all costs paid by the French government, the feeling would rapidly change. There is some anti-French feeling now, but it is not serious. Tahiti needs France, and it is the French-Tahitian atmosphere that makes the island the pleasant place it is. For this reason, it is the French now living and working in Tahiti who are the most seriously worried about De Gaulle's plans.

The chain of events that brought French rule to Tahiti began in 1834 with the arrival in Mangareva of two French priests, Father Franoise d'Assise Caret and Father Louis Jacques Laval. By November of 1836, the bishop of Nilopolis felt that it was time for the two priests to move on to Tahiti and establish a Catholic mission there. Queen Pomare of Tahiti was strongly under the influence of George Pritchard, the British consul and head of the London Missionary Society's group of missionaries. Pritchard was a good man, and a firm one, who had contributed much to Tahiti and the royal family, but he did not want his territory being cut into by the Catholic Church. Not long after their arrival in Tahiti, the two priests were forced to barricade themselves in a house given them by the acting American consul, Jacques Antoine Moerenhout, because the Queen refused to see them and ordered them to return to Mangareva. The order was not carried out, so the priests were forcefully taken back to their ship in a small canoe.

The Caret-Laval incident soon became an international affair. Moerenhout wrote to the French consul general in Chile two very strong and rather exaggerated letters which were transmitted to the French government. The French government was incensed at the treatment given the two French priests. Orders were sent to Captain Du Petit-Thouars, who was already in the Pacific on a whale fisheries survey, to proceed to Tahiti with his frigate *Venus* and to demand from Queen Pomare full reparation for the insult done

to France. Captain Du Petit-Thouars forced an apology from the Queen and an indemnity of 2000 Spanish dollars for the losses suffered by Fathers Caret and Laval. The money was paid by two British residents because the Queen had no money. The Queen and the British consul had written to the United States government that Moerenhout had meddled in the affairs of the Tahitian state. As a result, he was fired. However, Du Petit-Thouars promptly made him French consul, which did not please the Queen.

In 1842 Du Petit-Thouars returned to Tahiti, this time to establish a French protectorate. This was accomplished with the aid of M. Moerenhout, while the Queen was in Mooréa having her third child. For his services, Moerenhout became commissioner royal under the new protectorate. With the protectorate forced under French guns, a series of incidents began that brought France and England to the brink of war and caused the fall of the French government and the overthrow of the monarchy in the French Revolution of 1848. The island of Tahiti, small as it was, was already playing a part in world events.

Tahiti remained a protectorate until the death of Queen Pomare in 1877. The old Queen was a determined woman and never completely gave in to France. Upon her death she was succeeded by her son, King Pomare V, an easygoing, fun-loving character who cared only about his personal pleasure. The French government put pressure on the district chiefs and forced the King to abdicate and hand his kingdom over to France. In return he was to receive a sum of 60,000 gold francs per year, an arrangement which he happily accepted, since he was always short of funds, and this constituted a fortune. On December 30, 1880, Tahiti and all its islands became a French colony.

The years under French rule were free of any major problems. Tahiti was considered by French officials to be something akin to Siberia. Though many of them enjoyed the place, few stayed on following their tour of duty. The peaceful atmosphere of the colony attracted many artists, among whom Gauguin is the most famous. Many writers, too, have found the lure of Tahiti irresistible. But the best books about the island remain those written by Cook, Bligh, Bougainville, Loti, Melville, Stevenson, Brooke, Maugham, and Nordhoff and Hall.

Investments in Tahiti have almost always failed; somehow the atmosphere spells doom for all big plans and dreams. But the Tahitian people seem to be happy with their copra, vanilla, and enough work to keep the wolf away from the door. Local schools, in general, are good, and of late the French government has started an excellent hotel and cooking school that may cut down on the

mortality rate of hotels. There is little French investment in Tahiti, because the French do not like the red tape conjured up by an ever-growing army of French officials, who no longer have any posts to go to except Tahiti. Americans own all but one of the local hotels.

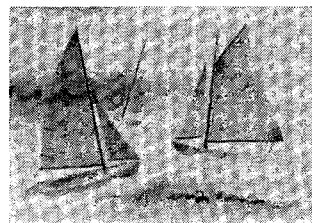
Tahiti is still ruled by a governor from France. It has a Territorial Assembly voted for by the native population, but this assembly is not a very effective body and is quite susceptible to French pressures. It is in this situation that De Gaulle's *Force de Frappe* was cleverly planned. Local politicians have managed to keep their constituents quiet, although the number of French soldiers is increasing with the arrival of each ship. Tahiti's second-largest and only French-owned hotel has been bought by the army. A company working with French government money is buying up, under threat of expropriation, many of the largest and best residential properties. The company's first building project was supposed to be for underprivileged Tahitian families. But the rent in the project is much too high for Tahitians to afford, and sanitary facilities are below the standards of the local law. It is now thought that the project will house French workers, probably many from Algeria, and that it was never intended for the local population. Several native politicians are kept on this company's payroll.

Time is on the side of Tahiti and against General de Gaulle. Already the costs for the *Force de Frappe* are mounting. French technical officials returning to Paris have called the costs for the Tahiti project "shocking." The Mirage IV built to carry the A-bomb may be outdated before it is in service. France's H-bomb, which is to be exploded in the Tuamotus, has been postponed until 1972 because of the delay in the building of the plant for enriched uranium. There is also the possibility of a bomb-testing treaty. There are a lot of circumstances that may save Tahiti, which was called by Captain William Bligh of H.M.S. *Bounty* "The finest island in the World." Not the least of the circumstances is De Gaulle himself.

Tahiti needs many things before it gets De Gaulle's bomb and his kiss of death. Its present hospital is most inadequate and a disgrace to the island. The new air-terminal building is in dire need of being equipped. Also, there is virtually not one paved road into the mountains, and the mountains cover 90 percent of the land. It would be a great pity if France should destroy what it has protected and loved for so long, for the sake of fulfilling a dream of power which would give France an antique bomb at best. De Gaulle has asked Frenchmen to sacrifice, but the average Frenchman does not want the bomb, and the world needs one peaceful little corner.

An Atlantic "First"

Coming About —



Sorry!

by B. J. Ackermann

Sailing as an amateur on the inland waterways of England provides the adventurous background for the following story by

B. J. ACKERMANN, a Cambridge resident.

THE Norfolk broads is the name English holiday-goers give to certain confluent rivers, canals, and flooded fens, not, as my wife supposed, because the rivers and canals are so narrow; the broads are the flat fens. Hickling Broad, Wroxham Broad — the names appealed to me, and I hoped I would be sailor enough to reach at least one broad from Potter Heigham, where a rented craft awaited my happy family of four.

The broads country, very near the North Sea, is low and lushly green, drained by dikes and windmills, and built on with red bricks and brown thatch. A reassuring countryside. The sailing prospects, on the other hand, were alarming. The river on which our alarmingly large sailboat, the *Perfect Lady IV*, was berthed looked barely twice as wide as the *Perfect Lady IV* was long, and it was lined with bungalows (Dun Rovin) and well-kept lawns and tied-up boats — motorboats, sailing boats, boats, boats, boats. Astern of ours was a low medieval bridge, and as I stood, non-nautical and nervous, I could feel the wind blowing — gently, it is true, but straight toward this bridge. Impossible to sail under the bridge, but equally impossible, I thought, to tack in this narrow river against the wind. A boat came silently under the bridge with two young Englishmen on it (hearts of oak, those British sailors) stoutly pushing up the mast. Imagine, a collapsible mast! Another sailboat, this one manned by girls, came from the other direction, swooped by us, refused the bridge,

and started back again. "Sorry," shouted one of the girls as the two boats passed one another.

"Comfortable enough for you, is she?" said our boat's attendant as my wife and little Gerda exclaimed delightedly over *Perfect Lady IV*: the spacious bedrooms, swinging doors that could be hooked open or hooked shut, cockpit large enough to set up the dining table in, central vestibule between the toilet and back stairs (fore hatch?), closets and drawers and storage stocked with food, reservoirs of water, electricity and gas, and over all the mast towering into invisibility.

I agreed she seemed comfortable. I added, "We've never sailed quite such a big one," timidly; Frederic, who is eleven, told me later he would not have said it at all.

Intrepid Frederic. Already he had dropped through the trapdoor on the foredeck, and now he was pushing up canvas. This, as the mainsail was already furled around the boom, would be the little jib sail. All these matters in a boat are covered with private small pieces of string and brass hooking arrangements as charming as the vocabulary that goes with them. We stowed our clothes away, and then, while the attendant took out his pipe, we sat down to plot these. "A similar grommet at the tack," explained my pocket sailing guide, "attaches in a similar manner to a clevis which is usually part of the gooseneck." Presently Frederic and I together hauled up the jib sail. It flapped.

Drawing by Adrienne Adams (Copyright © 1959 Adrienne Adams) reproduced with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons from *HOUSES FROM THE SEA* by Alice E. Goudey.

"Not much wind," deduced my wife knowingly.

The attendant removed his pipe. "Your jib upside down, haven't you?" he remarked, or approximately that, and at any rate he had to say everything three or four times before I found and organized the consonants among his unusual diphthongs.

Well, I knew what those words meant. We hauled the jib down again, undid all the little hooks along its edge, and hooked them up in reverse order. I hauled it high again, and Frederic again tied the end around the metal device we had chosen before. Then we went back to the mainsail ropes.

"Jib halyard belays there," said the man, pointing with his pipe.

A halyard is a rope, and I know which one. I also know which rope is a painter, a sheet, a pennant, a point. I changed the jib halyard.

"Haul on your topping lift, hadn't you?"

The topping lift turned out to be one of the other ropes. After he had come aboard and found it for us (while he was at it he helped haul), the boom began to swing freely, though not as heavily as it would when the sail was up.

I said, "Watch out, Gerda," and my wife said, "Ouch."

"Stow that cover in the hold," I said to Fred in a last effort to gain face.

"Topping lift belays here," said the man.

How I wished never to see this man again. But it was ten more miserable minutes before both sails were flapping briskly in a wind that was now strong, or, at any rate, noisy, and I became aware that our helper was untying us from the dock. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," said my wife as I raced for the tiller. "Which way are we going?"

"Wind's coming around to the southwest. Want to go under the bridge?" he said.

"Which way is southwest?" I asked, frantically licking my index finger.

"Hey," said Gerda, putting her head out through the swinging doors, "did you guys know there's five plates and five cups and five bowls and five —"

"No, not under the *bridge*," said the rest of us.

"Right," said the man. "Have to tack up as far as the bend, then. Got that tiller?"

We were off, pointing straight across the river. Behind us, I was surprised to notice, came a friendly brown rowboat at the end of a four-foot rope.

"And a china coffeepot," said Gerda, sitting down.

"Can I steer?" asked Frederic.

"Shouldn't you turn now?" remarked my wife.

Ahead of us a motorboat was tied against a wooden wall. Two feet along in the direction we were planning to go in, an Englishman sat on a

lump of iron and fished. "The jib, the jib," I said. "Somebody get the jib rope. I'm turning, Frederic, get the jib rope. Darling, could you? Coming about." ("Coming about" is always said.)

I pressed against the tiller and was glad to find my hand had not lost its skill. Two feet from the motorboat, as we all bobbed and moved around the cockpit under the crossing boom, the *Perfect Lady* turned ponderously and started across the river, her back end missing the motorboat by the same neat two feet.

Our rowboat, however, thudded into the motorboat and then ran along its side in a series of crashes.

"Someone untie that damn rowboat."

"It's included in the price, Pop. I asked the man. Shouldn't you turn?"

"Coming about. Gerda, will you get your head down?"

We pulled around, and the rowboat, behind us, crashed into the wharf we had rested against while we prepared to leave. At least our helper had gone.

"We're in the same place," said Gerda, accurately.

"Can I steer?" said Frederic.

"Can I? Can I steer?" said Gerda.

"Coming about."

This time I started heaving at her as soon as the fisherman came in line with the mast. The rowboat came roaring around, found nothing to crash into, and swung vicious but helpless at the end of its rope (I believe into the fishing line). Now let any Englishman watch me — I had it. As soon as I was fairly turned and sailing, I turned again. It was hot work in spite of the breeze. The next time we came his way, the fisherman turned his rod so that the hook hung right next to the wooden wall, and the time after that he slowly reeled in and sat waiting.

"No one else may steer until we are out of the village," I said gently. "Coming about."

At that Gerda went inside. Frederic said, "But you're not going. We're still in the same place, Pop."

"That's not true," I said, still gently. "I'm aiming at quite a different part of the wharf this time. Look at that knothole."

"That guy's catching up with us."

Between us and the bridge a small sail had appeared.

"He's smaller," I said. I also said, "Coming about." Then I said in panic, "Who has the right of way? Vessel on the starboard tack, or is it port tack? No, I'm sure it's the one on the starboard tack."

"Starboard right. Port left," I added wildly as he turned directly opposite us and we each headed

for the middle. But what was the starboard *tack*? Though the boats were right at each other, I could not believe we would collide. I had never collided with a vessel in my life. I would give way. But how? I pulled the tiller. We missed the front of him and crashed into his stern.

"Sorry," said the young steersman, recovering and continuing.

Oh, for a library where I could look it up! "Somebody get that guide!" On a starboard tack, would the sail be on the starboard side, or would the *wind* be, in which case the sail would be on the other, or port, side? Clearly, one or the other.

"Bjorn!" shouted my wife.

"Coming about." The rowboat smashed into the wall under the fisherman.

"Here he comes again, Pop," said Frederic, for by now the other boat had turned also. "Shall I go up front and catch him?"

"Good," I said. "No," I shouted as the wind blew harder and the boats came faster. I pulled the tiller with all my strength, shouting, "Watch the boom, watch the boom," as we turned the improper way and our boom smashed across to catch in one of those wires, on the other boat, that reach down from the top of the mast. For thirty seconds wood and wire wrestled, his large sail eager to pull the wire right through our boom, our gigantic one determined to sweep us back to the bridge; then he was loose and off, shouting, "Oh, I say, I am sorry." But I believe Englishmen say "Sorry" when you hit them just as when giving you something they say "Thank you."

I pulled into a tack again at a point much closer to the bridge than we had ever been before.

Gerda came out and said, "The coffeepot didn't break. Can I steer now?"

My shoulders were exhausted. I said, "Let's tie up and have lunch."

"I'll steer a bit if you like," said my wife.

She took the tiller, directed the nose straight down the river, and we sailed straight down the river. Past the dock, past the fisherman (who said, pointing at Gerda, "That boy's going to fall in"), past Dun Rovin, slowly but straight. We all knew that the wind had changed, but the children found occasion to laugh a good deal. Well, I like a happy party. We sailed past the last house. Long grass tops waved toward us on the left, ran away from us on the right. In the flat distance were copses of poplars, corn meadows and sheep meadows, a windmill, a stone church tower. Across a meadow to our right a red sail moved with shell-like curved grace.

MOTORBOATS overtook us. Sailboats met us. There was room for all. Then the river bent to

make us tack again, and the water ahead seemed full of sails, and it was clearly time for lunch.

My wife, on a tack from left to right, found an even narrower waterway joining the river and sailed into it.

"Now we've got a good wind," she said, pleased.

"I thought we were going to have lunch," said Gerda.

"Yes, you be looking for a nice place to tie up. Bjorn, how do I stop?"

The good wind blowing perpendicularly from our left (port) seemed stronger than it had been, and we were proceeding at possibly ten miles an hour down the strange straight dike (I suppose it was artificial). On the right bank were trees and bushes, on the left open fields and a towing path. At our speed it seemed unwise to crash the full weight of our two-cabin boat into either one.

"Let's do this calmly," I said.

"Oh, look, are those blackberries?" said Gerda. "This is a nice place to tie up."

"The correct method," I said, "is to turn around to face the wind, let out the sail, and thus head slowly toward the bank the wind is blowing *from*," I said proudly. "That bank," I added, pointing to the left. "Frederic, go up front so you can jump off and hold us."

"We passed the blackberries."

My wife jiggled the tiller and straightened it out again.

"Are you sure we fit to turn around?" she said.

We sailed on. Gerda continued to point out patches of blackberries. Frederic, hidden up front behind the sails, called to find out if we had planned to stop, and if so, should he come back now? Absorbed in calculation, we did not answer him.

"Oh, I think we'll fit," said my suddenly reckless wife. "Let the sails out, you said?"

"Hey," shouted Frederic, invisible amidsthips.

There was very little splash, and yet when Frederic's head became visible again it was behind us, a little to the right, very low down, and was all that *was* visible of him.

Well, that was how we stopped for lunch. In the excitement my wife let go of both sails and tiller, and when we were once more a whole family unit, and shivering but pleased Frederic was being sent down to his room to change, we found that the *Perfect Lady* was pushing sideways into the right (but wrong) bank, under the shade of a tall willow. At least this time no one had seen us, except possibly a passing middle-aged bird watcher. My wife hurried to light the gas stove for hot tea while Gerda and I, though the boat seemed to have settled herself, made all shipshape by tying fore and aft and then took in (never say

"took down") and rolled the sails neatly. The unhappy rowboat was sent off (passing a family of swans — very British) to pick blackberries. We brought the table out to the partly sunny, partly willow-shaded cockpit (sun for Frederic, shade for the rest of us) and lunched off hot tinned steak and kidney pudding, tea, tomatoes, and blackberries, with thick brown bread and salty butter. Frederic's jeans and underwear limply set about drying themselves on the rooftop. When we had eaten, Frederic splashed the dirty plates in the river and gave them to Gerda to rinse in heated water and hand to me where I sat over the stores my wife was repacking and lazily polished each dish with a clean undershirt — inside rim and outside rim, inside each cup handle, fork back to Gerda to have a small portion of pudding removed, forks and spoons and knives, each in its own groove in the box.

"Well. Let's go," said Frederic.

"Be calm, be calm, Frederic," I said, standing to stretch myself and point to at least three other undraped masts belonging to sailors who were lunching across the low pastures and through the trees.

"Three less boats for us to bump into, Pop," said Frederic.

THE *Perfect Lady* had forgotten she was against a leeward bank, but by the time we had both sails tight she had remembered and was pressing against it with enthusiasm.

"Rowboat all secure?" I asked. "All right. Cast off stern warp first. *That* rope," I explained to Frederic. "Go on shore and untie it. Next," I said (I couldn't see that it made any difference, but if I remembered the correct order, we might as well follow it), "the other one, and then jump quickly back on. I have the tiller."

"Fred," I said, as our ship continued to pursue the bank exactly as she had when she was tied to it, "perhaps you should jump off again and push a little. Careful not to be left behind."

Presently I gave the tiller to my wife and got off too. Except that a country inn would not push back, it was very much like pushing a country inn.

"Freddy, you take the tiller," said my wife. "I'll try pushing."

We strained. The *Perfect Lady* strained. But we were winning. She would move an inch off the bank before rolling back. She was progressing forward!

"Those wires up there are catching in the tree," said Frederic.

"Get off and help push," I shouted. "Gerda, take the tiller."

"Which way do I pull it?" shouted Gerda.

"Just hold it straight, child," called Frederic. "Heave ho. Yo-ho *heave* ho."

"Gerda," said my panting wife, "hold the rope so the sails don't flap."

"For heaven's sake, Gerda," I puffed. "You know you have to hold the rope."

Later, however, I formed the opinion that the rope was better unheld. For the first time I was having the sensation of pushing a boat through water. As the boom not unkindly moved me backward into the bushes, I was sure the boat was off. In fact, when I saw Gerda the next time there was two feet of water between us. Could I jump? Should I run along the bank after her? The sail pushed scratching through lower branch and overhanging bush, while away up aloft there was a twang and a snap — luckily, the wire twanging and the tree snapping. Gerda, clutching the tiller with vigor and staring with a keen eye, shouted, "What rope? What rope do you mean?", and my wife, appearing beside me on the bank, urged me to jump the now unthinkable distance.

Where was Frederic? Ah, hurray. Up front, with only the little jib to fight, Frederic had made it. As we struggled along the bank after the flapping boat we saw him arrive breathless in the cockpit, haul in on the main rope, seize the tiller from his willing sister, haul on the rope until the sail was taut.

The *Perfect Lady* gathered speed like a falcon and in two minutes was out of sight along the narrow dike.

My wife began to talk. I don't remember any comments on my part, except, as we gratefully found a path and panted along it, "Now I know. I should have told them *not* to hold the rope."

"Who cares now?"

We collided with a man, perhaps the bird watcher, who trotted after us saying, "Are you in trouble? Can I help?", but I hardly heard him, catching my breath to listen for crashing or water-contact sounds ahead. Was that a church tower appearing through the trees? Aha, was that a sail!

Like a falcon she came speeding back, Frederic at the tiller, Gerda manfully hauling on the jib rope.

"Americans, are you?" asked our new acquaintance.

"Stop, stop," shouted my wife. "Stop."

"Can't stop," yelled Frederic.

"I shouldn't have thought," said the man, "those two were old enough to be on their own like that."

"Frederic," I said, till my throat hurt, "let go of the ropes. Gerda, let go."

And there was the *Perfect Lady* floundering and bumping against our bank. Which was, of course,

no matter that the boat was turned around, still the leeward bank.

But one learns, one learns. A time came when the bird watcher had gone back to his birds and we were sailing back toward the main river in a wind which, having had its fun, had subsided. Frederic told how he had been able to turn when the dike had suddenly become much broader. "A Norfolk broad," exclaimed my wife, and we talked of going back to look at it but did not do so. When we reached the river the weak wind was still against us; furthermore, the current was against us, as it had now begun to flow upstream. I tacked feebly across, ending with just enough strength to make the turn, tacked back, and couldn't turn. The current, helped by the wind that was too reserved to help *us*, pushed us against the bank, and when we pushed off with a long pole Frederic found on the deck, these two friends turned us around the wrong way ("jibing"), so that we could not have gone back into the dike if we had wanted to.

"Can I steer?" said Frederic.

All up and down the river incompetent sails were drooping. There is no ignominy in not sailing when there is no wind. I gave the tiller to Fred and, leaving my wife to watch him, went below with Gerda and lay down to enjoy the subtle rocking of the boat. Through my small window tops of poplars slowly moved.

"It doesn't turn, it doesn't turn," I heard Frederic say, and then a pleasant bumping. The poplar tops jerked, but not annoyingly. Frederic swore in his eleven-year-old vocabulary, but I napped — perhaps "slept" is a more accurate word.

BJORN," screamed my wife.

I did, in a sense, wake up.

"Hold on, hold on," she cried. "Bjorn!"

The poplars — no, other trees — were racing noisily. Had the wind risen? We must reef!

"Turn into the wind," I shouted, and bumped my head on the roof and myself against hurrying Gerda as I floundered toward the swinging door.

What I now describe as seeing was gone in a second. On the left, huge trees; close beside us on the right, an enormous suave green English garden-party lawn mowed down over the curving bank. The extraordinary wind was going the same way we were; the sail was out on the left and the boat was veering right. My sweating wife and sweating Frederic were pulling at the tiller, which was pulling nobly against them, as I came to the door, shouting, "Turn into the wind."

"That's just what it's trying to do," she cried.

"I'll fend off," shouted Frederic, letting go and racing forward.

"Then haul in the sail," I cried, leaping, and Gerda leapt to lend a hand, and at that moment we crashed and climbed four feet up onto the grassy sward while thumping crockery slid and scrambled below and someone stepped on my little finger.

The jib sail flapped like thunder. The mainsail struggled to continue. Onward, onward.

Frederic jumped on shore, jumped up again, collided with me by the ropes, caught the boom as I pulled down the mainsail.

We took in the jib.

"What a pretty lawn," said Gerda.

"Wasn't it?" said her sarcastic brother.

I said, "A motorboat is coming. Let's get off before they see us."

I now stepped down and pushed at the front of the boat with all my strength. Shortly, my wife joined me. Frederic joined us, and also Gerda. Four feet of solid boat was planted in the pretty lawn (I measured it with my size twelve tennis shoes). We could not together have lifted one end of a Rolls-Royce, and we could not together lift this end of the *Perfect Lady* or push it off. The motorboat came buzzing along, and a sailboat hove into view.

"Stop pushing," said Frederic. "Pretend we just parked for a spot of tea."

"Why don't we ask them to pull us off?" said my wife.

"No," said Frederic.

I stopped pushing and looked as idle as I could. My wife said, "I suppose we have to call the boat-yard and have them send a derrick."

"Sure," said Frederic. "Just trot up to the mansion, old top, and say we've ruined their lawn — can we have a spot of telephone?"

The motorboat went by.

"We could leave it here," I said darkly, "and hitchhike to the nearest channel port."

"Wait till the sailboat's gone," said Frederic.

The sailboat was advancing very little, coming from the direction opposite the one we had come from, across the river and about, across the river and about. "You see," I pointed out, pleased in spite of our position of ignominy, "everyone has the same problem. He's only two feet further on than he was last time. She, rather."

How competent, though dainty, the steerswoman looked in her heavy turtleneck garment, her arm casual over the tiller. On the front of her boat a male companion coiled rope. He was wearing a small sweater and a remarkably old, soggy, stretched-in-the-wrong-places wool bathing suit secured around the waist with a leather belt.

"Better steer clear of this," he remarked as if we were not there, while we endeavored to look as if *they* were not there, and Gerda, who pays at-

tention to detail, passed among us with a square tin of digestive biscuits and gingersnaps.

"Right you are," said the girl. "Ready about."

The boat approached the bank just under my feet and turned, the man stepping nimbly over the ropes that pull the jib sail to the other side. He stepped over them again as she turned at the other bank. Instantly, so obliquely were we parked, she had to prepare to turn again.

"Watch you don't scrape her."

Over the jib ropes and over the jib ropes he hopped as she turned and turned and still had not passed the left rear corner of the *Perfect Lady*, sticking out into the river. Too embarrassed to look, I wandered along the green sward toward a pair of squabbling swans.

"Got her this time," said the girl. I turned.

"I think," she added.

"I'll fend off," shouted the man as I heard a familiar bumping. I saw his fingers struggling along our cabin roof as his feet struggled along his own deck. "Blessed wind," he panted. "Let the sail out a bit."

Aha! Oh, no! "Watch it!"

Efficiently I raced along the deck of the *Perfect Lady* to haul out the wretched swimmer. Meanwhile, his lightened boat came easily around our stern and into the bank, where it was caught by Frederic. My wife brought up the drier of our two face towels and started hot water for coffee. Gerda proffered biscuits. Working all together, we assisted the lovely helmswoman to pull down the sails and tie up.

"I've never actually sailed a gaff rig before," she said, barely audibly.

"They probably think we've never sailed anything before," said the young man, coming out of the cabin in wrinkled gray trousers and a dry shirt. "I'm sure they think we're the most frightful idiots."

"Not at all, not at all. In fact —"

"Barging around like absolute novices. I say, thanks, here's your towel. I hope we didn't mark your stern."

"I hope we didn't mark yours."

"You must be thinking we shouldn't be allowed out."

"Oh, sure," said Frederic. "Look at the mess we're in."

And if you are wondering why they hadn't noticed it themselves, all I can suggest is that it is good manners in England not to pry into the personal situation of others. Now the young man cheered up at once. We all were full of good cheer. The smoldering English beauty stopped sulking and came ashore, eager to help. It developed that they, in a similar situation earlier, had shoved her stern around with the quant, which, though

it cut a new three-sided chink off the lawn, got us away. We sailed apart on jolly terms, and on the following Wednesday night, chancing to tie up near each other across from the Swan Inn at Horning, we were jolly together again.

The *Perfect Lady* dented other banks that week — a wheat field and a towing path (if we lived along those banks, we might join a neighborhood anti-yachtsman society). At night we tied up under a willow, or to a wharf, or anchored in the middle of a broad, and then wandered through black English lanes or read in our comfortable beds (the battery-run bedside lights twinkling each night a little less bright). In the morning Frederic and Gerda would row to a waterside shop for the breakfast milk. Frederic and I, rowing around a broad one evening, saw a young man beating a retriever in the reeds and heard an English lady, flushed from her half-hidden tent by this outrage, calling him bloody. One afternoon there was no wind at all, and we spent the afternoon looking for it, pushing ourselves along the muddy bottom with the ten-foot pole that charming young Englishman had called a quant. Except for one cozy night it never rained enough to mention; English rain has, at any rate, a fresh, unobtrusive flavor. Frederic was given the tiller. Gerda was given the tiller. Frederic was given charge of the boat. We fell in again (my wife, this time, in three feet of water and mud she says had no measure). We never did break the coffee-pot. We came up to several windward banks in beautiful slow motion, and we came up to other windward banks with a heavy crash. We collided with other boaters, but it wasn't always our fault. Englishmen on vacation don't sail that much better than we do.

SHADOWS

BY ROBERT NYE

Seek not to be her shadow for
When night comes shadows go
Into the darkness following
Her footfalls to and fro,
Bewildered by her wandering
In the bewildering snow.

Do you suppose your silences
Will warm her shadowy heart?
Or that by lying at her feet
You'll learn her truthful art?
You might as well adore the moon
Where shadows end, and start.

SILENT SPRING on the PACIFIC SLOPE

A POSTSCRIPT TO RACHEL CARSON

by Clark C. Van Fleet

Sportsman, author, and conservationist, CLARK C. VAN FLEET is a native Californian who for five decades has roamed the forests and fished the streams of the West Coast. He has been disturbed by the effect on wildlife of the reckless, uncoordinated use of pesticides. and he has been appalled at the attack on Rachel Carson by spokesmen of the chemical companies.

WHEN Rachel Carson attacked the wholesale use of insecticides and pesticides, particularly the chlorinated hydrocarbons, she took on some of the largest and certainly the most potent of our big corporations — the major oil companies and their satellites, the petrochemical companies. The publication of her book *Silent Spring* led to an intense campaign of vilification, harassment, and denigration. News items appeared by the score accusing her of unfairness, prejudice, and hysteria. She was described as an overzealous nature lover and bird lover, slightly unbalanced on the whole subject of the dangers of pesticides to wildlife and to humans. Efforts were made to obtain statements from scientific societies, sportsmen's groups, amateur bird-study associations, granges, and farm brotherhoods, criticizing Miss Carson's thesis that harm was being done to wildlife by extensive broadcasting of chlorinated hydrocarbons within our fields and forests.

In January, C. G. King, president of the Nutrition Foundation and past president of the American Public Health Association, distributed a letter enclosing reprints of critical reviews of *Silent Spring* and articles commenting on its areas of concern. Dr. King said in part:

"The problem is magnified in that publicists and the author's adherents among the food faddists, health quacks, and special interest groups are

promoting her book as if it were scientifically irreproachable and written by a scientist.

"Neither is true. The book presents almost solely selected information that is negative and uses such bits from a period of many years to build a vastly distorted picture. The author is a professional journalist — not a scientist in the field of her discussion — and misses the very essence of science in not being objective either in citing the evidence or in its interpretation."

An unsigned review of *Silent Spring* in *Aerosol Age*, October, 1962, said: "Rachel Carson is a clever journalist who has obviously made good use of her four and a half years of research to marshal an imposing number of case histories. The fact that all of the case histories fall into the debit side of the insecticide ledger does not seem to give *her* any misgivings." [Italics mine.]

Dr. Robert H. White-Stevens, who appeared as spokesman for the chemical industry on the CBS television debate "The Silent Spring of Rachel Carson" on April 3, took issue with Miss Carson's contention that pesticides are destroying the balance of nature. On this occasion he was moderate in his attack, and he did concede that "in certain cases, the use of pesticides on a large scale has reduced certain species of our wildlife in those areas. However, in general, the wildlife has quickly recovered and the impact of these

pesticides upon wildlife is really quite insignificant."

Six days later, addressing the Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers' Association, Dr. White-Stevens said of Miss Carson, "She contends that irrevocable damage has already been committed in many areas, and cites a long roster of carefully selected, and in many cases irrelevant, references to support her contentions. Her book is littered with crass assumptions and gross misinterpretations, misquotations and misunderstandings, clearly calculated to mislead the uninformed as to the hazards of pesticidal chemicals. On the whole, her book will come to be regarded in time as a gross distortion of the actual facts, essentially unsupported by either scientific experimental evidence or practical experience in the field. Her emphasis is deliberately misplaced and her omission of the great mass of favorable evidence, documented by literally tens of thousands of published scientific papers, all militate against the validity of her treatise." In the course of his long address, he conceded nothing to Miss Carson and accused her repeatedly of deliberate distortion and misrepresentation.

MISS CARSON's image has been seriously tarnished by this barrage of criticism. My own feeling is that she needs some unqualified support from conservation leaders, institutions, leagues, and federations, which so far have failed to step forward and be counted. In all of the mythology built up by Miss Carson's detractors, no mention is made of her long course of study in biology, her sixteen years' experience with the Fish and Wildlife Service as a biologist, the medals she has won, and her awards. She is simply classed as a crackpot.

After reading *Silent Spring*, I decided to do a bit of research on my own. California, my home state, is particularly noted for its use of insecticides. Of the nearly 750 million pounds of spray chemicals for insect control sold in the United States in 1961, about 40 percent was sold in California. The state is a noted thoroughfare for migrating birds going south in the fall and winter and returning to their home grounds in the spring. From about the first of October, 1962, until well into January of this year, I spent part of every day in the field, counting and cataloging common migrants along the West Coast of California, except for three weeks in December, when I was in Oregon.

The most abundant migrant through California during the fall and winter is our Western robin. From late September until February these birds

come in wave after wave, particularly through the coastal hills and pastures, where they revel in the abundance of toyon and madrona berries indigenous to our country and the different kinds of pyracantha to be found in most gardens of any size at all. They buzz around these bushes like bees about a honeysuckle vine. During the nesting season they are resident from the seashore to the High Sierras and from California to Alaska. After nesting, they gather in flocks and begin their southward trek.

I estimate that last fall and winter no more than 5 percent of the normal population of robins drifted through California on their way south. They are bold, noisy, audacious birds during migration and difficult to miss if present. On trip after trip of a couple of hours' duration at what should have been the peak of their migration, in favorite territory of previous years, I encountered scarcely any at all. Only when the cold became severe all through the northern tier of states were any flocks of robins seen, and these were birds from British Columbia and Alaska. The robins from California, Oregon, and Washington appear to have been practically wiped out.

The reason is not far to seek. Analysis of the fatty tissues of certain fish, birds, and invertebrates reveals that chlorinated hydrocarbons are stored intact in such areas and often build up to lethal strength. If the infected prey are eaten by other predators, their ingestion will cause sickness and eventual death. This was the cause of the almost complete loss of western grebes nesting in Clear Lake, California, when the population of the area dropped from two thousand pairs in 1949 to approximately twenty pairs in 1959. In this ten-year period the waters of the lake had been treated with extremely modest doses of DDT to kill the Clear Lake gnat, a nuisance to the residents around the lake. It was found after considerable research that the fatty tissues of the fish which inhabit the lake and are the natural prey of the grebes had high concentrates of this poison.

It is reasonable to assume that the cause of the drop in the robin population in the West is similar. Earthworms, somewhat resistant to chlorinated hydrocarbons themselves, store these poisons in their fatty tissues in fairly substantial quantities. One of the main foods of the robin during the spring and early summer is a nice fat earthworm. During the nesting season the young are fed this worm almost exclusively. Therefore, even if the robins themselves survive the poison they ingest at this time of year, the fledglings, which are particularly vulnerable to these poisons, are almost completely exterminated.

In making my census I tried to keep tabs on

most of the common birds that usually pass through Sonoma County. In general, I believe the following figures to be true for the 1962-1963 fall and winter migrations.

SPECIES	DOWN	NORMAL	UP
Bluebirds	60%		
Robins	95%		
Meadowlarks			20%
Killdeer			10%
Dry-seed eaters (Juncos, sparrows, etc.)		xx	
Insectivorous birds (Warblers, kinglets, vireos, flycatchers, etc.)	50%		
Cedar waxwings	50%		
Blackbirds		xx	

I suppose the attitude of the spray chemical companies is that the loss of a few thousand birds more or less is unimportant as long as the noxious insect aimed at is controlled. If it all stopped right there, I might be inclined to go along with them to some degree for a few specific species and occasions. But when their poisons have a cumulative effect and involve whole races of living creatures from season to season until an entire species is overwhelmed by a policy of utter overkill, then I think it is time to call a halt.

Dr. Eldridge G. Hunt, chief biologist of the State Fish and Game Commission, in his article "California's Investigations Regarding Pesticide Problems" says:

"It was apparent from our studies involving the indirect effects on wildlife of these chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides that there is no predictable safe level of application when these toxic materials enter the food chain. Application at sublethal levels may be rendered lethal to one or more species in the food chain as a result of the concentration and accumulation of the toxic ingredients by the various relatively resistant organisms in the chain."

It seems clear that insufficient control is exercised over the quality and dissemination of these new insecticides. In another paragraph of the same article Dr. Hunt indicates that there are 14,000 pesticide formulations registered for use in California, with new ones being introduced at the rate of 1000 per year. The State Fish and Game Commission has neither the staff nor the means to test and approve any of these poisons. And at present there is no law that makes testing mandatory for the producer or the seller; no label is required to warn the consumer except in the case of a few products that have proved to be extremely lethal. As a result, the farmer or the householder or other user of these poisons is totally ignorant that they can cause serious and

often lasting damage remote from the insect or infestation he is trying to destroy.

It is fair to surmise that losses in bird population will continue to mount as more lands become highly impregnated with static poisons and spread from host to host and area to area. The public relations men may hoot at Miss Carson's concern with the balance of nature, but in the ecology of every animal and plant this balance plays a distinct part. If it is seriously upset in one species, or even in an extensive group within a species, a severe dislocation occurs within another group, often far remote with a connection difficult to trace, which in turn will tilt another balance.

Let me give just one example. Stanislaus County is at the heart of the great San Joaquin Valley. This fecund land, watered by the Stanislaus and Tuolumne rivers, whose cross canals reach every cultivated acre, is rich beyond measure, and its people are wholly absorbed in extracting the ultimate ounce of produce from its soil. Intensely cultivated, therefore, it is spick and span, and its livestock are combed and groomed with loving care.

Modesto, the county seat, a bustling community of prosperous citizens, is as carefully tended and manicured as the surrounding county. At least, so everybody thought until one summer day in 1961 when a heavy infestation of houseflies visited certain portions of the city. They were followed the next day and the next by billions more. They filled the houses, driving the householders crazy. Windrows of dead flies were swept out daily, to be replaced by millions more. Stock was driven frantic; dogs and cats went berserk. People couldn't eat, sleep, or take a drink in comfort. Flies crawled on the ground, blackened the porches, crunched underfoot. It was a mess.

Is this a forerunner of things to come? We watch a swallow with deep pleasure as it dips, mounts, dives, and glides. To a swallow this is merely the business of living; on a warm bright morning each bird in the flock may take an insect every fifth of a second in this dance of life and death. An insectivorous bird — a warbler, a vireo, or a kinglet — may gobble 10,000 worms, egg cases, nymphs, or larvae in one hour's foraging in a grove of trees. In Salt Lake City there is an imposing pedestal crowned by the statue of a sea gull. It commemorates the saving of the crops by hordes of gulls when a locust swarm threatened the early settlers with complete loss of their vital crops of grain and other produce.

BESIDES the constantly increasing shower of poisons that attack insectivorous pests in orchard

and field, and thus, indirectly, fowl and mammals that inhabit that environment, many large industrial farms are using direct methods to eliminate birds and beasts themselves. I mention industrial farming particularly because the small, single-family farm is rapidly becoming extinct.

Sugar beets are planted in rows that extend almost to the horizon. At regular intervals during the growing season planes whip across these fields, spraying dieldrin in quantities sufficient to kill every living creature that is unfortunate enough to be resting beneath. The toll of pheasants, meadowlarks, and different classes of sparrows that are lovers of open ground can well be imagined.

Where rice is raised extensively, blackbirds are classed as a nuisance. The growers use planes in this instance as well. They not only attack the birds in the rice itself but spray their roosting and nesting tules, where they can slaughter them by the thousands. They also kill many pheasants, rails, terns, and nesting ducks who use the tules for shelter or cover. Naturally, all these residue poisons drain into ditches which finally find their way to the nearest stream, where the poisoned waters add to the hazards of fish life.

Beyond the scope of *Silent Spring*, but an extension of its plea for judiciousness in the use of pesticides, is the present situation regarding rodent and predator control by U.S. government and state agencies charged with this function. When strychnine and arsenic were the main weapons for poison control of the genus *Mus*, it took a fairly healthy dose of either of these poisons to accomplish the objective sought.

Today the use of sodium fluoroacetate, commonly known to its users as 1080, is becoming more and more prevalent. This is an overkill poison of the first order. Used in conjunction with grain as a rodent bait, a single kernel will immediately kill a mouse, a rat, a squirrel, or a rabbit. If a varmint should happen to eat a freshly killed animal, the poisoned flesh will in turn cause vomiting and death to the scavenger.

Over a hundred deer carcasses were found within a small compass where state agents had carelessly scattered poisoned grain. No one knows how many other deer had crept away from the site to hide and die. Some three thousand ducks and geese in Siskiyou County, California, died as the result of improper spread of grain containing 1080 as a poison for ground squirrels. Hawks and eagles were also found dead, as well as ground-foraging varmints.

Birds are creatures of the sun. No day in the

country is really complete without sight or sound of their presence. To have seen a hummingbird in his nuptial flight, a dancing jewel in the sun, as his consort watches demurely from some exposed twig; to watch the wheeling mock battle of pairing eagles high in the sky as they dive and threaten and sail gracefully away, their screams floating down like sudden grace notes to their lovemaking — those experiences are marked in your memory book forever. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and your state fish and game department are charged with seeing that we obey the law, each and every one of us. They are charged with the preservation of all wild things insofar as it is possible. Yet they permit the destruction of thousands of these creatures every season in the name of progress, or to save crops, or to protect an area from infection.

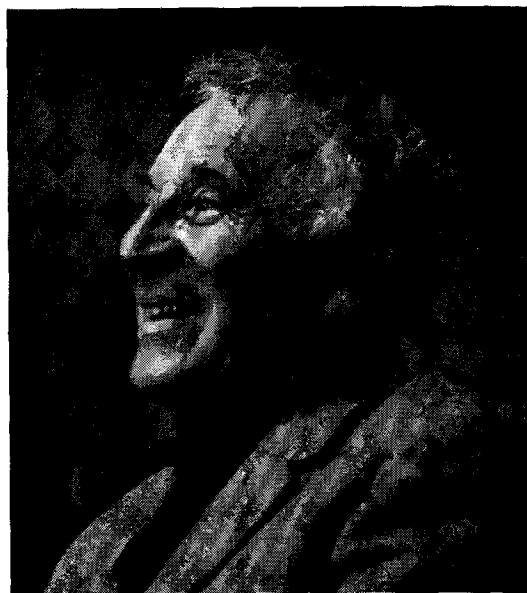
The detractors who belittle Rachel Carson's message claim that up to the present no harm has come to human beings from the shower of insecticides with which this country has been bathed. Deadly poisons that are being spread across this land in ever-increasing doses waft into the farm home, settle on the food before it reaches the mouth, pollute the water in our tanks and ponds. Respiratory illnesses are increasing by leaps and bounds in orchard and berry country, where sprays are the order of the day from early March until harvest. Emphysema, unheard of thirty years ago, is now relatively common in country areas. There is a rising incidence of pneumonia among older citizens in these areas as well. Smog is not just a big-city complaint. In addition, there have been some unhappy accidents from handling lethal sprays and poisons. Children and workers have been killed or seriously affected by careless use of parathion, or because the proper warnings have not been posted. Accidental spillings have caused serious burns or infections. These facts add up to a considerably less rosy picture than has been painted by the promoters of these new sprays and insecticides.

Use of certain formulas of proved toxicity should be forbidden, or at least sharply curtailed. New products should be more fully tested and examined before they are released for public sale. The present rate of overkill, which eradicates specific insects but which also affects innocent species of both animals and birds, should be stopped. Otherwise, if the merchants of death have their way, we will soon have no birds at all to sing over the graves of our hero dead, no birds to fill the spring woods with their gaiety and chatter, and our land will be desolate and silent as a shroud.

ARTIST AT WORK: MARC CHAGALL

BY CARLTON LAKE

Marc Chagall has lived in Paris since he left Russia in 1910. For the past five years he has devoted himself to a new medium, stained glass, and last winter invited CARLTON LAKE, an American art critic who is his neighbor, to go to Reims and watch him work.



MARC CHAGALL, who will be seventy-six this month, is probably, just as one French magazine recently called him, the best-loved painter of our time, and in addition he is the most tireless worker of them all. By the time Picasso gets up, Chagall has half a day's work behind him. And that half a day would put to shame the full day of most of his contemporaries.

Over the past five years much of Chagall's time has gone into the creation of stained-glass windows. His twelve windows for the synagogue of the Hadassah Medical Center of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem broke all previous attendance records — including Picasso's — when they were exhibited at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris in the summer of 1961. In the autumn they were moved to the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The first day, according to one of the museum's officers, "more than six thousand people lined up to see them. After that we had to restrict attendance to keep the crowds within manageable bounds." In all kinds of weather, the line stretched for blocks as people waited with incredible good cheer as long as two and a half hours to get into the museum.

Chagall is now working on windows for the Cathedral of Saint-Etienne in Metz. One of them is already installed, another has just been com-

pleted, and a third is under way. These windows, more varied and complex stylistically and technically than the ones he did for Jerusalem, have been acclaimed by those who have seen them as the highest achievement in stained glass in modern times. The persuasive late Dominican Father Couturier induced many leading painters to take up stained glass — Matisse, Braque, Léger, Rouault, Manessier, among others — but none of them, in the opinion of most critics, have produced work that ranks with Chagall's.

At a time when the work of even the most illustrious of his contemporaries, Picasso and Braque, has sometimes seemed to be thinning out to the point of triviality, Chagall, in his attack on this — for him — new medium, has demonstrated a creative vigor that comes close to being unique in our time.

Because we have been neighbors in Paris for many years, I have often had occasion to talk with Chagall about his stained glass. Recently, coming up to Paris from his home in Vence on the French Riviera, he invited me to go with him to Reims while he worked on one of the Metz windows. The invitation was quite unpremeditated, and he seemed almost to be apologizing for it, I thought, by telling me that it was the first time in his life that he had ever allowed anyone other

Photographs of Chagall by Charles Marq.

than his wife or a collaborator to be with him in the studio as he worked. I didn't give him a chance to change his mind, however, and the next evening, a Friday, I rang his bell, two or three doors down the quay from my house in Paris, to pick him up for our trip to Reims.

Vava, Chagall's wife, dark-eyed and smiling, let me in. Chagall poked his head out of the studio. "I'll be right with you; just finishing my letter to Ben-Gurion." In a minute he was back. He is of medium build, with unruly gray hair and bright-blue eyes, and he has a kind of elated grin that, like his painting, has been making people happy ever since he landed in Paris from his native Russia in 1910. "Where's my hat?" he asked.

Vava pointed to the pile on the chair. "There's your hat, your coat, your bag, and the pheasant."

I helped him on with his coat. It was heavy and shaggy, like an unshorn sheep. "Somebody sent me this from Germany," he explained. I could believe it.

"You have your glasses for working? Glasses for reading?" Vava asked him.

Chagall felt in his pocket. "OK. And my hat?"

Vava handed him his hat, broad-brimmed, flat-topped, of brown corded material. "Just be calm now," she said.

Chagall fingered his hat affectionately. "I didn't use to like this hat. I thought it made me look like a gigolo. But now I can't get along without it." He smoothed away its creases and rubbed at a grease stain or two. We went downstairs and into the waiting cab for a halting trip through the early-evening drizzle to the Gare de l'Est.

OUR compartment on the Paris-Reims express was warm and comfortable, but there were no lights on, even though it was nearly starting time. "They're making economies. All the money goes to support Algeria," Chagall said. Just then the train started, and a bright light was reflected from the glistening white ceiling, harsh on the eyes.

The woman sitting across from us picked up her copy of *Paris Match* and began to read. Chagall asked me if I had seen the current issue. I told him I never read *Match*, on principle. "There's a news item in this week's issue," he said, "headlined 'A Great Painter in His Place,' and then followed by the announcement that the Israeli Parliament building will be decorated by Chagall. They refer to me as a great painter; that's very kind, but *in my place*, you see. In Israel, *where I belong*." He shook his head. "The owner of *Match* came to my last exhibition and bought a terribly expensive painting. Then he writes stuff like that. Well, I suppose he doesn't have anything to do with that.

It's like *Life*. Luce runs it, but he has editors for all the different departments, and they have writers, and the right hand doesn't always know what the left hand is up to."

I told him I had an idea that *Life's* right hand kept pretty close tabs on its left hand but I could believe there might be a little more anarchy in *Match*, as in most things French.

"That's really nothing, though," he said. "Only a little dig. But did you see the article *France-Observateur* ran on me last summer?" I hadn't. "They're all up in arms over the plan to have me decorate the ceiling of the Paris Opéra. It wasn't my idea. It was Malraux's. But if they like the ceiling the way it is, let them keep it. It's a little silly, and it fits in nicely with the rest of the Opéra. *Arts* and some of the other papers weren't too pleased over the project, but the *Observateur* got really nasty, calling me the Bernardin de Saint-Pierre of the ghetto and other things like that. And in the course of the article they shouted at Malraux: 'Don't insult the future.' The article was signed by somebody no one ever heard of, so everybody assumes it's a *nom de plume*. But they really go out of their way to stick the knife in me." Chagall shook his head. "It's amazing the way the French resent the foreigner. You live here most of your life. You become a naturalized French citizen. You give them twenty paintings for their Museum of Modern Art. You work for nothing, decorating their cathedrals. And still they resent you. You're not one of them.

"It was always that way. When Ambroise Vollard commissioned me to illustrate the *Fables* of La Fontaine, what a hue and cry! People wrote letters to the editor in all the newspapers. *Our La Fontaine!* *Our national La Fontaine*, illustrated by a Russian! It even went as far as the National Assembly. Deputies stood up and made speeches of protest. Vollard explained that La Fontaine had borrowed from Aesop, from the Greeks, from Oriental legends — even from Russia — and that I was just the man to tie it all up together. Finally things calmed down. But he never did publish the book, what with one thing and another, even though I completed the one hundred etchings for it in 1926. It wasn't until 1952 that the book was brought out, by Tériade.

"And the Bible! What a stew about that! Rouault was incensed that Vollard should ask me — a foreigner and a Jew — to illustrate a book that he felt should rightfully have been turned over to him — a good Frenchman, a good Catholic, a good bourgeois. He gave Vollard a hard time about it as long as he lived. Even after Vollard died, Rouault found ways to keep on paying him back for that. Well, that's the way they are. You can't expect them to change overnight."

Chagall looked at his wristwatch, shook it, looked at it again. "What time is it, anyway?" he asked me. I looked at mine and saw that it was ten minutes of eight. He looked disgusted. "This watch, a friend of mine gave it to me. It's really a symbol of our era. It tells you what time it is in any city in the world. You don't even have to wind it. But whenever I want to know what time it really is, I have to ask somebody. It's full of jewels and all kinds of special mechanisms, but it never tells me what time it is right where I am when I want to know." Chagall grunted, slumped into a corner of his seat, and catnapped. The woman opposite us peeked up over the top of her *Match*, then submerged again.

While Chagall dozed, I fell to wondering who would win out on the Opéra ceiling. On one side the red-hot chauvinists, the anti-Semites, nostalgia-ridden Second Empire buffs, and assorted Tout-Paris snobs. On the other, André Malraux. Uneasily in the middle, Chagall. If anyone were to force me to take a stand on the question, I would, if for no other reason than to augment the discomfiture of the first group, vote for Chagall. On the other hand, I don't know that anything as preposterous as the Paris Opéra is worth the trouble. Yet Malraux can be a very stubborn man, as quite a few administrators of the Opéra and the Comédie Française and various other heel-dragging cultural functionaries, some of them now unemployed, can testify. And Malraux is strongly pro-Chagall.

"Nothing like this has been seen since the Romanesque," was what he said after his visit to the exhibition of Chagall's stained-glass windows for Jerusalem. The windows had been installed in a temporary building thrown up for the occasion in the Carrousel garden behind the Paris Musée des Arts Décoratifs, and Malraux, as De Gaulle's Minister of State for Cultural Affairs, had come to open the exhibition officially. Whether in that capacity or as France's leading maverick art historian or simply as a man with a passionate interest in art who has been an admirer of Chagall's work for more than thirty years, he was certainly not prepared for the visual shock the windows gave him. Nor were thousands of others among all those who flocked into the museum gardens during the summer of 1961.

Chagall had taken four basic colors of a specially processed glass — red, yellow, green, and a blue that is exclusively his — and created a symbolic representation of the twelve tribes of Israel; not an illustration of them, but a transposition in terms of pure color and the flowers and animals of his own private kingdom, a rather unorthodox realm theologically, that partakes of both heaven and earth. There were references to his Old Testa-

ment background — the seven-branched candlestick, the Torah, the Star of David, Hebrew lettering, and other recollections of his Orthodox upbringing in the ghetto of Vitebsk. Hands holding the shofar and an occasional disembodied eye are the closest he comes to human imagery. All twelve windows are peopled by fish, birds — some wearing crowns — now and then a serpent with flickering tongue, horses, goats, and various other animals of rather ambiguous ancestry, and by flowers and plants of all kinds. And when light filtered through that color and those forms, it was enough to, well, make an uninnocent eye like André Malraux's reach back eight hundred years to the Romanesque for a point of comparison.

Chagall worked on those windows over a period of two years with the technical assistance of Charles Marq and his wife, Brigitte Simon, in the Atelier Jacques Simon in Reims. In order to do them, he interrupted work he had begun on his windows for the Cathedral of Metz. Now that the Jerusalem windows are in place, he has gone back to work on the ones for Metz.

WE REACHED Reims at 8:15, left the train, and made our way through the crowds to the parking area, where Charles Marq was to meet us. "There's Charles Marq now." Chagall pointed to a small, slender blond fellow in his late thirties, hatless but wrapped up to the ears in a camel's-hair coat, its collar turned up against the chill. He had a long, narrow face that in repose looked sad, like a tired child's, but when he saw Chagall his eyes lighted up and his face creased into smiles all over. "You didn't think I'd show up, did you?" Chagall said.

"Oh, I'd have banked on it. I know you." Charles Marq grinned over at me. "Just try to keep him away." We piled into his ivory-colored Volkswagen, and he drove off across the wide cobblestoned streets of Reims toward the Atelier Jacques Simon.

The origins of the Simon family as master craftsmen of stained glass are obscured by the absence of records. Some say they were functioning before there was a cathedral in Reims to put their windows into, and the cathedral had been there for over a hundred years when Joan of Arc came along. In any case, what is clear is that a Simon was turning out stained-glass windows at the beginning of the seventeenth century on pretty much the same spot that the Atelier Jacques Simon now occupies.

The Volkswagen came to a bumpy stop, and we all got out. The building, four stories high with a wide facade of glass, stucco, and round stones

set into cement, has a properly Romantic if not quite medieval air about it, with just a touch of William Morris. Over the front door I saw a rectangular mosaic that proclaimed "*Travaux d'Art Décoratif*." Chagall and I set down our bags in the hall; he removed a bulky package wrapped in white paper from his, and we followed Charles Marq up the first flight. At the head of the stairs, Charles Marq turned to Chagall. "Want to take a look?" Chagall shrugged. "I don't mind."

Charles Marq opened a door on our right, and we filed into a high-studded atelier whose front wall was all windows up to a ceiling about twenty-five feet high. There was no light except the dim blue-gray reflection of the streetlights outside. On a black-shrouded metal framework in front of the high windows were two lancets of stained glass with pointed tips. I could see dimly that the imagery was Chagall's, but since stained glass doesn't come to life until it is pierced by light, I got no clear idea of the subject or composition of either one.

"They're all ready for you, you see," Charles Marq said.

"Maybe. We'll see about that tomorrow," Chagall said. We left the studio and climbed a drafty, winding stairway to the floor above. We passed through an anteroom into a small cheerful sitting room with a log fire burning brightly in a freestanding white-painted brick fireplace. In the far corner was a table set for four.

Through a door on the opposite side of the room, Brigitte Simon came in. Brigitte, in her mid-thirties, is tall with a narrow face and high cheekbones framed by dark-brown hair parted in the middle — a Pre-Raphaelite painting reinterpreted by Aubrey Beardsley. Her long, sinuous body gives an impression of strength and agility. She kissed Chagall and took the bundle he held out to her. "I brought you a pheasant," he said, "but his wings are clipped."

"Just so long as yours aren't," she said. "That's all that matters." She disappeared with the pheasant and returned with a bottle of champagne. We sat down to a dinner of trout that hadn't been out of the water many hours.

"Do you have help for tomorrow, Charles?" Chagall asked. Charles Marq nodded. "Michel's coming in. He's not supposed to work Saturdays, but he'll be here."

"He's a nice boy," Chagall said.

"He likes you. He likes to work when you're here."

Chagall picked at the edge of his trout and left his glass untouched. The door nearer to us opened, and two small heads peeked in. "Come say hello and good night," Charles Marq said. Benoit, a tall, dignified eleven, and Charlotte, a very bright-eyed Kate Greenaway eight, made the

rounds with kisses and handshakes and were promptly shooed off to bed.

Chagall looked at his watch, trying to figure out what time it was in Reims. After consultation with the other watch wearers present he decided it was bedtime. Charles Marq drove us to the Grand Hôtel du Lion d'Or; we agreed to rendezvous in the lobby at eight in the morning, and went our separate ways.

I GOT down to the lobby at ten minutes to eight the next morning, but I found Chagall and Charles Marq waiting by the entrance. When we reached the studio, the light had barely begun to filter in through the high windows, and the two lancets were not much more than faintly visible from the back of the atelier. Chagall walked over to the lancets. "What time does the light come in?" he called out.

"In about half an hour," Charles Marq said. Brigitte, in black stretch pants, was vigorously preparing Chagall's paint on a small rectangular table between the two lancets. Chagall took off his coat and suit jacket and pulled on a black-and-white-checked lumber jacket. He fumbled unsuccessfully with the zipper. "It's modern. No buttons," he grumbled. Brigitte came over and zipped him up.

Charles Marq, now at the little table, tested the paint. "It's much too liquid, Brigitte." Brigitte returned to the table and worked at the solution to bring it to the proper consistency.

Propped up on a large easel at the left of the two lancets was Chagall's final maquette for the window, which was painted in gouache on a one-to-ten scale and arranged against a white background, framed, and covered with transparent-plastic protective sheeting, showing the design the window would take when installed at the Cathedral of Metz. The maquette as a whole had the pointed-arch form of a Gothic ogive. The main body of the window was composed of four parallel lancets at its base, separated by white strips representing the stone into which they would eventually be set.

Chagall, half a dozen brushes in his left hand, saw me studying the maquette and came over to join me. "That one" — he pointed to the left-hand lancet — "is 'The Sacrifice of Abraham.' The one next to it is 'Jacob Wrestling with the Angel'; the one next to that, 'Jacob's Dream'; and the fourth one, on the far right, 'Moses before the Burning Bush.'"

Directly above the four lancets were two smaller units of the design, each in the shape of a heart, but having, like the lancets, an oval point at the

top. The one on the left showed a boy with a sheep in front of him. "That's Joseph," Chagall said. "And on the right is Jacob, weeping for Joseph." He pointed up to two similarly shaped but longer parts of the design that were set in between the two heart-shaped pieces but rose almost to the top of the maquette. They were crowded with a variety of human and animal figures. "Noah's Ark," he explained. "And on top" — he pointed to another element above them that formed the very tip of the maquette and had the same form as the two lower heart-shaped parts — "that's Noah after the Flood." Over Noah's head was a rainbow, and over the rainbow an angel. Set into the white areas that separated all these elements, from the points of the lancets to the top of the maquette, were eighteen curved-sided triangular shapes of varying sizes that filled out the design. "The whole window will be a little over twenty-three feet high," Chagall said.

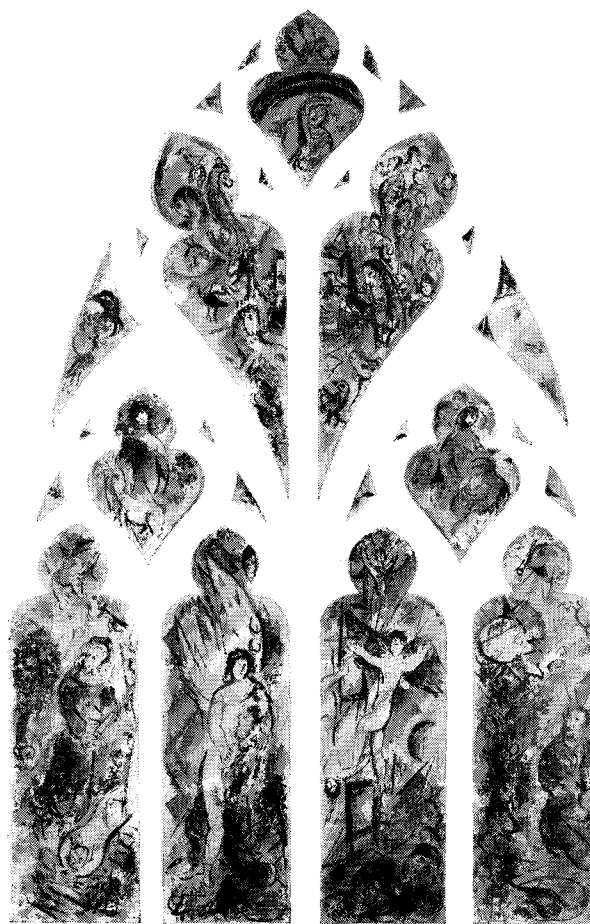
The two lancets that were set up on the metal racks were, on the left, "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" and, on the right, "Jacob's Dream." Each one was about ten feet high and forty inches wide, divided into three rectangular panels and a fourth one, higher than the others, that ended in a point. Their metal edges were secured to the framework with clothespins, and black cloths draped around them allowed the light from the studio windows behind them to enter the room only through the stained glass itself. The left-hand lancet showed Jacob down on one knee, struggling with a larger-than-life-size angel whose form, together with Jacob's, filled the central area of the lancet and whose wings, a pale yellow flecked with brighter tones, swept upward into the point of the lancet. The flesh tones of the angel and the blue of Jacob's body were sharpened by the warm red of their background. Behind Jacob was a small bouquet of flowers.

"I finished 'Jacob's Dream' last week," Chagall said, "but there's a lot of work to do on the other one still." He went over to the lancet that showed Jacob wrestling with the angel, sat down on a low stool beside his table, selected a small brush from the ones in his left hand, dipped it into the paint, and started to work.

Brigitte, I saw, was working with two wide brushes over the surface of "Jacob Wrestling." With one, which she dipped frequently into the grisaille — the black liquid paint she had earlier been mixing on the table — she was covering the upper panels with broad strokes. With the other, apparently dry, she removed the excess and whatever clung to the leads, giving in this way a fairly uniform thin grayish film to the surface of the glass. Her long legs and arms were moving efficiently around Chagall, who seemed planted in

front of his lancet like a tree rooted in the ages. Utilizing the film of grisaille that Brigitte had already washed over the lower panel, he was painting in accents, small figures, and flower and leaf forms.

He had begun, lightly and gently, in the lower left-hand corner, until then populated chiefly by Jacob's and the angel's right feet. Now he had worked over to the right center, near the spiky bouquet, and was working faster. The glass rattled in its frame. One of the clothespins popped off onto the floor. Chagall stopped, studied the bouquet for a moment, then picked out, with a finger, areas between some of its clusters where the grisaille was still wet, to vary the effects of shading. He painted in new forms, neither animal nor purely vegetable, through whose presence what had been colored glass became matter in movement. He was working rapidly now, ranging widely from the bush to Jacob's beard to the angel's aureole and back to Jacob's beard again. Behind us, in the center of the atelier, the high old-fashioned coal stove had swung into its stride, too, and in spite of the twenty-five-foot ceiling, the temperature was rising by the minute. Chagall peeled off his lumber jacket and tossed it onto a chair. Almost



in the same sweep of his arm he returned to the glass and attacked the angel's wings.

"Charles," he called out, "my glasses are steamed up." Charles Marq came over, lifted off Chagall's glasses, wiped them clear, and replaced them. Chagall didn't stop working. He sat down on a small chair near the painting table and began to pick out, with his finger, some of the shaded areas around the bouquet. The deep-blue central stem and the dull garnet of the background began to glow with new warmth.

CHARLES MARQ came over with a young fellow in a long gray workcoat.

"Ah, *bonjour, Michel*," Chagall said. "You were very nice to come in on your day off."

"You aren't doing anything more on 'Jacob's Dream,' are you?" asked Charles Marq.

Chagall shook his head. "No, I think it's all right the way it is. I'm leaving it like that — at least for now. If I did anything more on it, it would be in a different spirit, so I'd better leave it alone."

"Good," said Charles Marq. "I want to get it into the kiln. If you want to make any additions, you can do that afterward." He and Michel started to dismantle "Jacob's Dream," which was principally in warm tones of rose and red with touches of blue, green, and yellow. They removed first the bottom panel, about two and a half feet high by three and a half wide, with the figure of a bearded Jacob asleep. They then removed the panel next above, which, with a similarly shaped panel above it, and the point of the lancet above that, showed the angels of Jacob's dream ascending and descending the ladder. In the center, to the right of the largest angel figure, was a crescent moon in which Chagall had painted a worn peasant figure with a pack on his back. Underneath, on a branch of the bush at Jacob's head, was a tiny bird. They removed the third panel and then the point. They stacked them against a wooden rack at the rear of the studio.

Chagall, I saw, was picking out, with the wooden tip of his brush, spots of light in the grisaille around the perimeter of the bouquet behind Jacob. I asked him why he was digging into the grisaille like that, making hundreds of tiny marks in the film. "That makes it vibrate," he said. "And it makes a marriage between the bouquet and the upright composition in the center — Jacob wrestling with the angel. It brings them together. You'll see."

Charles Marq came over to us. "If the bottom panel is done," he said, "you might as well sign it so we can take it downstairs." Chagall moved

from his chair onto the low stool, dipped a brush into the paint, and signed his name in the lower right-hand corner.

"That's too low," Charles Marq said.

Chagall rubbed it out and wrote it in a bit higher. "You're sure it won't run, your ink?" he asked.

"That's too small," Charles Marq said. "You're too modest."

Chagall looked up at him. "How do you spell 'Reims'?" he asked.

"*R-e-i-m-s*," Charles Marq answered.

Under his name, Chagall wrote *R-i-e-m-s*.

"Not like that," Charles Marq said.

Chagall looked up at him. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," Charles Marq said. "That's all right. It makes no difference." He moved the painting table aside, knocked over a glass, and spilled water onto the floor. He cleaned up the mess, pushed the table out of the way, and spilled the water again.

"Don't touch my color," Chagall said.

"Matter in revolt," Charles Marq said. "Rebellious neutrons." Chagall went back to work on Jacob's head.

MICHEL came in with the sections of another lancet and began to set them up in the frame that earlier had held "Jacob's Dream."

"This is 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,'" Charles Marq said to me. "Chagall hasn't seen it yet." He and Michel mounted the four panels onto the frame, pinned them against the supporting wires with clothespins, and draped the black cloths above and on each side to shut out the light. Chagall left Jacob to the angel and walked over to study Abraham. The central figure, a hesitant and grief-stricken Abraham, holding a long knife in his right hand, stood over the naked body of his son Isaac, ready for the sacrifice. Behind Abraham was a flowering tree; over his head, a small figure of Christ carrying His cross, and looking down on Him from the point, an angel. After a minute, Chagall went back to his maquette, looked at it carefully, then returned to the new lancet, which was mostly in blue except for the naked body of Isaac stretched out at his father's feet.

"It needs more warm tones, Charles," he said.

Charles Marq suggested adding more yellow to the body of Isaac. "That's not enough," Chagall said. "I want more in other places than just that body." He pointed to two pieces of purple glass on the lower right. "That's too dark. I don't need that," he said. "Put in another lead there with something warmer. And a touch of green."

MARC CHAGALL
Cathedral of Metz

*The Sacrifice
of Abraham*





*Jacob Wrestling
with the Angel*



Jacob's Dream



*Moses before
the Burning Bush*

Charles marked with a grease crayon the pieces of glass Chagall had asked him to change.

"It needs more light up there at the top, Charles, near the angel."

"I'll put in a more intense red," Charles said.

"And more light up there on the angel's wing. And calm it down in back. Poor man. I make you suffer, no?" Chagall kept studying the lancet. "We've absolutely got to have three pieces of green up there in the left shoulder," he said. "We have to light up all those blues. And three pieces of warmth in there, too. And take out that violet. I don't need it."

Charles Marq looked over at Chagall's maquette. "It's violet on the maquette," he said.

"Something warmer," Chagall said. "A little more red. And up there, on the left, in the tip, behind the angel, it needs to be broken up. Another lead, no? It's a little monotonous, all that. And it's too dark."

"All right," Charles Marq said, "we'll take care of that. I'll engrave it. That will lighten it."

"And give it more warmth," Chagall said. "It looks a little too much like Matisse, as is."

"You're right," Charles Marq said. "It's a little flat — Montparno."

Chagall shook his finger. "If it's done very, very, very, very, very well, that's all right. If not, it's no good." He ran his hand down Abraham's robe to his feet. "I want there to be some warmth, a sort of envelope, right down to his feet. That's all. Good-bye." Charles Marq and Michel took the panels down to the workroom below to make the changes.

Chagall walked back to the Jacob lancet and began to brush on vigorously more of the grisaille in the area around the angel's head, then removed some of it with the dry brush. He reversed his brush and began scraping with the wooden tip to heighten the nuances in the shading of Jacob's body. The glass rattled and squeaked and squealed. I began to wonder just how resistant it was. Chagall sighed, grunted, and groaned, then pressed his left index finger against Jacob's left cheek to lighten a blue area. He pulled away the grisaille from the rose of the angel's body and then from the pale-blue shadows of its face and ran his finger glancingly down the shading of the angel's right thigh. He stopped, inspected his work briefly; then with the palm of his right hand modified the imprint of his finger and smoothed out the impact of his earlier shading along the entire thigh. He then moved over onto the angel's left arm, first with two fingers and then with his fingernails, lightly, caressingly.

"You see how it is," he said. "Stained glass is like the body of a woman. It needs loving attention over every square centimeter." He took

his brush and went all over Jacob's body, darkening the shadows. He turned and looked behind him at the photograph of the maquette. (The maquette itself had been moved below for use in making the changes on the Abraham panels.) He brushed more paint onto Jacob's body, looked again at the photograph, applied more paint, sighed, walked over to the easel, and pulled it closer to the glass. He reached for another brush and dug in hard to scrape away some of the drying grisaille, his arm moving rapidly from one part to another of Jacob's body and then to the angel's. He changed his brush, dipped into the paint, and swabbed it loosely onto the lower panel.

The light was higher now, and the glass began to glow: Jacob blue, verging on purple in places; the angel pale rose with blue shadows around the head, green along the left hand; the background all in warm tones of red; the bouquet behind Jacob red with a purple-blue stem running through it. Chagall sucked in his breath and reached out with his brush to modify some of his shading, his mouth working as excitedly as his hand. The stove was hissing, and in the back of the studio a white pigeon in a high-domed wire cage craned its neck, not to miss a move. Chagall laid on a heavy black line along the shadowed blue and green behind the angel's left arm. With the wooden tip of his brush he removed some of the shadows on Jacob's neck. He studied the photograph for a moment and then painted in lightly Jacob's shoulders and chest.

IT WAS NOW 10:45. Brigitte came in with a tray of coffee things and set them down on a long table on the far side of the studio. She called to Chagall. He kept on working. After a minute or two he stopped. "Oh, well, I didn't get very far. *Tant pis*." He threw his checked lumber jacket over his shoulders and sat down at the end of the table. Brigitte sat at the coffee tray, and I between them.

"It's not too strong?" Chagall asked as she began to pour.

"Just the way it always is," she said. She handed us steaming cups of coffee and spread slices of toast with butter and honey and passed them to us. Chagall took a bite, sipped his coffee for a minute, then turned to me.

"Well," he said, "you're present at the *accouchement*." I told him this was one *accouchement* I was enjoying.

"I never let anyone into the atelier while I work — never. But now you're seeing the whole damned cuisine. As you see, I don't have any method. As soon as art becomes method, it's finished. I just do what I have to do, what I feel here" — he

touched his heart. "It comes down here" — he ran his left hand down his right arm onto the right hand. "Like an idiot, maybe, or like a child, like your little boy who does whatever comes into his head, without reflection. It's childlike, but not childishness. Isn't that right, Brigitte? As children go, I'm a child." Brigitte smiled and poured us more coffee. Chagall stirred in a lump of sugar. "Nobody's more of a child than I am," he said. "All the others, compared to me, are people who struggle." Brigitte spread another *tartine* with honey and handed it to him. "*Voilà, mon enfant,*" she said.

Chagall finished his coffee and *tartine*. We walked back to Jacob. "Jacob is wrestling with the angel," he said. "I wrestle with Jacob and the angel." He picked up his brushes and went back to work on Jacob. "Everybody has been after me to write the second volume of *My Life*, to bring it up to date from 1923. I'd like to, but I'm tired. I have no more strength. Besides, it's not my *métier*. Maybe I'm lazy. I just don't get to it. I go on pecking away, pecking away. It's a form of madness, idiocy. But what else can I do? On this little planet, in our little world, probably the smallest of all, of millions of others, what makes sense? Friendship, a woman to love, making a child, not piling up too much false intellectuality and pride of life. Look at Gide. He died like a dog, and nobody reads him anymore. Nobody but a few pederasts. Look at the Spaniard. He spits on God. God will spit on him soon. God, who made all the millions of planets, will spit on him because He's the stronger. Yes, the Spaniard with all his millions and all his Kahnweilers and all the rest, God will spit on him, just the way He'll spit on Khrushchev. But He doesn't spit on children, like your boy. The child is the genius, not all the knowledge a man piles up, because God is always stronger."

Charles Marq joined us at the Jacob lancet. "Well, Charlot," Chagall said, "how goes it down below?"

"It's coming along," Charles Marq said. "A little time, that's all."

"I wondered if you weren't pulling something on me," Chagall said.

Charles Marq laughed. "Oh, no. Not this time. Every once in a while I rebel, though."

"But you like it, don't you?" Chagall said.

Charles Marq smiled. "Of course. There's always a purpose in the changes you have me make."

"He's a wonderful boy, that Charles," Chagall said. "He knows I'm a child, and I know what I want. A child always knows what he wants, even if it's just a piece of bread and butter."

"That's the way it goes," Charles Marq said.

"We show him the work. He says, 'I want this, that, and the other.' Then afterwards it's still not right and —"

Chagall interrupted him. "I like to listen to other people's opinions. I don't always follow them, but I listen. The only man I wouldn't listen to is the Spaniard. I would never listen to him."

Michel came in with the lower panel of "The Sacrifice." Chagall looked over at it, dubiously. "What's this little bit here?" he asked, pointing to a touch of red at the end of the fagots beneath Isaac's body. "Can't you get rid of that?"

"Oh, no," Charles Marq said.

"You'd better put in a lead there, and I'll make you a gift of the color."

"But that corresponds to what you've shown on the maquette."

"You don't need a big piece," Chagall said. "You give me something warmer. Look, *mon petit*, that can continue on — ah, no, there's no lead there. Well, you put in another tone, warmer." He coughed, like a lion roaring, and returned to the Jacob lancet. He began painting along the right-hand border. "No still lifes with a bottle here," he said. "I make flowers because they're divine." Chagall chuckled. "'A great artist, where he belongs.' That's funny, you know, because my wife is against my specializing in Palestine. She's not nationalist. And I'm not either. But I love the Bible, and I love the race that created that Bible. And I'm not going to buy myself a place in the French Panthéon by refusing to work for those poor people in Israel if they want me."

"In any case, the French will say the same thing about me whether I work for Israel or not. Chagall belongs there, they'll say. It's in their blood. That's the way they are. And I'm not going to do something or refuse to do something else in the hope that the French will think more of me for it. I do all this for nothing. I give paintings free to the Musée National d'Art Moderne, for France, not for other countries. And what happens? It's a little like Don Quixote. Of course, they sugared the pill a little. At least they said, 'A *great* artist' — but over there, in Israel, where he belongs."

CHAGALL stopped painting and turned to me. "You know what I'd do if I had my way? I'd never paint another picture to be sold. I'd never have another exhibition in a gallery, in Paris or anywhere else, where people come in and lay down a wad of bills to buy a picture of mine either to decorate their apartment or because they think

it's a good investment. I'd spend the rest of my days painting the Bible, as I see it, and if I have the strength and the time, leave a message — my *Messages Bibliques*. You know, the mayor of Vence got elected to office because he backed a citizens' petition that proposed the town create a center for my *Messages Bibliques*. His opponent was against the idea, and he got beaten. So now the town has appropriated land for the purpose. All they need is a building to house everything.

"At first they offered me an old seventeenth-century chapel in the Chemin du Calvaire. It belongs to the town, but the Church has the right to hold Mass there. But I didn't want that. I want to inspire a religious feeling in my own way by giving a message, but I don't want priests or any ties with formal dogma — Catholic, Jewish, or any other kind. I just want to create an atmosphere for meditation and spiritual peace. Abstract painting is the expression of the absence of meaning. I want to encourage a return to true values through the *Messages Bibliques*."

I asked Chagall if he felt the center had to be in Vence. "I say Vence because I live there," he said, "and I'll remain there, perhaps. If I lived in Woodstock, New York, it would be there. If I lived in Reims, it would be here. Otherwise it might be Jerusalem, Paris, New York City, or Vitebsk. But maybe that's something to think about. Should it be in Vence for just that reason? Tériade gave Vava the idea of building the place ourselves. Just like a house, a Provençal *mas*, very simple. There's enough land. I bought another strip along the road in front of our place in Vence to prevent them from putting up an apartment building. I don't think it would cost more than forty or fifty million francs to build the right kind of place. I know exactly the dimensions it would need to house everything. I'd like to have a room for stained glass, another room for the Song of Songs, and so on. Poor Vava, all that will make her grow old, perhaps. It bothers me."

Chagall sat down and leaned over the back of his chair. "That painting of Paradise you saw last summer in my exhibition at the Galerie Maeght — Maeght would give tens of millions for that, but I won't sell it. All those paintings and other things form an army when they're together, but if they're scattered here and there, they're just individual soldiers. You can't win that way. I'm against museums. But a message, one can leave. If these things have value, they'll create their own museum. And if they're kept together, that makes a little army. You can do battle with that. But if one part is in Australia, another in Boston, a third somewhere else, it's not the same. El Greco gains strength because his work is collected in Madrid and Toledo. What I

want to achieve more than anything else is my *Messages Bibliques*, and as soon as possible, so that those things won't be sold left and right.

"Sometimes I think it would be nice to have the *Messages Bibliques* in America. I love America. People there are frank. It's a young country with all the qualities and faults of youth. It's a delight to make love with people like that. But my exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York was seventeen years ago. They've had three Miró exhibitions in that time; three or four of Picasso, but not any more for me." I reminded him that only a year or so ago his stained-glass windows for Jerusalem had drawn an awful lot of people into that museum.

"That was something special," he said, "but still, you can't buck the pressure groups and the money lined up behind abstract art. Maybe the *Messages Bibliques* should be in Palestine, no? Of course, it's not a very central location." He sighed, then turned to the glass and dipped his brush into the paint. "There's so much work to do to get any result, to take a stained-glass window and give it life. You have to embrace it, warm it up. You can't deceive God. He wants all our juice. Well, let's work. Let's work." He began to work at some of the tiny flowers at the right-hand edge of the window with the wooden tip of his brush.

JACQUES SIMON, Brigitte's father, came into the studio, a tall, dapper, bald-headed man of about seventy, with a narrow gray mustache, who for no easily definable reason looks as though he ought to be master of the hunt somewhere in the Virginia tidewater country. But the record shows that he is a painter and master craftsman in stained glass who headed up the family business in Reims from just after the First World War until his son-in-law took over.

"It's extraordinary, that affair," he said. "I've never seen anything like it in this métier. And it's very troubling, Jacob and the angel."

"It will be later," Chagall said. "But it's like squeezing a lemon. You don't get all the juice the first time. You have to keep on squeezing." He went on pecking away with the tip of his brush. "I just go on doing little things," he said.

"That's right," Jacques Simon said, "but they have so much importance, those little things."

"That's it," Chagall said. "The world is made up of millions of planets, billions of them, so what else is there to do but go on pecking away? We have to justify our existence somehow."

"It's very beautiful," Jacques Simon said.

"So I keep pecking away," Chagall said.

"Picotons," said Jacques Simon. He walked

quietly, almost reverently, out of the atelier. Michel came in, carrying the bottom panel of the Sacrifice lancet. He set it back in its place on the frame. After he had left, Chagall walked over and looked at it. "Uh-huh," he said, and returned to Jacob. He began working now with heavy black strokes on the third panel, deepening the tones of the red background in the vicinity of Jacob's head, then brushing away the excess with his large flat brush.

When Chagall's stained-glass windows for Jerusalem were being prepared for exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, it became apparent that it would not be possible to show them properly in the museum's regular galleries. The space was not just right, and the lighting was far from ideal. As a result, it was suggested that a special pavilion, two hundred feet long, be set up in the gardens behind the museum to show off the windows as they should be seen. Some of the functionaries objected to the extra expense. Besides, they didn't want to "set a precedent." Malraux settled the issue. "How would we be setting a precedent?" he asked. "There's only one Chagall." I reminded Chagall of the incident. He laughed.

"I've never said a word to Malraux about the *Messages Bibliques* because I've been afraid he'd be carried away by the idea. And if the government got into it somehow, it might become a political issue. The newspapers and *Match* would start screaming about the tens of millions of government money going into such a project. So I say nothing." He laughed again. "Did I ever tell you what Rouault said when Vollard commissioned me to illustrate the Bible, in 1930? At that time Tériade and Maurice Raynal directed the arts columns of the newspaper *L'Intransigeant*. Since everybody had an opinion on the project, they went around collecting them and were publishing them in their columns. When they asked Rouault his opinion he said, 'Chagall's going to do his dance in front of the Wailing Wall.' Well, that's Rouault, a great artist, maybe, but a pain in the neck. Vollard didn't come to see me for a year after that. Finally I told him I needed the work in order to eat, and we got on with it.

"In our bodies there are good microbes and bad ones. The good ones fight with the bad and defend our bodies against them. It's that way in life. There are people who are against you, jealous of you, who struggle by every means, sometimes beneath the surface, sometimes in the open. I've had lots of microbes like Rouault, and others. Those microbes can knock you flat if you don't have the good microbes to go to your defense. Look at the Christ, the great genius, the great prophet. How many bad microbes tried to over-

power Him! Not the poor Jews, but the Romans, the fascists of those days, who held the power. If the Christ was killed by the bad microbes, how should we expect to resist? That's why I ask for nothing, why I work for nothing in all this. But the Christ asked for nothing, and still they killed Him."

Charles Marq and Brigitte came into the atelier. Charles sat down at the Abraham lancet, and with the photograph of the maquette in his hand painted in several heavy black lines. I asked Brigitte what he was doing.

"They had to take out some of the leads in making the changes Chagall asked for. That changed the contour of Chagall's composition. Charles is restoring the original line, based on the maquette."

Charles finished his "restoration," set down his brush, and joined Brigitte and me halfway back in the studio. "No other painter works like him," he said. He pointed to "The Sacrifice." "The color is all right now, but the light hasn't been controlled. The glass is raw. You see the way he's been working with grisaille on 'Jacob Wrestling.' That gives depth and feeling to the color by making gradations of tone. The colors come into harmony through the values he establishes by means of the grisaille. All those little details he adds, the way he weaves the elements of the composition together, the lightness or the heaviness of his line, the scratches and digs he gives to the grisaille — that's what makes the glass come alive. You see that the painting he's doing now runs the gamut from the most transparent gray to opaque black. That's what controls the light. You've seen the way he has changed the whole character of the Jacob lancet — as far as he's gone. The Abraham lancet will go through that same metamorphosis before he gets through with it."

Brigitte left us and joined Chagall at the Jacob lancet. With the large brush she laid on a coat of grisaille in the point of the lancet, dulling down some of the lemon yellow and a slash of orange in the wings above the angel's head. She set down the brush and came back to stand with her husband and me.

"You notice," Charles said, "that the angel's body is rose and Jacob is mostly blue. But the front of Jacob's face — his nose, and so forth, in profile against the angel's body — has the same rose color as the angel. I hesitated before putting in a lead there to make a diagonal slash that divides the blue from the rose right across Jacob's profile, but Chagall's color is like that on the maquette so I did it that way. Stained-glass craftsmen used to follow the drawing when they laid out their leads, but that puts the composition in a straitjacket. This way it breathes."

Chagall stood back from the window and pointed to the angel's thigh — white with a blue outline. "You have to leave an area like that empty," he said, whether to himself or to Jacob, I wasn't sure. He selected a small brush and painted in, with great deliberation, a very tiny half-moon shape on the knuckle of the middle finger of Jacob's left hand. Charles Marq tried to choke back a chuckle. He grew red with the effort and turned toward me. Silently and simultaneously our lips formed the same word: "*Inoui*." He walked out of the atelier. Brigitte moved closer to me. "It's really thrilling to watch him work," she said. I told her it seemed almost incredible that he could still give every ounce of himself to the work and find each touch so important. She nodded and made a variant of the gesture Chagall had made a little earlier to indicate that all this poured out of the very center of his being down into his fingers. "He's really inhabited," she whispered.

Did he hear us? Without turning around, he said, "It's done with very little things. Like David and Goliath. David used just one stone — in the right spot."

"Don't you want to eat? It's one o'clock," Brigitte said. Chagall moved back and looked at the head of Jacob and the angel. "I didn't think, this morning when I came in, that I could do anything with that," he said. "But now I think it's coming."

"It will come," Brigitte said.

Chagall nodded. "It will come."

"He's sweet, the angel," Brigitte said.

"Like your child," Chagall said. "I'm beginning to love him, too. And Jacob, he seems to me like my brother. Those poor little hands, and the head. It almost makes you cry, no? Like your boy, Benoît. I didn't think I could bring off that profile, honestly I didn't. And that bouquet — it's not just sitting there behind him. It's alive, sticking into his bottom. Well, maybe I have a right to eat after that, but I mustn't stay too long at the table. Too much to do."

DURING lunch we settled the affairs of Russia, China, India, Venus, Mars, and the moon. Chagall checked his watch against mine and decided it was 1:45. "All right, let's get back to work," he said.

"Why don't you settle down now and take a little rest?" Brigitte suggested.

Chagall shook his head. "Work to be done. Let's go."

"No, no," said Charles Marq. "You stay right here. There are still a few changes to be made in

'The Sacrifice,' and there's nothing for you to do just yet, so relax."

Brigitte threw back the comforter on a day bed behind Chagall's chair. "Why don't you lie down here?" she said.

Chagall sighed. "Maybe. For a few minutes." He stretched out on the bed. I could see he wasn't really resting, though. He seemed to be listening. In a few minutes he was back on his feet. "I hear Michel downstairs. He must be bringing in the panels now," he said. We followed him down to the atelier. Michel was fitting the reworked panels of "The Sacrifice" into the right-hand frame. When he had finished, Chagall picked up a long pointer and tapped an area in the foliage of the tree to the left of Abraham's head.

"I want it more pale in here, Charles," he said.

"But no," Charles Marq said. "We changed that because you said it was too pale. That moves around just right now. I changed that whole area around for you."

Chagall shook his head. "I'm not completely happy about it, all the same. It's too stiff. It needs just another little piece in there."

"Well," said Charles Marq, "I could replace that blue above the tree by a warm reddish rose. That will bring it closer to the maquette. With a bit of silver-stain yellow."

Chagall nodded. "All right. That's enough for that. Now," he said, pointing down to the form of Isaac in the bottom panel, "I want something warm along the side of his leg here."

"I'll put in a strip of yellow on neutral," Charles Marq offered. "Will that make it right?"

"That's what I'll see," Chagall said. "Now, here," he said, tapping Isaac's right arm with his pointer, "I'll make you a present of this. I don't need it. And this."

Charles Marq groaned. "Oh, no. Not that."

"Oh, yes," said Chagall. "Get rid of it, you understand? And I want more yellow on the right side of Isaac's face. And I want the blue of Abraham's head continued so it will replace the dark-blue shadow behind it." He tapped the tree to the left of Abraham. "I want three spots of green — maybe four — in here." He moved over to the right and studied the small group of figures above Abraham's head: Christ carrying His cross and four or five other figures sketched in roughly in black. "I can't see the Christ carrying His cross," he said. He looked at the maquette. "It's not readable. I want to *see* Him carrying His cross."

Chagall reached up with his pointer and tapped the violent red area on the right side of the angel's chest, in the point of the lancet. "This is good, but over here" — he tapped the left side — "it's too dull. I want a more revolutionary red."

Frankly revolutionary. And here, down by Abraham's foot, you'll put in a piece of the same green as up there. Now, have you got all that marked down in your head, Charles?" Charles assured him he had. Just to make sure, Chagall recapitulated rapidly each one of the changes.

"Perfect, perfect," Charles Marq said. He climbed up on the ladder and tested a piece of red glass against the angel's chest, then left the atelier. Michel removed the upper rectangular panel of "The Sacrifice" and then the point of "Jacob Wrestling."

Chagall sat down. "Maybe I make them work too much," he said, "but you have to know what you want, and when you do, then you have to see



that you get it. Every orchestra needs a conductor. If I ask for the maximum, it's because it's really the minimum."

Michel finished removing the panels. The stove, like Chagall, was burning high. "It's too hot here," Chagall said. "Can you calm down the stove a little bit, Michel?" Michel checked the draft, then went downstairs with the panels.

Chagall addressed himself to the upper rectangular panel of "Jacob Wrestling." I saw him touching in tiny dots of black in the neutral-rose area to the left of the angel's head. He then wove thin black lines into the left-central border that he had said earlier was too pale. The light had shifted now, and I could see the results of the work he had done this morning in the bouquet that was "sticking into Jacob's bottom." The flowers that earlier had glowed only dully seemed suddenly to have come to life. All around that part of the panel, light was pouring in through hundreds of tiny threadlike leafy patterns — the

result of the pecking and scratching that had rattled the glass and scattered the clothespins. From palest blue to darkest purple, neutral rose to deepest red, they all sang together now, pulled into one chorus by the light, weaving its way through the flowers of Chagall's grisaille.

Charles Marq and Brigitte returned from belowstairs and came over beside me. "It's amazing," Brigitte whispered, "how he knows just what is needed and he adds that and no more. It's as if the glass had veins and has been growing."

"Basically he's not a naturalistic painter," Charles Marq said. "Look at those arrow and wing motifs moving up into the point. That's very Gothic, and yet it's very much of our own times — a kind of bridge across the centuries."

Chagall moved rapidly back and forth across the glass, through time and space, building his bridge.

WHEN Charles Marq left to go back to the street-level workshop, I went along with him. Michel had brought Chagall's large framed maquette downstairs as a guide to the changes they were about to make and had set up in a frame on one of the benches the panel of "The Sacrifice" that contained the head of Abraham. Chagall had asked to have the deep-blue area behind Abraham's head faded off into the paler blue to the left of it.

"That's the wonderful thing about this plated glass," Charles Marq said. "Very often, without changing a thing, simply by engraving the pieces that were too strong, you can tone down the color." He turned to Michel and pointed to one of the pieces marked for change. "Here, though, you'll have to cut a new piece from a *G* I'll pick out, and here, another one." He selected several rectangular glass samples, about three quarters of an inch wide and five inches long, each marked with the letter *G* and a different number. I asked him what the markings represented.

"The letter stands for color," he said. "They're just arbitrary symbols: *G* means blue; *J*, green; *K*, yellow; *F*, violet and purple. They don't correspond to the initials of the colors themselves, except for *R*, red. The numbers represent the tonal gradations within the range of that color." He handed two of the samples in front of him to Michel. Michel went over to the storage bins across the hall and returned with two pieces of a lighter blue. With a knife he pried away the edges of the leads that held the four offending pieces in place. Charles Marq removed them and passed the two pieces to be changed to Michel. Michel traced their outlines on a sheet of paper and cut out the paper forms. Using the paper cutouts as a

guide, he cut new pieces of glass in the required tones.

Charles Marq picked up the other two pieces, the ones that were to be lightened through engraving. I followed him into a small sink room at the back of the ground floor. He turned on the water and put on a pair of very heavy rubber gloves that reached halfway to the elbow. He dipped a medium-sized paintbrush into a solution and scrubbed the glass, which he held with large wooden pincers under a constant flow of water. With his continued scrubbing the color paled slightly.

"This is hydrofluoric acid," he said. "The glass is plated. That is, at the factory the basic color is dipped into a second tone of molten glass, which adheres to it. Then it's blown and cut. That gives a basic color that varies in thickness from two to three millimeters, and, on top of that, a film of glass in another color that is no more than one tenth of a millimeter thick. That's what I'm thinning down now with the acid."

"Most people think of a mechanical action when they hear the word 'engraving,' like the action of a drypoint or a burin on a copperplate. But engraving here is a chemical action, with the acid eating into that very thin strip of colored glass that is plated onto the main body of the glass. That method of combining two tones gives us the widest possible range of color nuance."

I asked him how many different nuances of color they stocked. He thought for a minute. "Oh, I should think about four thousand," he said. "But even with that great variety and all the expert craftsmanship that goes into the assembling of the window, when the glass is brought up to the studio, fresh, unpainted, the contrasts are sharp and sometimes brutal. The painter's job is to make the transitions more subtle, to give depth and accents where they're needed, to bring in the light so that it creates the image he visualized in the beginning, when he painted the maquettes. Chagall makes us change pieces sometimes three and four times, and the engraving I'm doing now is one way we have of coming closer to what he sees when the glass itself — even if we've changed it, like this, several times — doesn't satisfy him. He makes us work, but, as you can see, he drives himself even harder than he does us."

By now he had finished engraving the second piece. He took off the rubber gloves, wiped off the two pieces, and we returned with the glass to the front of the building, where Michel was waiting for us. Charles handed him the two pieces, and we went upstairs to the atelier. As we walked in, Chagall was working on the point of the Jacob lancet, near the tip of the angel's wings. He stepped back. "Something's wrong here," he said.

"Too many leads." He pointed up at a form in orange that pierced through a patch of lemon yellow.

"I think if you dulled down some of those bright areas, that would take care of it," Brigitte suggested. Chagall took his big brush, dipped into the paint, and washed a coat of grisaille over the trouble spot. He groaned. "Too many leads. It's just too much," he said. With a smaller brush he drew in several black lines on the left-hand side of the wings. He shook his head. "No matter how I struggle there are still too many leads here." He began rubbing out some of his black lines. "Too many leads."

"Those little points of color are too strong," Charles Marq said. "They can't stand up by themselves."

"That's right," Brigitte said. "It's too much."

"Too many leads," Chagall said. He pursued his path across the glass, getting farther and farther away from the orange form, digging into the grisaille with the wooden tip of his brush, then reversing it to add paint in an adjacent area, changing it for a larger one that spread the wash more fluidly; then, with the large dry brush, fanning out the color vigorously. The glass was rattling briskly, and another of the clothespins popped off onto the floor beside him. "Too many leads," I heard him mutter.

When Charles Marq left us at the hotel at the end of the afternoon, he suggested we meet in the lobby at 8:30 the next morning rather than at 8:00, to give the light a chance to get with it. Chagall agreed.

As French provincial hotels go, the Lion d'Or in Reims puts up a rather chic front, but when we entered the lobby, we found it overrun with hunters and their dogs. The bar, facing us, was crowded. The restaurant, on our left, was not yet open for dinner. Chagall asked me if I was interested in dinner. I told him Brigitte had given us too good a tea; I had no more appetite.

"I don't either," he said. "I'm going upstairs, eat an apple, do some writing, and turn in." I went out to pick up some paper and a book before the shops closed. In a fruit store around the corner from the hotel I came across a very promising bin of apples intriguingly labeled "Vinsapp." I bought three of them. Back in my room, I ate one with some petit-beurre biscuits. It tasted just like any other winesap.

WHEN I got downstairs at 8:15 on Sunday morning, I found Chagall sitting in a club chair in the middle of the lobby, red-nosed and disconsolate. "*Je suis grippé*," he managed to get out, between

sniffs. "I woke up that way in the night, then fell back to sleep. When I woke up again, I looked at that damned watch, and it seemed to me it said seven o'clock. In Paris, that is. I got up, dressed, and came downstairs to get some tea. I thought that might help. There were hunters all over the lobby, with their dogs. Most of them were drunk and smelled bad. I saw the dining room was closed, and I asked the elevator man what time it was. 'Four o'clock,' he said. I went back upstairs, undressed, and went to bed. I slept a bit more, then got up and came down to the dining room for breakfast." He looked at the magnificent Swiss watch, then shook his left arm reproachfully a few times. "Never needs winding," he said disgustedly. He caught sight of Charles Marq in the Volkswagen in front of the hotel. "Well," he said, "I guess it's time." We trailed out to the car, climbed in, and Charles Marq started off. From the rear seat I could hear fragments of a conversation that centered about some hunters and their dogs, all of whom smelled bad at four o'clock in the morning, crowded into a small elevator with a man whose wristwatch told the time, or didn't tell it, in every major city in both hemispheres.

Up in the atelier the light was beginning to show through the high window. Chagall took off his shaggy German overcoat and his jacket and started to remove his vest. "You'd better keep that on," Charles Marq said. Obediently, Chagall buttoned up the vest and put his checked lumber jacket on over it, sneezing and fumbling with the zipper. He went over to his painting table and fooled around with the brushes.

"Are you sure you feel like working today?" Charles Marq asked him. "You don't want to go back to Paris?"

"Oh, no," Chagall said. "Trains are always crowded on Sunday. Last week I went back on Sunday, and with all the weekend crowds returning to Paris, there were no seats. I stood in the door of a compartment. There was one man alone, and a couple with three children. Since the children were all small, I thought one of the parents might tell them to move a bit closer to make room for me. But no. Finally the man alone said he was going out to smoke, and wouldn't I like to sit in his seat while he was gone. I did, but when he came back, I had to give up the seat, of course. Still not a move out of the family of five. They stayed in their seats, staring straight ahead, till the train stopped."

Chagall picked up his brushes and sat down in front of the head of Jacob. He picked up the photograph of his maquette, set it on an easel beside him, and began to paint, slowly and quietly. I watched him for a few minutes, and then, when Charles Marq left the atelier, I followed him into

another equally high-ceilinged atelier, flooded with light, just across the hall.

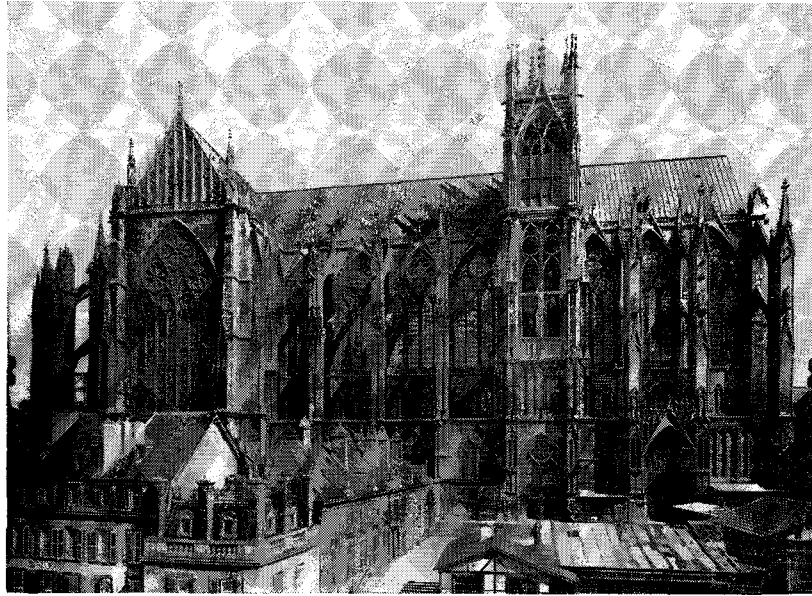
"This is our drafting room," he explained. Two life-size cartoons for stained-glass windows in abstract patterns were hanging on the far wall. I asked him how Chagall had come to work in the Atelier Jacques Simon. He settled himself on a high stool in front of a drawing board.

"Well," he said, "I had already done the windows in the large chapel on the south side of the nave at Metz with Jacques Villon, between 1955 and 1957, and with Bissière had begun the windows above the doors on the north and south sides of the nave. At that moment, Robert Renard, chief architect of the Cathedral of Metz, had the idea of asking Chagall to do the two windows of the choir. If it hadn't been for Renard, we'd still be at the level of Matisse's window for his chapel in Vence or of Rouault's at the Plateau d'Assy, both rather minor works. It was Renard who launched the painters into big ensembles in the great historical monuments. He told Chagall that it was Brigitte and I who had worked with Villon. Chagall had worked with another craftsman for the two small yellow and white windows he did for the baptistery of the Plateau d'Assy that light up his large ceramic of the Crossing of the Red Sea. He hadn't been very satisfied with those, and after he made his first maquettes for the first window at Metz, he told Renard he wanted to see me and talk with me about the new job.

"I went to see him. We talked about the problems of stained glass in general and about its mission, especially from the point of view of light and the radiance of tones. He asked me many questions. We soon saw that our ideas were very close. He had made his maquettes with the freedom he would have brought to any gouache, but bearing in mind that instead of having a reflected light, it would be a light by transparency that diffuses the color, that makes the tones a hundred times more radiant than they would be in a painting. Then he made the two large maquettes, one of which is now in the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris and the other in the atelier across the hall from us.

"I had gone to see Chagall in Paris at the end of October, 1957. Up until then no one was in on the project except Chagall, Renard, myself, and Jacques Dupont, Inspecteur Général des Monuments Historiques, who was trained at the Louvre and is a specialist in sixteenth-century French drawings, a man with a very great knowledge of art and architecture. When it came time to present the maquettes to all the other people interested in the project — well, that's a story all by itself. I'd better come back to that later.

"Anyway, for a long time Brigitte and I had



been hearing echoes of the hostility of some of our confreres in this métier — the old guard of master craftsmen who didn't like to see us branching out in a way that brought modern art into the cathedrals. Who are these two people, Charles Marq and Brigitte Simon, and what do they think they're doing? They're incapable of doing the job themselves, which is why they turn to painters for collaboration, and so on. That was the general refrain. But it's not at all true. We had both, Brigitte and I, done many large and important windows, independently of any collaboration. What the old guard was really against was not us but the painters — the great painters we were working with. The *maitres-verriers* themselves, as a class, are often painters and engravers but generally of such mediocre and unimaginative character that they're capable of little more than making a reasonable copy of some stylized and hackneyed image. People commissioned them to do stained-glass windows, and they turned out conventional jobs because it was their business to do so, not because they were creators or had anything original to say. They set themselves up as the jealous guardians of the secrets of the Middle Ages. But there are no secrets of the Middle Ages — not as far as stained glass is concerned, at any rate. Naturally, Brigitte and I had great fun letting some of the air out of their balloons.

"To get back to the acceptance of Chagall's maquette: the chief architect, Robert Renard, convoked the commission to look at the maquettes. Ordinarily the designer would have come before the commission to present his work, but in view of the fact that in this case the designer was Chagall, Renard thought it more fitting that the commission should call on him. That was in April, 1958,

when Chagall was still living on the Quai de Bourbon.

"First to arrive was an inspector for the Monuments Historiques, whose territory, so to speak, included the Cathedral of Metz. It was obvious that he had no idea of who or what Chagall was. For him, Chagall was just some painter who had been commissioned to do a window for the cathedral, and he had come to check up on his work and submit the customary official report to his superiors. He looked over the maquettes and said, 'Why, this man doesn't even know how to draw! Who ever had the idea of asking *him* to design a stained-glass window?' This, mind you, right in front of Chagall. He simply didn't know who Chagall was. It seems inconceivable, but the poor guy was just an example of the blindered, conscientious, but bird-brained little bureaucratic functionary who does what he's told, minds his business, hates modern art in any form, and is proud of his prejudices. It's like the old-line archaeologists in France: they hate art, and they know nothing about science. As long as they're taking notes, writing on index cards, and filling up files, they're in their element. Beyond that, expect nothing.

"If Chagall had been Picasso, this *type* might have known in general who he was, because there's a kind of scandalous side to Picasso's life and nature that manages to filter through to all levels of public attention. But a great artist like Chagall, who leads a quiet, exemplary life and whose goings-on don't make newspaper headlines every other day, was simply some crazy modern artist who didn't know how to draw. It was very clear to the inspector that the assignment of Chagall to do the Metz window was some kind of

horrible administrative blunder, and he was washing his hands of the whole affair right on the spot, before somebody got the idea that *he* was responsible for it, somehow.

"So on he went, and the longer he talked, the whiter Chagall grew. He seemed almost to be shrinking back into the wall. You know Chagall well. You know how deeply he believes in what he does, but he has no vanity, puts on no side, strikes no pose of the Great Artist with all that. He was crushed. After the learned inspector had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that Chagall didn't know how to draw, he went on to attack the construction of his composition, and after that the color. Finally he finished his exposition and left, very pleased with himself.

"So, in the official view, that wasn't stained glass. Nevertheless, at Jacques Dupont's insistence, Chagall was authorized to make a sample lancet. So he made his Jeremiah lancet. When they saw it, they paid out enough rope so that we could complete the window — but just one window, no more. When the Jeremiah lancet was shown in the big Chagall retrospective of 1959 at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, Mrs. Myriam Freund, then president of Hadassah, and Joseph Neufeld, architect of the Hadassah Hebrew University Medical Center, saw it and commissioned Chagall to do the twelve windows for the synagogue of the Medical Center, outside Jerusalem.

"Chagall went to work immediately on his maquettes for those and finished them in December, 1959. Then he went back to work on the first Metz window. He finished that in May, and it was shown at the museum here in Reims that summer. In September, 1960, he began work on the Jerusalem windows, which I had been preparing for him all that year, and he finished them on the last day of April, 1961. He's beginning to work here again now for the first time in a year and a half.

"The wonderful thing about Chagall's stained glass is his sense of the universal religion. It would work as well for a synagogue or a Protestant church or a Catholic cathedral. It's a personal imagery, not one dragged in from outside. It's something that grows on *his* ground, an outward manifestation of his own nature."

I ASKED Charles Marq if he could outline for me the routine they followed at the atelier between the time Chagall presented him with the finished large maquette and the time he presented Chagall with the assembled window. "The first thing we do," he said, "is to photograph the maquette and blow it up to *grandeur d'exécution*. On that photograph I put tracing paper, and on the tracing

paper I work out the placement of the leads, the construction, the design, the division of the color. On the place where each piece of glass is to go, I set down the tone that corresponds to the tone Chagall used in his maquette, as well as the annotations that refer to the engraving of the glass. When we were down in the shop making changes on Abraham's head, you saw the symbols for color and value — G 202, for example, for one particular kind of blue. There are signs, also, for the engraving of the glass: 'OO' means fully; 'O,' not quite completely; 'minus' means not quite so much; 'plus' means even less, and so on.

"Then the glass is cut in accordance with my annotations. Each operation is a specialized *métier*. There are good and bad cutters. For example, Michel, who worked with us yesterday, cut the whole series of Jerusalem windows. He's very good. He understands color better than most young painters. He understands the difference between an ultramarine and a cobalt, between a cobalt and a cerulean. He understands how to make transitions; he feels it. Other cutters cut what is marked, and that's that.

"When the window is assembled we place it on a glass table, which is lighted up from beneath so that each piece can be studied and worked on with the power of the light behind it. The engraver works on the pieces that call for engraving, in accordance with the indications I have given him. Once the pieces are back in place, the main lines of the composition are drawn on the glass. All this preparatory work takes about three weeks of specialized collaboration for each lancet. When Chagall arrives he finds the window ready for his work. For 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,' which you saw yesterday, he made the maquette four years ago, and yesterday he saw the result for the first time. He looks it over, studies the maquette, and asks for changes.

"When it is finally arranged to his satisfaction, he goes to work on it. He's very demanding, as you've seen. The values have to be exact. Sometimes I have to tell him that what he wants isn't possible, because if I changed everything he wanted me to, it could involve the whole *mise en plomb*. So when I tell him no, he realizes it just can't be done or else we have to start again from scratch. Then he says OK.

"It wasn't like that at first. We used to have some hot arguments, until he finally understood I was doing all I could to follow him. In the beginning we had one or two catastrophes by going too far. In painting, you can go too far and still not have a catastrophe. For example, one day when I visited him in Venice while I was preparing the Jerusalem windows, I asked him how things had gone with his painting that day. He said, 'Bad.

I spoiled everything.' But it wasn't a tragedy; it was only paint on canvas, and he just had to begin again. But in stained glass you can't do that quite so easily. You have to throw it all in the rubbish barrel and come back in three or four months and start all over again."

Sounds of activity floated in to us from across the hall. We went back into the main atelier. Chagall was working on the Sacrifice lancet. Jacques Simon and Madame Simon were standing in the center of the room studying the completed Jacob, on whose struggle the day was breaking more and more brightly. Brigitte was setting out tea things on the long table against the far wall.

"Look at that glass," Jacques Simon said. "There's a kind of miracle in all that. All those little marks you make that suddenly after a while come to life. I can't figure out how you ever learned to do a thing like that."

Chagall put down his brushes and came over toward us. "You can't learn it," he said. "It's just a question of time. You have to do a lot of work over a long period of time. And then it comes."

Jacques Simon continued to study the lancet. "I see what you mean," he said. "If you tried to systematize it, it would lose all its freshness. Like true eloquence as against the cultivated variety. That's the trouble with stained-glass craftsmen in general. They've learned their craft so carefully, there's no place for the imagination."

"Why don't you send this window to Tokyo for the big retrospective they're giving you in the spring?" Charles Marq suggested.

"I don't know," Chagall said. "It's so big. Maybe it would kill everything else in the exhibition. Tell me, Charles, do you think this will be too high up in the cathedral? Will it really be visible?"

"Visible? You can be sure of that."

Chagall looked unconvinced. "You ask Benoît," Charles said. "I took him to Metz the other Sunday. He had never been there. We spent a quarter of an hour in front of your window." He looked up at the heavy crossbeams about fifteen feet over our heads. "The bottom of your window starts about there," he said.

"And that's not really high up," Jacques Simon said. "You have to consider the proportions of the cathedral." He looked over at the Jacob lancet. "Oh, but that head. It's simply wonderful. One would say it was Greek."

"Jacob's head?" Chagall asked.

"No, the angel's."

"You like that?"

"It's classic," said Jacques Simon.

Chagall pointed to the upper right-hand point

of the lancet, where a small green head — a little girl's head — looked down onto the tip of the angel's wings. Above it, a hand projected from an invisible right arm whose existence one must take on faith. "That's Charlotte's head," he said. "For her birthday I gave her a little bird in the other window — the one in Metz. When she grows up she can still go there and see her bird."

About four feet below the little green head and to the right, at the right-hand shoulder of the lancet, above the angel's head, came trailing a leg and a foot that it seemed natural to associate with the head, although no visible connection joined them. "I like that foot," Brigitte said.

"I like it too," Chagall said. "It's a little ridiculous, maybe, but for that reason I like it near the angel's head: the ridiculous just half an inch away from beauty. But it has to stay small. If you go too far, if it gets too big, you fall into the trap."

"But the inspiration of *that* head," Jacques Simon said, pointing to the angel. "It's extraordinary."

"It won't trouble people who want to pray, you think?" Chagall asked.

BRIGITTE had come in with an armful of records. She put one on the record player at the back of the atelier. It was the Schubert Trio No. 2 in E-flat Major, played by Casals, Alexander Schneider, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski. Chagall turned around.

"He's wonderful, that man," he said. "He has what we're looking for — right in his hand. The whole planetary system. I don't know why we go on searching. It's all there."

Charles Marq went over to the Sacrifice lancet and studied Chagall's work on the two lower panels. "Do you feel like going on with it today?" he asked.

Chagall shrugged. "As long as I can, I'll keep on." I saw that he had worked in many new details around the recumbent figure of Isaac: the round belly bordered in green, highlighted in white, with its center the black point of the navel, and the left thigh thrusting out in yellow. Jacques Simon and Madame Simon had left the atelier. Charles Marq and Brigitte were at the back of the room selecting another record. Chagall held up his right hand, studied it. "A million movements I have to make with that hand to arrive at something. Isn't that a nightmare?" He sighed. "I'm glad I feel bad, though. I think you have to suffer a lot to do something." He pointed toward Abraham. "That's *our* sacrifice, that *we* are making."

I spoke of the head of the angel, which had so

moved Jacques Simon, and of the poignancy of the expression on Jacob's face. "It's at the brink of catastrophe," he said. "I really didn't think I could bring that off." The record started. It was the Mozart Quartet 52 in B-flat, played by the Budapest String Quartet. Chagall's face lighted up. "He's *the* wonder of the world, isn't he?"

Charles and Brigitte returned to the front of the studio, removed the bottom panel of Abraham, and lowered the one above it to the space below, where Chagall could work on it more easily sitting down. Charles then lowered the other rectangular panel and removed the point of the lancet to make the changes Chagall had requested in the area that included Christ carrying His cross. Chagall picked up the photograph of his maquette of that lancet and studied it, then propped it up on the easel beside him and went back to work.

I went down to the workshop on the ground floor while Charles Marq made the changes. When I returned, the music had shifted. It was now Quartet 23 in F Major. Chagall was brushing in the folds of Abraham's garment with broad, bold strokes, moving rapidly up and down the arms, across the buttocks, and down to the ground, up the front to the waist. He ran lightly over the green at the wrist, the rose of the hand, and the glistening white highlight of the long, sharp blade in Abraham's hand. He worked in the arms, the chest, and the area around the neck to the back of the head. Forms that had been cold and stiff became more fluid and intense. If Chagall was participating, at several levels, in the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham (as I assumed from his observation, earlier, that this was "*our* sacrifice, that *we* are making"), I could participate in it, also — at least visually. First as a spectator and then as a father, I found it impossible not to identify with the tragedy of that moment, the tension and the anguish of an Abraham obedient to the voice of his God. And right now the tragedy was accentuated by the truncated form of Isaac that resulted from the removal of the bottom panel, which left only the green belly and yellow thigh projecting into the blue area at the right center of the lancet.

The music stopped briefly, then shifted to the Mozart Quartet No. 1 in G Minor. Chagall took no notice of the change this time but continued to move feverishly up and down the right-hand side of the lancet, between Abraham and Isaac, playing out his drama of immolation.

AFTER lunch, while Chagall and Brigitte were still talking at the table and Charles Marq was down in the ground-floor workshop finishing the changes in the point of the Sacrifice lancet, I went

into the atelier to study the topmost rectangular panel, the one that included the upper part of Abraham's body. The light was almost ideal. I realized suddenly that for the first time I was reading the head of Abraham as Chagall had meant it to be read. I understood now why, the day before, Chagall had been so anxious to have the blue shadow in the area to the left, behind the head, lightened. The lancet is mainly blue, of varying intensities. But the upper half of Abraham's face is green on the left side — that is, from the nose to the right ear — and white from beyond the nose to the left temple, where the deep-blue shadow begins. Before the changes, with the blue shadow dark and insufficient light behind the glass, the lines of Abraham's features had fallen into a quite different pattern for me. The head had first appeared as that of an old person, male or female, bowed in grief, with the eyes closed. Now that the light had been let in by Chagall's changes, I could see clearly the image Chagall had intended: the planes had shifted upward, somehow, and the false or "paranoiac" image had fled at the coming of the light.

Chagall and Brigitte came in. I told Chagall how the paranoiac vision of Abraham's head had suddenly been replaced by the true form. He nodded. "I'm going to give it more light right now." He changed his jacket for the black-and-white-checked lumber jacket and went over to the panel. He studied the photograph of his maquette and then started to work on Abraham's head. He strengthened the area around the mouth, making the lips fuller, then went on to reinforce and deepen the right eye, which, although neither hollow nor quite closed, made Abraham appear heartsick and tragic in the glow of the luminous area of the left cheek, above which the left eye is fixed sharply but irresolutely on the gleaming blade in the right hand.

In the contrast between the two eyes with their divergent focus, the drama of the biblical story reaches its climax. I mentioned this to Brigitte. "That's so typically Chagall, isn't it?" she said. "Always in his personages there's that split between two worlds. Here it's carried out on two planes. The contrast between the green and the white emphasizes the struggle between his feelings as a father and his desire to be obedient to God."

Chagall began to scrape and dig at the shadowed area to the right of Abraham's body. The glass rattled. When it seemed to have stood all it could without shattering, Chagall left off his digging and began to paint in the blue aureole over Abraham's head with an attention to detail that seemed to be working in the direction of a crown of thorns. Finally he stopped, stepped back, and surveyed the panel as a whole. He then

moved into the area beneath the tree at left center. There stood one of those characteristic Chagall animals that might be a cow, a pig, or a horse, that is actually none of these but something that combines some of the features of each one and yet retains an individuality distinct from any other animal's. Chagall sharpened the outlines of the animal's back, head, horns, and legs. Its central white area lighted up further as Chagall continued.

This lancet had at first seemed a little monotonous to me by contrast with the other two, where color was more varied and higher-keyed, but it had now taken on a luminosity which, if not so immediately obvious as that of the others because of its restricted palette, was just as real. The range of blues had been many times increased by Chagall's painting: washing on, rubbing off, accenting, scraping, digging — all this in general — and by the countless additions he had made to the forms as they exist in the glass: animals, plants, all the flora and fauna of a world to which only Chagall has the key.

I was beginning to wonder what else Chagall could do to his patriarch without going too far. Just then he called out, "What time is it?" According to my battered wartime watch, it was 3:40 — at least in Reims, whatever it might have been in Beirut, Dakar, or Tokyo. I told him. He got up and walked away from the lancet.

"What do you think of it?" he asked me. I told him I wouldn't have believed yesterday morning that the "blue" lancet could have become what it was now. Apparently last night hadn't done him so much harm after all, I said.

"Four o'clock in the morning," he muttered, shaking his left arm.

Brigitte came over to us. She pointed to the yellow slash of Isaac's thigh. "I don't think that's completely integrated," she said. Chagall studied it, then went back to work on it. Five minutes later they were in agreement.

Chagall got up again. "Is it a little primitive?" he said. "But Masaccio is primitive, no?" He took another look, as if to reassure himself. "It's like a big family," he said. "Lots of children. Each one is different but you love them all." He went over to the Jacob lancet and held out his hand toward Jacob. "I think he trembles," he said. "One can cry, no? I send a letter down the centuries." He turned away. "Oh, it's too difficult, this *métier*. I don't think I can continue. Before I go to work I'm eaten up with nervousness. Then I get sick."

Jacques Simon and Madame Simon had come in and were standing beside me. "All your youth is there," Jacques Simon said. Chagall looked up at him. "Youth, childhood, yes. Childishness, infantilism, maybe, no?" he asked him.

"If so, let's have more of it," Jacques Simon said.

Chagall smiled. "I'm going to learn this *métier*."

"You mustn't," Jacques Simon said. "That would be disastrous."

BRIGITTE set out the tea things once more, and we gathered around the long table. Charles Marq asked Chagall about the work he planned to do for the Israeli Parliament.

"I'll do two stained-glass windows and some tapestries. A window at each end. Between, there's a wall about thirty meters long. I think I'll need two or three tapestries seven or eight meters wide by four meters high."

Charles Marq made a rapid calculation. "Three of seven meters by four meters," he said.

"I'll make the maquettes and see if someone can enlarge them to the size I need," Chagall said.

"Maybe you should make your maquettes on cloth," Charles Marq suggested, "about seventy by forty centimeters, have them photographed, enlarged, and colored with gouache. That way the weaver will have the design very thoroughly worked out for him. He'll only have to follow it."

"That's the important thing," Chagall said. "I have confidence in the Gobelins. I'd go there often and keep a close watch on them. They're the finest craftsmen in France."

"You'll have to watch them, though," Charles Marq said. "They're good craftsmen but very literal-minded. They spend their life copying, and the result is, they're highly skilled but in a very literal way. There's not much life there. And it's not like stained glass. With glass you have the cartoons, the *mise en plomb*, the cutting of the glass, and so on. At every stage you can step in and make changes. There they simply copy, point by point, and it isn't until they get to the end that you can see it all stretched out before you."

"When it's finished you see it, and when you see it it's finished," Chagall said.

Charles Marq smiled. "Exactly."

"What can I do, then?" Chagall asked him.

"You should insist that the *lissier*, the one who weaves, makes the enlargement of your maquette," Charles Marq said. "That way, before he starts, you'll see exactly what he's going to turn out. If you don't like it, you make whatever changes you feel are needed."

"I think the best way is to make a sample on a small scale," Chagall said. "I'll make a maquette, have it enlarged, color it, and then let him weave it."

"Just what is this room?" Jacques Simon asked.

"It's a reception room for the Parliament building," Chagall said, "or perhaps a large hall like in a railroad station. Maybe they'll put in a café and sell sandwiches. Who knows? Anything is possible. It's behind the Chamber of Deputies, and it's thirty by twenty meters. They're thinking of having two windows and then the tapestries."

"The windows will give more light to the tapestries," Jacques Simon said. "Besides, stained glass and tapestry go well together. Mosaic and stained glass don't. Neither do painting and stained glass. And if one element is light and the other very colorful, that will be perfect."

"The windows could be all in silver-stain yellow," Charles Marq said.

"I think I should say what I have to say in the stained glass, and in the rest say something neutral," Chagall said.

"But colorful," Charles Marq said.

"Yes," said Chagall, "but I can't give the Parliament the Song of Songs. They're politicians, those people. I can't give them David and Bathsheba making love, either. In the tapestries, I mean."

"No, perhaps not," Jacques Simon said, "but you've got a whole world of flowers and animals and —"

"A world, yes," Chagall said, "but I have to be able to execute them in tapestry. I suppose that will take three or four years. 'It's too difficult for us,' my wife says." Chagall laughed. "Oh, it's so comfortable to do nothing. That's what I said to myself at four o'clock this morning after I had gone downstairs and had to go back to my room, get undressed, and go to bed again."

I WAS already in the lobby on Monday morning when Chagall came down, using the stairway rather than the elevator for the five flights (avoiding the hunters and their dogs?). He seemed to have dominated Sunday's gripe along with the glass and appeared surprisingly chipper, all things considered. I told him so.

"Jacob isn't the only one," he said. "I was wrestling with the angel, too." He pointed up toward the sky. "That's what we're all doing. Sometimes it's more visible, sometimes less so."

Charles Marq showed up promptly to drive us to work. In the left-hand frame, as we entered the atelier, were the two top panels of "The Sacrifice of Abraham"; on the right, the entire fourth lancet, "Moses before the Burning Bush." Moses, at right, knelt before the burning bush, left. The main form of the bush was like the trunk of a tree or a torso, and the presence of two circular breast-like forms gave it the appearance of a woman's

body. Above the bush was a large sun surrounded by a rainbow. At right, above Moses' head, a herd of sheep grazed beneath a tree. In the point was another sunlike form, and above it an angel blowing a long trumpet. This lancet, like "The Sacrifice of Abraham," was predominantly blue, with touches of green and yellow. The suns and the rainbow, of course, had a warmer, fuller range of colors.

Chagall walked over to the two upper panels of "The Sacrifice." He seemed particularly interested in the right shoulder of the point of the lancet, showing Christ carrying His cross.

"That's much better," he said. "He's lightened this part. Now I can see the cross." He turned to me. "We must all carry our cross, with joy, as long as we're here, trying to understand the world and God, and then — I always think of a line I read many years ago, I forget where: 'he died in good health.' That's nice, no?"

He walked over toward the new lancet, craned his neck at the figure of Moses, then grunted. "There's a little too much Kisling in that. I'll have to K.O. that right away." He turned to his maquette, set up on the easel to the right of the new lancet. He studied it for several minutes, then picked up his pointer. He tapped a spot above and to the left of Moses' head. "Less blue, Charles."

"We'll engrave it more," Charles said. He climbed up on the high ladder and marked the piece with his crayon. Chagall tapped the blue area to the left of the small herd of sheep at the bottom of the point.

"Here I want more warm tones," he said. "And a darker blue here" — pointing to the upper right of the animals. "Those areas compete too much with the rainbow at the upper left. Then you need to open up the area in between to envelop the rainbow."

Chagall traced with his pointer the forms at the bottom of Moses' garment. "I don't like that form," he said. "It gets lost. It should enter the earth. And it shouldn't be so blue — more dark green." Charles Marq added a few notations to the bottom panel as Chagall stepped back to get a better view of the upper ones. "I want that grayish white in the center of the sun more yellow — hotter," Chagall said. He tapped the blue points shooting up out of the upper right-hand quadrant of the sun. "These things, and the red band in the rainbow, they shout too loud. All right. Good-bye." He put down the pointer, picked up the photograph of his maquette of the Sacrifice lancet, and walked back to the other frame. Charles Marq came down off the ladder and called Michel to disassemble the Moses lancet, then joined me on the other side of the studio.

"We got the area around the cross a lot lighter," he said. "I guess we lost a few of the *petits bonshommes*, but Chagall said he didn't care about that. What he wants to see is the cross." Beneath the cross, and composed of a lighter blue than most of the others, was a patch whose central area had been engraved out to white. Above it, the cross loomed dark and unmistakable. Chagall was sketching in suggestions of human figures around it. He brightened the eye of the angel looking down from the point, sharpened the outline of his profile, and touched in small round spots in the light- and dark-red areas of the angel's wings and arms. He washed in lightly a film of grisaille over the pale-brown area at the left of the point. He moved back to take a look at his work.

"You see, you don't get anything for nothing," he said. "There are no miracles in painting." He went back to elaborate on his *petits bonshommes* — the six small figures surrounding the cross. Then, moving fast all over the point, he worked in accents on the angel's right arm and hand and hair, deepened the shadows behind the angel's face, and washed in with broad strokes the blue and pale-mauve areas in the lower left-hand corner. He moved back to take a long look at the point, studied the photograph for a brief moment, then churned his brush into the paint and rapidly covered the entire point with ominous, curling brush swirls. He picked out highlights here and there with his thumb and touched in accents. Several of the swirls on the rim of the group of *petits bonshommes* took on living forms — plant, animal, and, in one case, human. He began to peck with the wooden tip of his brush around the red areas of the angel's wings, then brushed in darker accents on the right wing.

Brigitte came in. Chagall called out to her. "My paint is all dried up," he said. "Mix in more liquid." Brigitte took care of the paint, then went to the back of the atelier and put on the Mozart String Quartet in D Major. Chagall slowed down his attack, and dropped his arm. He turned and came over to me.

"The big fault in painting today is exaggeration," he said. "Exaggeration of form. Just listen to that music. It's the expression of soul. You can't exaggerate there. All this talk about a gestural painting!" He made a face and went back to the point of the lancet, picking at the angel with the wooden tip of his brush.

I saw that the washed-in swirls that surrounded the angel had become, meanwhile, leaves and flowers. Chagall scratched away faster. The noise became loud, like a gaggle of very angry geese. Chagall inspected the other brushes on the table beside him and picked up a shorter one. It made less noise. He stood back and studied the

panel, then pulled up his chair, sat down, and with the smallest of all his brushes went to work on the pale-blue and mauve areas at the lower left of the point. The drafts blew in through the black curtains. Chagall coughed and scraped. The window rattled louder. I moved closer to look at the angel in the point. The brown area of his body and left wing was filled with tiny flowers. The light had now penetrated to the very tip of the point. At the top edge of the angel's red wings are deep-blue feathers. In the apex at their center is a pale-blue triangle. Above the triangle is a small round area with a branch, and on the branch I saw, for the first time, a small white bird. His music suddenly filled the studio. From the rear of the room Mozart answered with the String Quartet No. 4 in C Major. Chagall went on painting and scraping, as though his life depended on the outcome. I realized that it did.

AFTER a quick cup of tea Chagall went back to Abraham's head. Brigitte stood beside him. "There's the drama," he said. "I did what I did up above to make it crackle." He pointed to the cross. "Doesn't that make a delicious drama, reaching up toward the angel? A little like Schubert? There's just enough light, a half-light, and behind Him there's the night enveloping Him." He went on painting. It was impossible now to count or measure his brushstrokes. His hand covered the whole panel before him, fluttering as imperceptibly as the hummingbird's wings. Brigitte grinned at me with the evident delight of a good painter watching a champion perform. "*Il fait tout*," she whispered.

Chagall set down his brush and picked up a smaller one. He put in accents along the left shoulder of the point. Flowering bushes as fragile as filigree appeared, and among them birds' heads, at the touch of his brush. He didn't seem to be painting them, as much as anyone could tell. Although I was standing directly behind him, with my eyes less than two feet from the glass, I saw no drawing, in the usual sense of the term. I saw the tip of the brush touch the glass with a rapidity, a lightness, and a sureness I had never seen before, and then I saw, without any visible intermediate pattern that the eye could follow, the flowering bushes and the birds. Chagall may have been right earlier when he said, "There are no miracles in painting," but I would find it very hard to explain this apparition on any rational basis.

Brigitte had gone to the back of the room. We began to hear the Schubert Octet in F Major. "What wouldn't I give to be able to kiss his feet,"

Chagall said. "And Mozart. Bach, too." Charles Marq came into the atelier. Chagall put down his brush. "Just the man I want to see," he said. He moved over to the Moses lancet and gave Charles Marq a rapid inventory of all his criticisms of the bottom panel. "I want to see that today," he wound up.

"You'll have it after lunch," Charles Marq promised him.

"Good," Chagall said. "We'll move right along, then." He started the same performance for the panel next above. In quick succession he tapped half the pieces of glass in the panel. "I'll take that. I'll make you a present of that. This light blue is all right. The next one, make it darker." He groaned. "Oh, that's too much Othon Friesz. And this — pure Marie Laurencin."

Charles Marq grinned. "Well, you're collecting this morning."

"Write, Charles, write," Chagall said. Charles made his notations on the glass. Chagall tapped a few more pieces that troubled him. I heard a few more terms of abuse: "La Patellière — La Fresnaye — Boussingault — Oh, Boussingault, what a nightmare. Take it out. Get rid of it. I'll make you a present of it."

"Please, no more presents," Charles Marq begged him. "The atelier downstairs is piled high with your presents. There's hardly room to move around down there."

"Call a truck, then," Chagall said. "Move them out. But since I work for nothing, you can send the moving bill to Malraux."

ON OUR way up to lunch, the air grew more fragrant with each turn in the stairway.

"Ah! The pheasant!" Charles Marq said excitedly. "He's high."

Chagall sniffed. "A little strong, no?"

Brigitte took a deep breath. "Oh, no. He's just right. What a marvelous aroma! I love all natural odors."

It was natural. So natural that beside it a nice overripe Camembert would have smelled like orange blossom. By careful concentration I found my way to my seat. Charles Marq did a masterful job of carving. Chagall and I nibbled at a token slice and laid into the vegetables with considerably more enthusiasm. Brigitte and Charles did what is called justice to the bird.

Lunch over, we returned promptly to the atelier. Chagall picked up his pointer and headed for the Moses lancet. "All right, Charles," he said, "let's finish the job. I have to go back to Paris tonight." Charles Marq climbed up on the high ladder in front of the lancet.

"First of all," Chagall said, "those blue lines around the rainbow need to be opened up. Then, I want those deep-yellow lines moved out to the left border to warm up that whole area. Next to the cool area I'd like to have a warm one to envelop it. After that, I want you to soften up that violet piece at the top part of the angel's sun. And I want something warm around the sun."

"I'd like to put in a red like the one on the maquette," Charles Marq said.

Chagall looked puzzled. "What red, Charles?"

Charles Marq ran down the ladder and pointed out the red.

"All right," Chagall said, "and then a spot of silver-stain yellow right next, here. And over here, above Moses' head, you see a V-for-victory shape and a comma. That should be continued up."

"But then you'll be on top of the flock of sheep," Charles Marq said.

Chagall moved closer to the glass. "Well, maybe. All right. Let it go. But that round spot up there, in the angel's sun, I find that a bit too much. It makes a round within a round. Leave the lead, but change the form. And less violet. But up here, something red, *really* revolutionary." He pointed to the orange band around the upper sun. "I'd like to calm that down," he said. "It's a little too loud. Too decorative. And those three teeth, calm them down — at all cost."

"All right," Charles Marq said. "I'll have Michel put back the other piece. That was better."

"The one you had before?" Chagall asked. "Then engrave it. Maybe it's too pretty, though."

"No," Charles Marq said. "When you calm it with paint and then open up the blue, that will make it all right. If you put in blood-red like that, you can't go wrong. It always works."

"That wouldn't be too bad," Chagall said, "red there, and there in the band. What I want is an arc that is brighter, but not too pretty. I want it to have a sharp accent because it's the only one that will remain."

Charles Marq completed his annotations and came down off the ladder. Chagall walked over to "The Sacrifice of Abraham" and peered up at the angel in the point. "This morning when I got here I didn't know how I was going to do this," he said. "It's a struggle with the angel all the way. But a struggle that pays off, morally." He looked at his work carefully. "Of course, this is *my* feeling. I take from the Bible, but I leave others free to add to my feeling or to rebel against it, if they're not in agreement with it. It was that way when I made the Bible for Vollard. I didn't interpret it literally. Cézanne said you have to deform. When you deform, you dig down deeper. When you

copy, it's only photography. You have to find new forms. If what you do is just like the old way, it's no good, it's finished. That belongs to another period. We're living in our own time, with our own sufferings. Later on it will be something else. Others will come along and do things in a different way, go to Mars or the moon. The other Chagall who goes to the moon will do other things. We'll need *his* way as a document of those times."

He took another look at the angel and made a gesture with his right hand, as though he were giving a last turn to the screw. "Well, it's finally getting there," he said. He looked cheered. He picked up his brush and went back to work.

With the tea that afternoon, I asked Chagall when he expected to finish the Metz job. "It's hard to tell. This is the first window — first from the point of view of its location in the cathedral. The second one is in place now, with three lancets: 'Moses Receiving the Tables of the Law,' 'David and Bath-sheba,' and 'Jeremiah and the Exodus of the Jews.' That leaves just one more window, 'Paradise.' It's all in golden tones and not divided into three or four lancets, but all one. I've done the maquette. It's at Lefèvre-Foinet now being mounted on cloth. But when I'll finish it" — he shrugged — "that's hard to say. It takes courage and patience. I wonder sometimes if it's not a little stupid of me. Will I have enough strength? Can the human body resist? Even mine? My wife thinks I'm crazy. No other artist made efforts like this. Cézanne and Matisse painted pictures, quietly. Even van Gogh. They went on painting pictures, but they didn't make any high jumps. But this corresponds to our times. Hot war, cold war.

"Maybe I should relax, sit down in my studio, and keep on painting little pictures. Until 1923 I was calm, satisfied, a fellow turning out pictures like everybody else, good or bad. In that year I began painting *La Chute de l'Ange*, the one you saw in the exhibition in Geneva last summer. I didn't finish it until 1947, but that started me off. I began to feel way back then that painting pictures in the studio wasn't enough. I had to get out of the atelier. The artist *must* get outside, not, like Courbet, to pull down the Vendôme column, but get outside and work in depth. And ever since 1923 it's been like that, maybe too much. I shouldn't accept things that don't amount to much, like the ceiling of the Opéra."

He turned to the lancet. "But this remains. It's high up, but that's all right. It's in a corner, but Masaccio is in a corner, too, in the Brancacci chapel, and he goes on living. Art isn't something that's made for a museum. Art itself has the nature of a chapel, of something sacred, a sanctuary.

You go into a museum; you see a still life or a landscape. Maybe you look at it. Maybe you pass it by without looking. Museums are full of turds. What difference does it make, one more or less? But go into the Brancacci chapel. Masaccio lifts you up and enfolds you. Ten thousand still lifes aren't worth one foot by Masaccio. There's a woman with a child in her arms that puts to shame all the Matisse in all the museums everywhere. And the scene with Christ stretching out His hand."

Chagall sighed. "In my head I see many things, but I don't know whether I'll be able to realize them. If I have the opportunity, the strength. I can't do everything. I may have to forget about the ceiling of the Opéra. But I think the Israeli Parliament building I should do. But I can't paint huge surfaces for them. It's too much for me. Whatever I do in that form I'll do for the *Messages Bibliques*. Anyway, I'll do the maquette for the Israeli Parliament. The cartoon will be executed under my supervision, and they'll make the tapestry afterward. But I've got to finish Metz first. One window is installed, this one is well along, and the third I'll start soon. When it will be done, I don't know. I'll work along as well as I can. I can't be in too much of a hurry. The French government won't even say thank you, but who cares? In the brochure they sell at the Cathedral of Metz, there's a note to the effect that Chagall doesn't



know architecture, put in, I suppose, by some administrative assistant at the cathedral."

I asked Chagall what books he was working on at the moment. "With *Tériade*, I'm doing *Le Cirque*, with engravings in black and white, and for a Swiss publisher, a book of my poems illustrated with wood engravings. First time I've done wood engravings. That book will take me a year or two, but I'll spend three or four years on *Le Cirque*. It's always a long time with *Tériade*. Not so long as with Vollard, though. But if Vollard hadn't commissioned me to do those big books, there wouldn't be any *Tériade*. Nobody would do all those hundreds of plates: a hundred for La Fontaine, a hundred and five for the Bible, and a hundred and seven for Gogol.

"But the stained glass interests me more than all that. What I want to get down on glass are the most fanciful things, like a child, and let that become the rule. Not to begin with a rule and expect to make things that move. I want to do the most childlike things, things that may seem crazy to others, but do them to perfection."

I told him I had never seen a brush dance the way his was dancing this morning, above Abraham's head. He didn't actually draw anything on the left side; his brush danced, with infinitesimal vibrations, and then everything was there. "But you shouldn't draw," Chagall said. "There are millions of planets scattered throughout the world, perhaps scattered in just the same way as those tiny brushstrokes. Maybe that sounds presumptuous, but I'm not talking about myself. Billions and billions of planets, including our own, which may be the smallest of them all. So you peck along and peck along. But there's a science behind it, provided it's intelligible and flows like a deluge. There is a rule. In true instinct there is a rule. But in the rule there is often no instinct, when it's the brain that directs. My ideas aren't exactly French. The Frenchman begins, like Matisse, with a rule. Or like Rouault. And that becomes petty as a work of art. Good, fair enough, average. Very Latin." Chagall wiped his nose.

"Are you satisfied with what you've done this time?" Brigitte asked.

Chagall nodded. "I'd like to work this way all the time. Last week I did 'Jacob's Dream' and began work on 'Jacob Wrestling with the Angel.' This week I finished that, did all of 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,' and got 'Moses' well under way. I drove myself, maybe, but it came out all right."

"A lot better than all right," Brigitte said. "You take it easy tomorrow."

"Tomorrow I have to work on some lithographs at Mourlot's," Chagall said. "Later in the day, I have to see Malraux. Then I'll rest, maybe."

"I didn't tell you about the window at Beauvais Cathedral, did I?" Brigitte asked.

Chagall put down his teacup. "What are you talking about?"

"There's a marvelous window there for you," Brigitte said.

"Jacques Dupont wants me to do it?"

"Oh, yes."

"How many windows?"

"There's a group of sixteenth-century windows that you will like tremendously, and you'll fit in there perfectly," Brigitte said. "Your window is in the chapel at the right of the choir, in the transept, near a large window, very bold and very daring — 'The Tree of Jesse' by Angrand le Prince."

"We'll go look at it," Chagall said.

"After you're all better," said Brigitte. "I've never seen such interesting glass as at Beauvais."

"But one is missing?"

"That's right," said Brigitte. "One with two lancets, about seven meters by one and a half. And then there are two windows of antique glass that have the bottom panels missing; each panel about three meters by one and a quarter. Charles and I were wondering if it wouldn't be very interesting for you to do some stained glass that could be incorporated with the old glass that still remains in those two."

"That *would* be interesting," Chagall said. "Is it good, the old?"

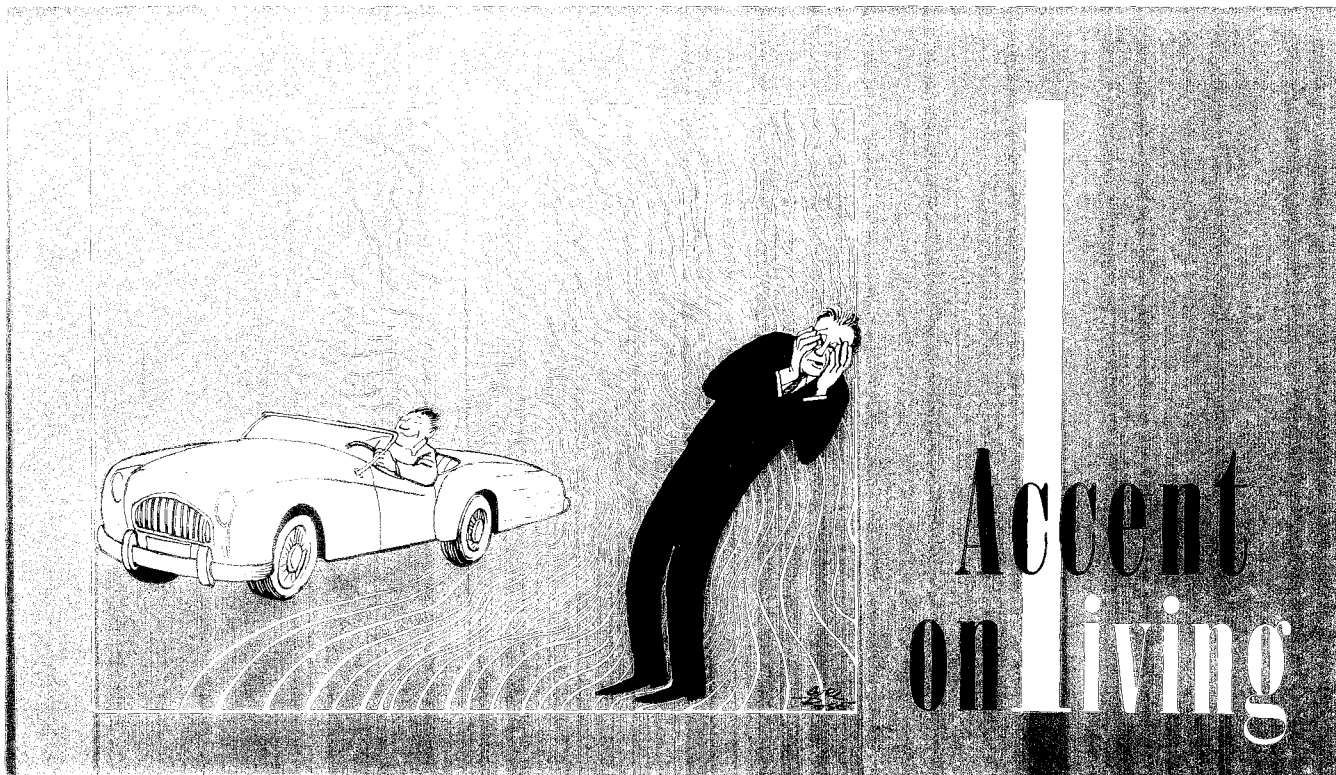
"You'll see," Brigitte said. Chagall sipped at the hot tea. Suddenly, looking up over Brigitte's head, at the point of the Moses lancet, he said, "Where's the bird? The little bird at the top?"

Brigitte turned around. "Oh. He flew away when we engraved that piece," she said. "You can put him back next time. They're all finished, your little changes, I suppose."

"Ah, I make no promises," Chagall said.

"Of course," Brigitte said. "I meant almost. It's never really finished."

"Oh, no," Chagall said. "I'm satisfied with the way it's shaping up. I just want to put a little more into it. Just a little. You know, Cézanne was right when he said with a *few* colors you make a painting. With a lot of colors — artificial colors made in a factory — what do you get? And canvas, made in a factory? You can't put too much confidence in all those factory-made ingredients. Here you have all the natural elements: fire, air, water, earth — it's all in the glass. And then the light. And when things are made by the soul, like Schubert and Mozart —" Chagall smiled. "When you work for the good Lord, it's very nice. It doesn't mean you get to paradise, but it's something, anyway."



Accent on Living

THE NOISEMAKERS

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

"You will thrill to the deep-throated power growl from its twin tailpipes. . . ."

"Its full-bodied exhaust note betokens the flashing acceleration that is yours at a touch of the throttle. . . ."

True. All too true. Especially at 3 A.M. outside your open window in the summertime. What, wake you up? Sorry old man, but you must realize that the enthusiasts feel that the blare of a sports car's exhaust is just as much fun as the rest of its performance, provided, of course, that the blare is loud enough. *Bl-l-l-l-awp! Br-r-r-r-ap! Blip! Blip-blip! Bl-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw. . . .*

The well-appointed automobile of a half century ago came equipped with a muffler cutout, a pedal-operated device which opened the exhaust system somewhere between the manifold and the muffler and allowed the full noise output to be heard uninhibited. The unmuffled exhaust was believed to increase the power as well as please the owner. On Stutz cars, for example, the cut-

out was located at the elbow where the pipe joined the manifold, so that it directed the blast of the exhaust straight at the ground, which dusted things up powerfully on a dirt road; indeed, the Stutz cutout would raise a goodly cloud of dust even when the car was not in motion.

The use of cutouts was frowned on in built-up areas. Many cities prohibited their use. By 1920 most manufacturers were no longer supplying them as standard equipment. A state law in New York prohibited the existence of a cutout on motorcycles, quite without regard to whether or not the cutout was used. But even motor scooters scream out more noise today than a seventy-four-inch Harley or Indian used to make, while the high-powered imports from England, Germany, and Japan sound impressively like a jet passenger liner on its takeoff.

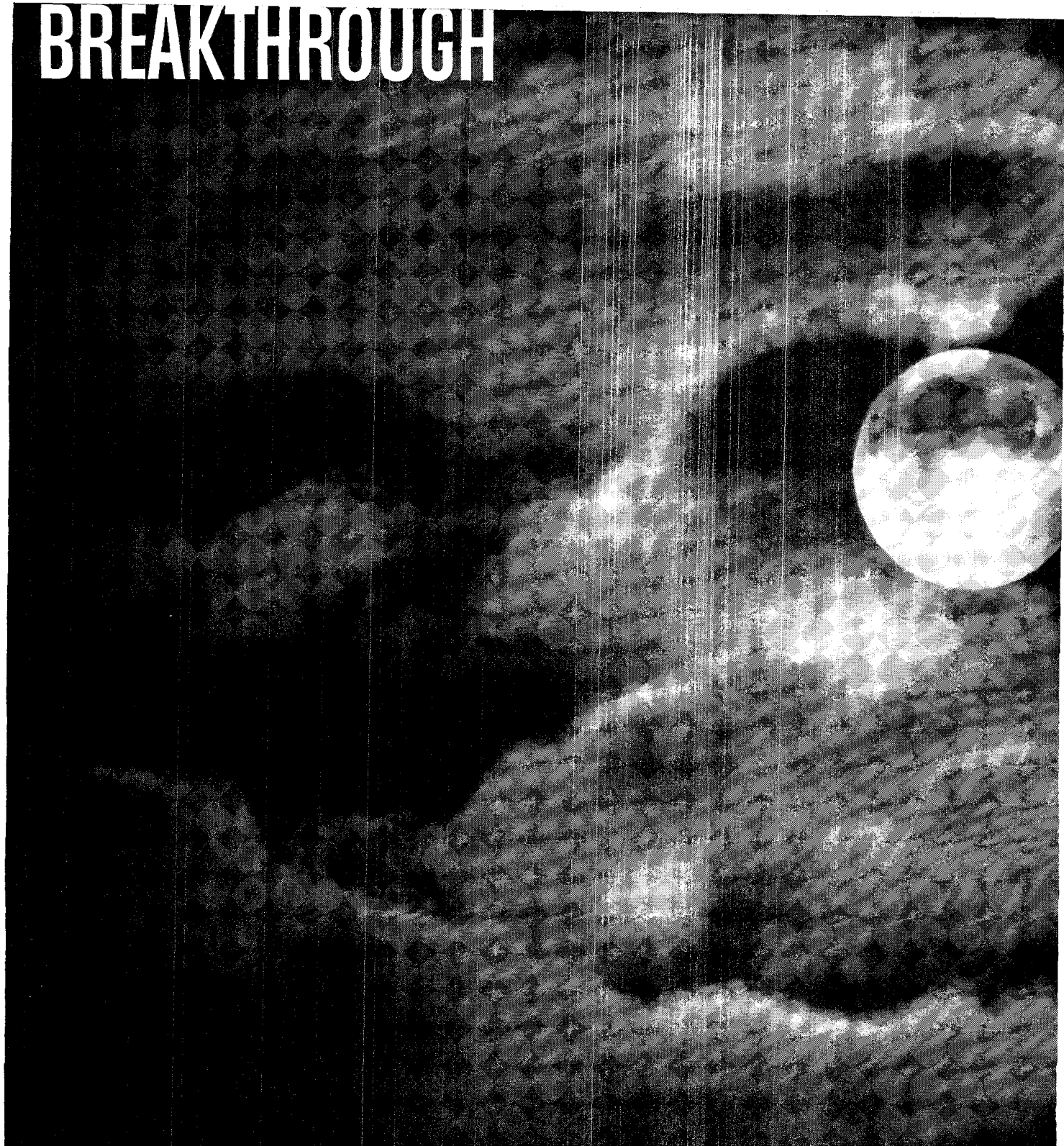
Conspicuous among today's noisemakers are the small, neat, more or less fraudulent sports cars, which offset their lack of performance by an extra output of decibels. These cars are relatively inexpensive and consequently numerous, and their owners seem to be revenging themselves for having bought a lemon by trying to sound like a chain saw.

Anyone who has shared one of their jolting rides, with cheap American cars outjumping them at all the stops, can understand the depth of their owners' chagrin.

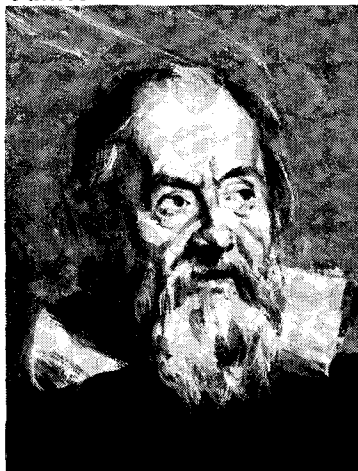
Immunity from police remonstrance, in the matter of excessive noise, now depends on what the car looks like and how many passengers it carries. The driver of a Buick or a Chrysler sedan, for example, whose leaky muffler is causing a bit of a clatter, is ticketed in short order. But, sufficient to drown out the noise of a dozen like this temporary and perhaps unintentional miscreant, the sports car's uproar seems to fall gratefully on the ears of the law.

What the noncombatant would like to know, as the enthusiasts go whomping about the quiet night streets, is who determines the quotient of exhaust noise? Why has A the right to be much louder than B? Sleepers in metropolitan areas have long since built into their dreams the whines and groans of the buses beneath their windows. Their other choice is not to live on a bus line. But the exhaust blipper sticks to no route: if he misses you in town, he is just as likely to rip past your little retreat in the country and wake you up, usually at 3 A.M.

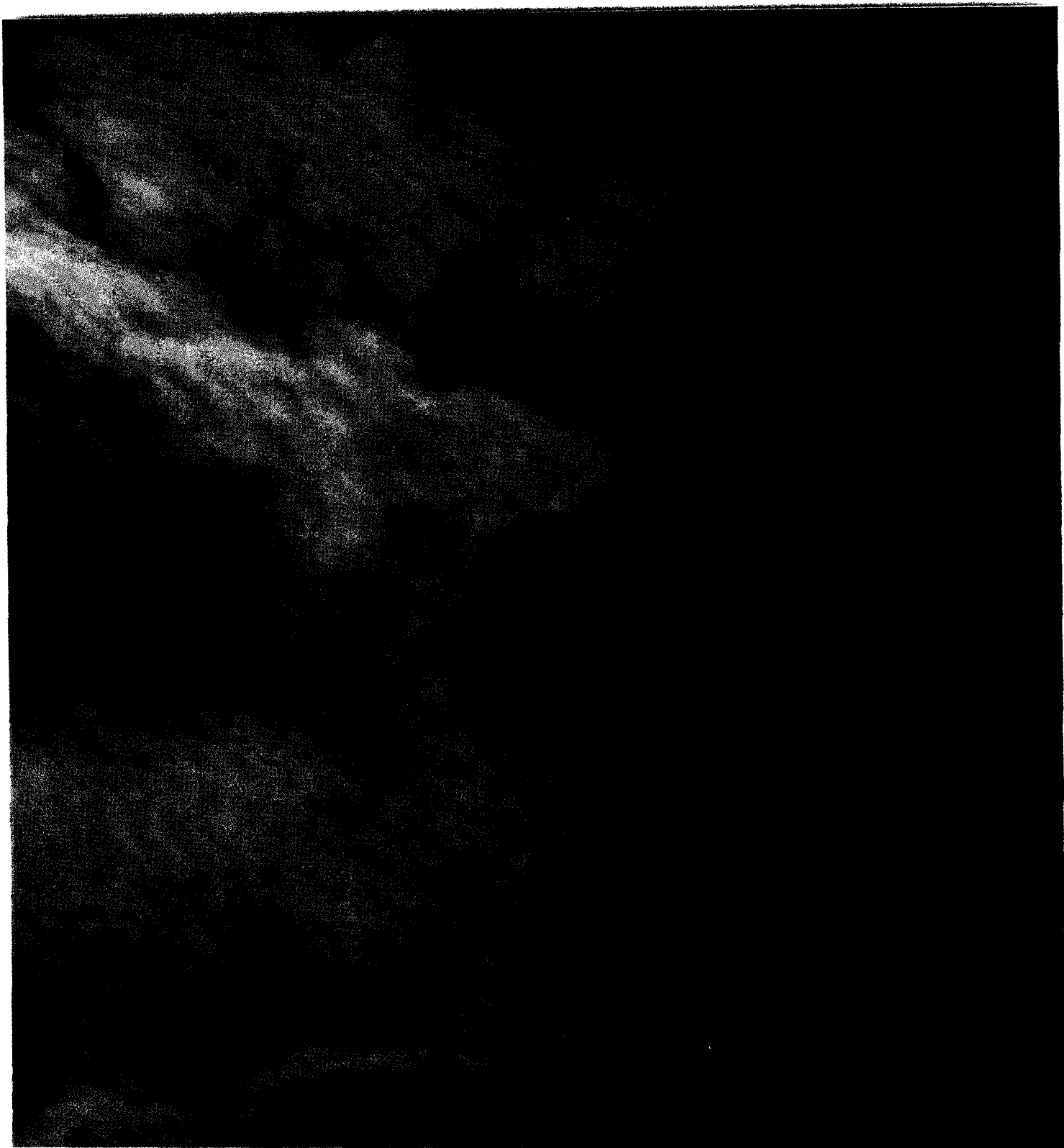
BREAKTHROUGH



Galileo



In night skies he sighted the dawn
of a space age.



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fore Galileo's observations early in the 17th century, no man had seen the mountains of the moon. Known were phenomena like the phases of the moon which were to supply *visible* evidence that the planets revolve around the sun.

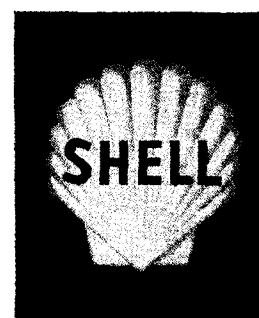
Then Galileo—astronomer, physicist, mathematician—using lenses set in a lead tube, opened heavens wonders to view. Through his telescope came knowledge leading to new knowledge...knowledge that will help man travel to the moon.

That is the way of breakthroughs. They launch new ages of scientific progress. To insure tomorrow's advances, we must encourage today's men of vision. That is why Shell undertakes a program of support for education which provides scholarships

for deserving students, research grants for universities, and unique Shell Merit Fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques.

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SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU

Never on Wednesdays

BY MACKINLEY HELM

MACKINLEY HELM, who wrote many articles for the *ATLANTIC* over the past two decades, died recently at his home in California. He had just completed a leisurely trip around the world, and the following little piece came from his sojourn in Bangkok.

The monsoons were over before I went to Bangkok last winter; I had reserved a riverside bedroom at the Oriental Hotel, and so I had expected to keep fairly cool during my prospective visit. Yet, once there I soon found myself sleeping badly. The nights were steamy. They seemed hotter than midday. At noon, I could be out on the river, eating chilled purple papaya under a canopy. Or I could spend two or three comfortable hours over an epicure's luncheon in the air-cooled restaurant at the top of a tower that rose over my balcony. (Bangkok prawns are the best in the world, may my Dublin friends curse me.)

The steamy nights proved exhausting. After a couple of sleepless hours, I would turn off the air blower, a contraption contrived to give off more clatter than coolness, and sleep a few minutes in a moist bath of sweat. Then I would be up to turn the infernal machine on again, drink cold tea from a thermos, and turn over the pages of a book of Thailand history or thumb through an illustrated brochure about Angkor Wat in Cambodia until fatigue once more closed my eyes.

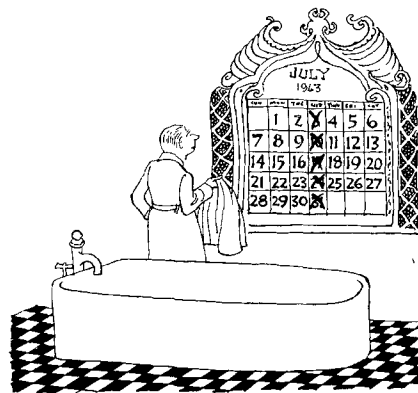
It was on such a night, my discomfort compounded by headache and vague apprehension, that I took up an unread copy of the Sunday magazine section of the *Bangkok World*. The leading article, on page three, was captioned as follows, in extra-bold capitals: "DON'T BATHE TOO MUCH ON WEDNESDAY."

It turned out that the newspaper story, by one Phongthep Mahapauraya, suggested a promising cure for my Bangkok insomnia. I began the next day to go in for massage, the "serious" massage that Phongthep commended, and likewise to consider his advice about bathing on Wednesday.

The elderly masseurs at the serious massage clinics in Bangkok, as opposed to the petite Thailand sirens who operate at the gaudy and widely publicized tourist parlors, have been taught by ancient Thailand tradition that the cure for many bodily

ills is to be found in the manipulation of one or another of the ten major tendons and the 72,000 sinews which radiate in every direction from each human navel.

These gentlemen, said our author, know that if you eat too much coconut meat on Tuesday and are, in consequence, afflicted with pains in the thorax on Wednesday, you must have your flanks kneaded from the spine outward, in clockwise motion, with rhythmical pressures on the solar plexus. Nausea caused by over-indulgence in roast pork and sweetmeats on Friday is cured by massage of the back and the chest. Hiccups give way to massage of the throat.



Nervous tics and twitches diminish and disappear when the forehead and temples are kneaded. For insomnia, as Phongthep advised, the practitioner massages the shins, temples, and shoulders.

It became clear to me, in the course of my reading, that I was the victim of something more malignant than tropical heat waves and noisy air coolers, and since I had eaten no coconut on Tuesday or roast pork on Friday, I had to fall back on the supposition that I had bathed too much on Wednesday. That is the day of all days, said tradition, when the Thailand people are exposed to unfavorable and malevolent winds.

Unwilling to wait until the following Thursday to discover whether a more temperate habit of bathing on Wednesday would permit me to sleep, I visited the hotel barber on Monday — correctly supposing that

in that ancient land a barber might still be filling the antique office of surgeon.

Although the barber proved to be a young man, I filled him in on my recent pathological history while he was cutting my hair. When he had finished his work with the shears, he went silently and spontaneously after my temples and shoulder muscles with his muscular fingers, explaining, when the treatment was finished, that though he was indeed young, he had served an apprenticeship in the old therapeutic tradition.

I now felt so good, so relaxed and expansive, that I ordered a facial, and when I came out of that process, the skin of my face tight and rosy, the barber dug his thumbs into four points on my shinbones. I called out in dismay, so sharp was the pain. The barber smiled. "I think," said he, "that we have got at the seat of your trouble." He advised me, however, to stay away from the swimming pool the next Wednesday.

I slept pretty well Monday night, dreaming fitfully but not wakefully of picturesque floating markets, golden Buddhas, barefoot monks, and the Princess Chumbhat's lacquered pavilions. And if for a time I tossed about on my bed Tuesday night, it was only because I was trying to decide when to bathe — or not bathe — the next day.

Three showers a day are the rule in Bangkok, at least among foreigners unused to the heat: in the morning, early evening, and at bedtime. So before I went off to sleep, I tried to make calculations about which of the times of refreshment I could most easily bear to ignore. I could not quite decide to abandon the cold morning bath before my breakfast of ripe oranges and good Java coffee; nor could I quite accept abstinence from the cool delight of a dip in the blue pool by the river after a hot afternoon at the temple Wat Po, from whose frescoed walls the barber had promised me a pictorial course in the self-massage of the yogis. Nor did I relish the idea of dressing unbathed before dinner, in order to lie down, at a later hour, only momentarily gratified by the pleasant sensation of chill induced in hot climates by unheated bath water. So since I couldn't bear to declare any one of these balms to the heated body to be superior to the others, I cried a plague on them all. I decided to

renounce the use of all water on Wednesday.

I went to bed Wednesday at midnight and slept like a baby, slept until noon the next day. Some weeks later, after a series of these abstinent Wednesdays, I was saying goodbye to my friend the barber, whom I had continued to visit for consolation. I thanked him for all his kind offices to my temples and shins. "You have been a good patient," he said. "You don't bathe too much on Wednesday."

Pup, Pup, Pup

BY SARA WEEKS

SARA WEEKS is a Boston housewife, mother of two, whose book for children, *TALES OF A COMMON PIGEON*, was published in 1960. This is her first appearance in the *ATLANTIC*.

Yesterday, when I put on my boots to trudge out through the snow with the garbage, I thought about my last ski trip to the north country. It was a memorable trip: In five days I skied for half an hour, mostly uphill. But I learned more about cooking then than I ever have since.

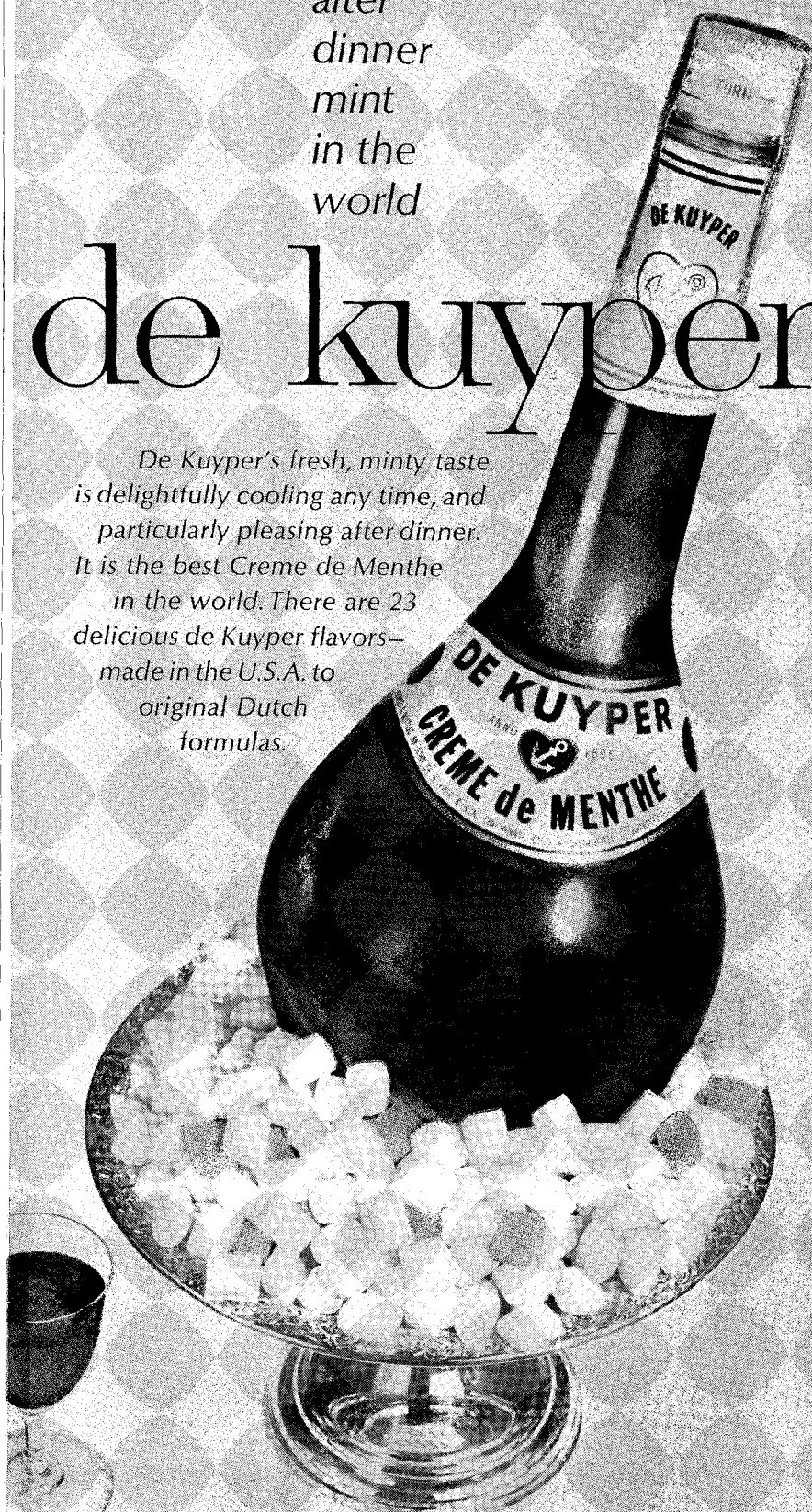
Three of us went to a little log cabin built by my friends' parents on their honeymoon. On the morning of the third day the other two vanished into the path we had dug that morning. "Have dinner ready by the time we get back," they said airily. From the cabin door I watched their hats glide around the corner of the drifts. There was an awful lot of snow. Pans of it, melting to make our water supply, covered the woodstove.

I wasn't overjoyed at having drawn the evening cooking detail. At fifteen, I knew I wasn't much of a cook. This troubled me, since the meal I had drawn was to be the high point of our stay: roast chicken, rice, canned peas (the dessert was chocolate pudding, which Betty had already made). Even though I didn't stuff it, I worried a good deal about that chicken—how hot the stove should be, how I would know when it was done—and I had a real dilemma about the rice. This all happened in the days before packaging became so elaborate. I had two cellophane-wrapped bundles of

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dinner
mint
in the
world

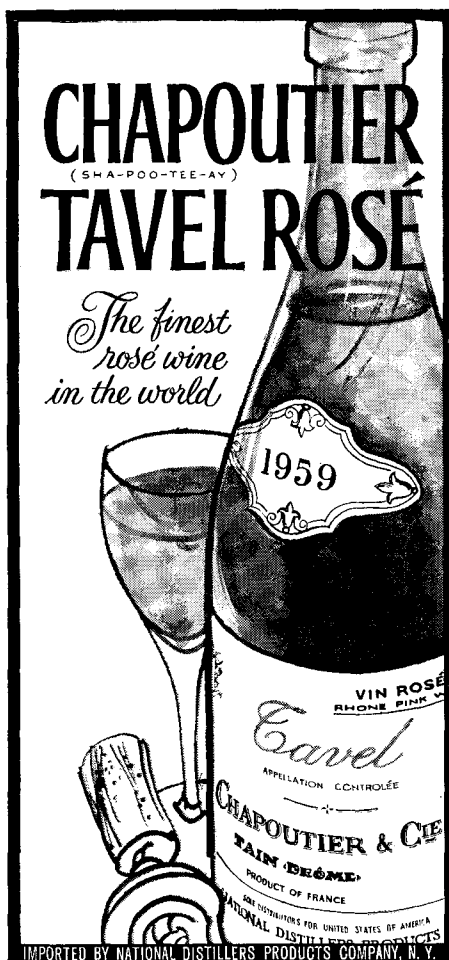
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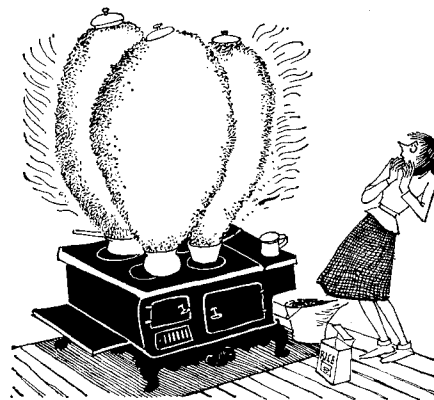
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what was simply called long grain rice. No instructions. I knew there was something mysterious about rice, but what I couldn't remember was whether you allowed one cup of rice for three people or three cups of rice for one person. I decided it would be much worse not to have enough, so I followed the generous proportion, measuring nine cups of rice into a large saucepan and covering it with snow-water. I put a lid on it and then went off to the woodshed to chop up a little more kindling. I wasn't much better at chopping, so I suppose I was there about twenty minutes.

A very peculiar sound greeted me on my return, a sort of gentle little *pup, pup, pup*. The lid of the saucepan rose a bit with each *pup*. I was shocked when I lifted the lid to see that the pan was solid with rice that wasn't even cooked but still seemed to be rising. I emptied half the rice from that pan into another and again filled both with snow-water. It wasn't any time at all before both were going *pup, pup, pup*. The bulk of the rice was increasing at such an alarming rate I could hardly keep up with it. All the saucepans in the cupboard (five) were full — and rising — when I sacrificed the dishpan. Luckily, by then the rice was nearly cooked. At about that time my two friends came back. They stood in the doorway, horrified.



"What is all that?" said Betty. "Where's the chicken?" said Peter. The chicken was delicious. So was the rice — that night. But two days later, none of us could even bear to mention it. We ate it for every meal, with prunes or raisins in it for breakfast, in soup for lunch, just plain for supper. The dishpan was still full. Peter disappeared with it just before we left. I never did ask him what he did with it, but he took the path to the outdoor loo.

Occasionally I'm haunted by a strange nightmare. I am plodding along through a vast white landscape — mountains and hills covered with snow. I'm very cold and tired, and it gets harder and harder to move one foot in front of the other. Suddenly I look down and find that I'm not walking through snow at all but through mounds of cold rice.

Read Now, Pay Later

BY W. F. MIKSCH

W. F. MIKSCH is a free-lance writer living in Newtown, Connecticut. He was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and attended Moravian College.

I don't think my creditors realize it, but their habit of stuffing all sorts of reading matter into my monthly statement envelopes is only contributing to the delinquency of a debtor — of this debtor, anyway. I can't write checks and read at the same time.

It is with the best of intentions that I sit down with pen and checkbook to settle my account with the light company. But upon opening their envelope, the first thing that hops out is an inviting six-page, two-color house organ entitled *Connecticut Now and Then*, and my attention is captured at once by a sentence halfway

down a page which says, "Not so well known is that Nathan Hale was apparently betrayed by his own cousin whose sympathies lay with the British cause."

Well! Putting aside pen and checkbook, I get to thinking about my own cousins and wondering what the Hale family reunions must have been like, and before I know it, it is Sunday. There is no point in writing a check on Sunday because checks bearing Sunday datemarks are not legal and may bounce. (I know this is said to be an old wives' tale, but it is one I prefer to believe.)

On Monday, leaving the light bill

still untouched in its envelope (if it really *is* in there at all), I get on with my reading. There is a good deal more about Nathan Hale, plus a recipe for honey fruit-salad dressing, a progress report on the light company's atomic-power program, and the surprising news that "popcorn will pop better if you sprinkle it with a little warm water before putting it into the popper." (I am not ungrateful for such information; I'm just trying to explain why I don't get around to paying my bills on time.)

Since I've never taken a course in



speed reading, the weeks slip by, and presently along comes another envelope from the light company. This time I get to glance at the bill, and they obviously are put out with me over my tardiness, yet not so put out that they have withheld the latest free copy of *Connecticut Now and Then*. It is an even better issue than the last, but before I can finish reading it the lights go out.

I have singled out the light company, but it is the same with most of my creditors. Each seems to try to soften the blow of its invoice by padding it with plenty of good reading entertainment. I particularly like *Telephone News* ("Published monthly for customers of The Southern New England Telephone Co."). Last month its "For the Puzzlers" column posed this one: "If a box of anagram letters contains 8 G's, 9 M's and 30 each of A, N, R, how many ways are there to pick out and arrange the letters to make the word *Anagram*?" I am still picking out and arranging. If you know the answer, don't bother trying to call me. My phone is disconnected.

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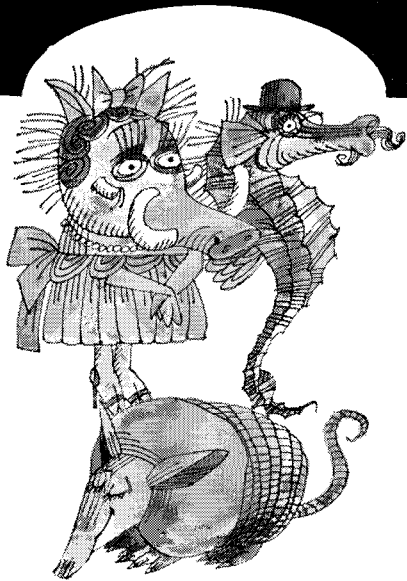
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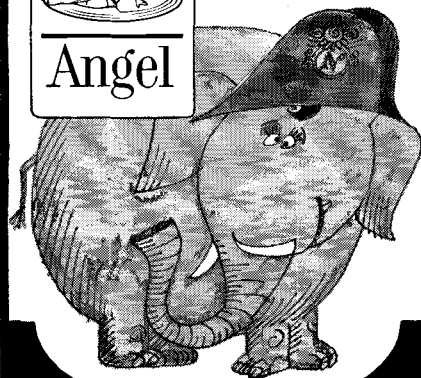
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sured fifty-seven feet), bicycle safety ("Warn of your approach — day and night"), and Polaris submarines (vegetables can be grown aboard; carrots do not do well down there, however). If I skim through it, skipping words here and there, I often am able to finish it and pay my premium before the thirty-day grace period expires.

Statements from the Diners' Club and those few department stores which still trust me come in envelopes packed so thick with printed matter that I frequently file them — unopened — in a shoebox labeled "Reading for a Rainy Day." Sometimes, when I finally do get around to paying, I grow so confused by the profusion of paper slips that I return all the wrong things, instead of the check and bill stub which my creditor is expecting.

As with many business practices, I am not sure what motivates this one. Is all this free library service

designed to put me in a prodigal frame of mind, conducive to check writing? Then they cannot know how readily I am sidetracked by something to read. Are they trying to present a friendlier image? It is practically impossible to revise my image of a creditor as the Man With the Whip. Or has it nothing at all to do with me? Are they simply driven by some thrift compulsion to fill envelopes right up to the weight limit on the postage meter? Could they be expressing a subconscious desire to be in the communications business rather than in that of collections?

Whatever it is, they must realize that my chronic arrears are due more to my being a slow reader than a slow payer. If they are willing to wait for their money, then I shall go on enjoying every word they send me, along with all the pretty pictures. Otherwise, I shall have to find some new, less literate creditors.

A MAN WHO SITS UP NIGHTS

BY MAXINE W. KUMIN

An author is a man who sits up nights
and writes
and writes
and writes
and writes
and writes.

(It always takes him ages
to fill up fifty pages.)

Although his children think their father's dear,
they rather wish he were an engineer

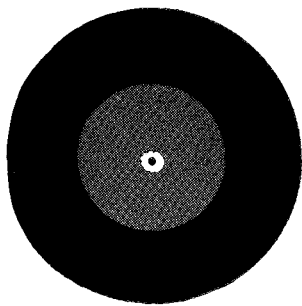
and took the 8:09 to town each day
and went to bed at night the proper way

instead of spending ages
filling fifty pages.

They borrow all his paper clips and inks
and ask him what he's thinking when he thinks

and if he tells them what — which he should *not* —
they always know a much, much better plot.

An author is a man who sits up nights
and writes
and writes
and writes
and writes
and writes.



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Barber: Knoxville, Summer of 1915, for Soprano and Orchestra, Opus 24

Berlioz: Nuits d'Été, Opus 7

William Strickland conducting Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orchestra; Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML-5843 (monaural)

Samuel Barber's *Knoxville, Summer of 1915*, with a text by the late James Agee, has taken on the stature of an American musical classic, as has Eleanor Steber's singing of it. It was she who commissioned the work, gave it its world premiere with Serge Koussevitzky in 1948, and made its first recording in 1950. This is the same recording, reissued by Columbia and coupled with another Steber re-release, Berlioz's haunting song cycle *Nuits d'Été*. Both belong in the active catalogue, and it is good to have them back there, though Columbia might have indicated clearly on the jacket that these are, in fact, reissues and not new recordings.

Britten: War Requiem, Opus 66

Benjamin Britten conducting London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Melos Ensemble, and Highgate School Choir, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Peter Pears, tenor; and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; London OSA-1255 (stereo) and A-4255: two records

Wilfred Owen was a British poet killed in action at the age of twenty-five in Flanders on November 4, 1918 — exactly one week before the armistice. Such poems as "Anthem for Doomed Youth," "The Next War," "Futility," and "Strange Meeting" have survived not only his war but another, without losing in poignancy or pertinence. Now Benjamin Britten, England's foremost composer, has set Owen's poetry to music in his *War Requiem*, a

work which, despite some banal and uninspired passages, is a massive, moving, and exalted achievement. Britten chose to alternate Owen's poems with the Latin text of the Mass for the Dead, melding them into a *Requiem* sometimes intimate, sometimes marmoreal. The ecclesiastical portions, particularly the "*Dies Irae*," seem modeled on Verdi's *Requiem*, and are less personal and touching than the settings of the Owen poems. Despite its unevenness, the music abounds in emotional power and dramatic effect, and keeps faith with the poet who wrote: "Above all I am not concerned with Poetry./My subject is War, and the pity of War./The Poetry is in the pity." As if to point up the *War Requiem's* immediacy, the three main performers in this recording are a Briton, a German, and a Russian, with Peter Pears and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau blending their voices beautifully in Owen's poems, and Galina Vishnevskaya soaring securely and serenely through the Latin Mass.

Lehár: The Merry Widow

Franz Allers conducting American Opera Society Orchestra and Chorus with Lisa Della Casa and Laurel Hurley, sopranos; Charles K. L. Davis, tenor; and John Reardon, baritone; Columbia OS-2280 (stereo) and OL-5880

Although this *Merry Widow* is graced with an expert and appealing cast, and excellent sound, what sets it apart from a mass of competitors is that it is sung in a new, tasteful, and amusing English translation by Merl Puffer and Deena Cavalieri — a translation in which, for instance, Count Danilo flees to Maxim's to escape red tape and endless conferences. Lisa Della Casa is a Widow whose English is charmingly accented, and John Reardon an engaging and warm-voiced Danilo. The work is abridged, but it is the most captivating one-record version available in any language.

Chaucer: The Canterbury Tales (selections)

The Pardoner's Tale, read in modern English by Michéal MacLiammoir; The Miller's Tale, read in modern English by Stanley Holloway; Caedmon TC-1130 (monaural only)

General Prologue; Prologue to the Parson's Tale; Chaucer's Retraction, read in Middle English by J. B. Bessinger, Jr.; Caedmon TC-1151 (monaural only)

"Painless Chaucer" might well serve as a general title for records such as the presentations by Michéal MacLiammoir and Stanley Holloway of two of the choicest *Canterbury Tales*, in breezy modern English "translations" by Theodore Morrison. MacLiammoir's reading of "The Pardoner's Tale" vividly creates a character in addition to recounting the story of three profligates' deaths through avarice and treachery. Holloway, for his part, is content to tell a bawdy, earthy story with unadorned straightforwardness. Mr. Bessinger's record — to a nonspecialist, at any rate — is much less fun and of interest chiefly as one expert's version of what "Whanne that Aprille with his shoures sote" actually sounded like in its own day.

She Was Poor but She Was Honest: Nice, Naughty and Nourishing Songs of the London Music Hall and Pubs

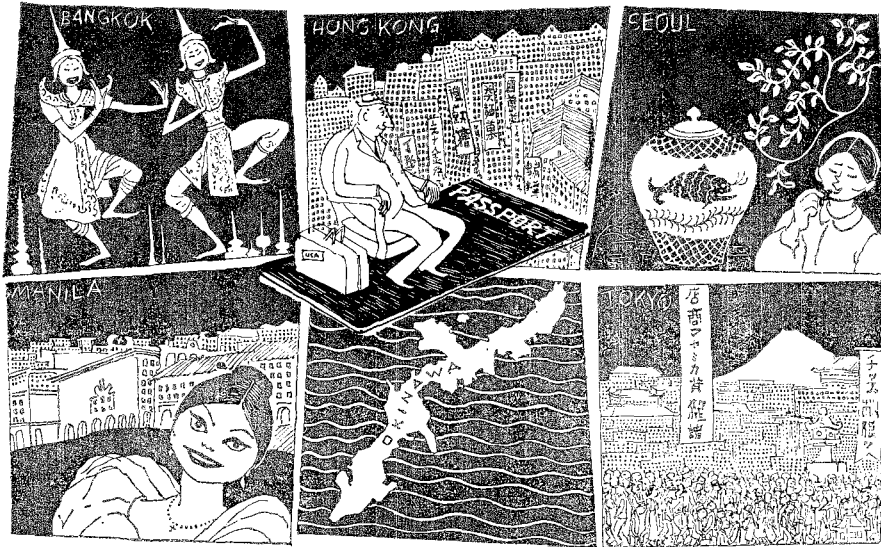
Sung by Derek Lamb with guitar, banjo, violin, and choral accompaniment; Folkways FW-8707 (monaural)

Don't Go in the Lion's Cage Tonight, and Other Heartrending Ballads and Raucous Ditties

Sung by Julie Andrews with the Quartones and an orchestra conducted by Robert Mersey; Columbia CS-8686 (stereo) and CL-1886

These two records share a common point of origin, the London music hall, but their divergencies are more notable than their similarities, and there is not the slightest duplication of repertory. Julie Andrews, the original Eliza Doolittle of *My Fair Lady*, gives a decidedly American cast to her record with the likes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." Furthermore, though she sings charmingly, more often than not she spoofs the old ballads just a bit more than connoisseurs of the style may fancy. Derek Lamb is more earnest about his work. He applies a light and sweet-sounding lyric voice to an astoundingly varied collection of music hall songs and poems, including such arresting titles as "They're Moving Grandpa's Grave to Build a Sewer" and "The Little Shirt My Mother Made for Me." A word of warning: elegance and elevation are not basic elements in all of Mr. Lamb's ballads, which encompass the horrendous "Sweeny Todd the Barber" and the ribald "Barsted King of England." Not a record, obviously, for the *jeune fille*.

pleasures and places



REASONS FOR TRAVEL

BY EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER

The litter of embarkation cards and disembarkation cards that a person leaves behind as he travels about the world — sometimes I wonder where it will all end. Will the world presently be smothered by the heaps of cards as by an oyster population out of control?

I have left behind such a litter that I can pretty well fill out a card in a state between dreaming and waking. "Number of Passport: 106652. Date of Issue: May 19, 1958. Date of Expiration: Four years later. Place of Issue: Tokyo." And so on.

There is only one entry that gives me pause: "Occupation." I could say "writer," I suppose, but that seems pretentious if not downright fraudulent, like calling yourself an archangel. I could say "hack," but then out would come the dictionary, and the customs inspector would say, "You are not a horse let out for hire." So generally I say "self-employed," and hurry on. I do not worry about the problem as much as I used to, for someone remarked not long ago that there must be a great many people who have the same trouble — Queen Elizabeth or the Pope, for example.

The crisis past, I go to sleep again

for the rest of the card: "Port of Arrival: Bombay. Address while in India: Care of American Express. Currency: None. Business Acquaintances in India: None. Purpose of Visit: Tourism." Although I greatly dislike the word "tourism," which sounds like an ideology, I always use it, whatever the actual purpose of the visit. It is the least conspicuous answer, and so the smoothest, and a person who does any traveling soon learns the virtues of a little harmless fibbing. If he admits that he does, in fact, have a few odd coins from the last trip to India or that he does have a business acquaintance, a curio dealer in Delhi, he will probably have to post bond and make five special trips to Santa-cruz Airport, which is farther from Bombay than most airports are from most cities.

But I sometimes think how much fun it would be to put down the actual purpose of each trip, and watch the boggling.

For Manila and Bangkok it might be: "To look at the girls." I would not mean, by so answering, that I meant to molest the girls, or act in any way deleterious to the public morals. I would mean simply what I said — that I wanted to look at

them, as one might go to London and have a look at the Elgin marbles, or to Agra and have a look at the Taj Mahal, for they are among the supreme products of the human race.

Sometimes you see them in other places. Walking down a street in Honolulu, you become aware that a new focal point has come into the scene, to dominate it like the morning star; and there she is half a block away, a girl with a pair of great, soft, heavy-lashed Southeast Asian eyes. In Bangkok and Manila these girls are everywhere.

In Manila, again, and in Seoul, it might be: "To listen to the voices." Whether the language is English or the native Tagalog, there is something singularly engaging about Filipino speech. As the sun goes down in a tropical explosion over Bataan across the bay, the hawkers up and down the Luneta seawall call out, "*Balút, balút, balút,*" and somehow the tropical colors are in the words. The wares are said to be very attractive too. I have lacked the courage to try them, however, and I have had Filipinos tell me that they are sold at sunset for good reason. Many people cannot stand to eat them except in darkness, which follows very quickly upon a tropical sunset. A *balút* is an unhatched chicken, still in the shell.

When the Filipinos use English their speech is just enough offbeat to be constantly lively and amusing. There are signs on the campus of the University of the Philippines which catch and crystallize the plaintive lilt in Filipino English: "Please do not pluck the flowers."

In Korea it is the throaty *l* of the Korean language that pleases. It goes with the wild folk music of Korea, and the wild flinging dances. A person has to live in a country like Japan, where the *l* does not exist, to know how important it is.

I have a second answer ready for my Seoul landing cards: "To eat *kimchi*." *Kimchi* is a fiery hot pickle that is a staple of the Korean diet.

I once heard a very touching story about the Korean War. Seoul was being abandoned for the second time, in the winter of 1950 and 1951, and a foreign correspondent found himself with some Korean girls on his hands who had been too close to the Americans not to be in danger when the Communists retook the city. After great exertions he man-

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aged to get a jeep hitched to one of the last trains south, but a very emphatic stipulation was that the girls had to travel light. Each of them showed up at the rendezvous struggling with an enormous pot of kimchi.

It will not be understood why I call this slight little story "touching." So I will tell another story. Once when I was staying with an American couple in Seoul I remarked upon the more than pungent odor that attacked me at the head of the stairs each morning. "Yes," said the wife, motioning toward the kitchen. "It's their kimchi. They eat it raw the rest of the time, but they have to cook it for breakfast. There are three of them, and each happens to be from a different part of the country, and not one will touch anything except his own native kimchi. They have left home, you see, and their kimchi is what they have brought with them. The fumes in the morning are sometimes so powerful that you are afraid to light a match, but you get used to them."

I am not as much of a connoisseur as those three Koreans in the kitchen. I devour the hundreds of kinds of kimchi indiscriminately. It is one of the two things — really good Japanese raw fish is the other — that I become intensely homesick for when I am away from the Orient. There is really nothing like it, roiling and surging in your mouth, while the great crags that surround Seoul like a crown stab into an unbelievably high, blue winter sky and a west wind blows in from China to freeze rice paddies and noses and ears. Kimchi is a major justification for President Truman's decision to intervene in 1950. It was too important to let go.

Then there is an answer ready for Singapore and Hong Kong disembarkations: "To be done with it and move on again as soon as possible." They are places to spend the night when something has gone wrong with the schedule beyond, or when burdened with a traveling companion who has never visited them.

Both are, of course, Chinese cities; there are not many soft Southeast Asian eyes in Singapore. I do not know why it is that the Chinese make me so nervous.

Perhaps it is the assumption of the Chinese that the whole world will presently come around to them, just



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as it was supposed to come around to the Central Kingdom in and before the nineteenth century. And their bustle and business and freedom from ethics make you suspect that they may be right. The world may not come around to them, exactly, but it could well be smothered by them, as by embarkation cards and disembarkation cards and an oyster population out of control. A coward essentially, I leave Singapore and Hong Kong with anxious backward glances.

An answer when disembarking on Okinawa: "To brood about the injustice of it all." Okinawans are the sweetest, gentlest people in all the world. And what have they got for it? A good beating from everyone in sight, so violent the last time that the physical remains of their little toy kingdom were demolished and now they must live where there is room for life, among the jet bases. Sometimes a person wishes he could buy a plump little Latin-American republic for them, or maybe a minor archipelago in the Indies, where they could lie in the sun and wait for the bananas and coconuts to fall.

And finally an answer for Tokyo, waiting at the end of the trip: "To fret, and to live." We of the Caucasian ghetto in Tokyo do a great deal of fretting about the crowds and the chaotic traffic and the stubborn refusal of the Japanese to cease being Japanese; but the outward pulls and the internal revulsions have so far not been strong enough to dislodge us. "To live" would be an answer acceptable even to a customs official, I suppose. Yet the verb is a complex one. It means both "to reside" and "to be alive." That is why, despite the fretting, the trail of disembarkation cards always seems to end at Tokyo. It is a place — and there are not many — where you can simultaneously reside and be alive.



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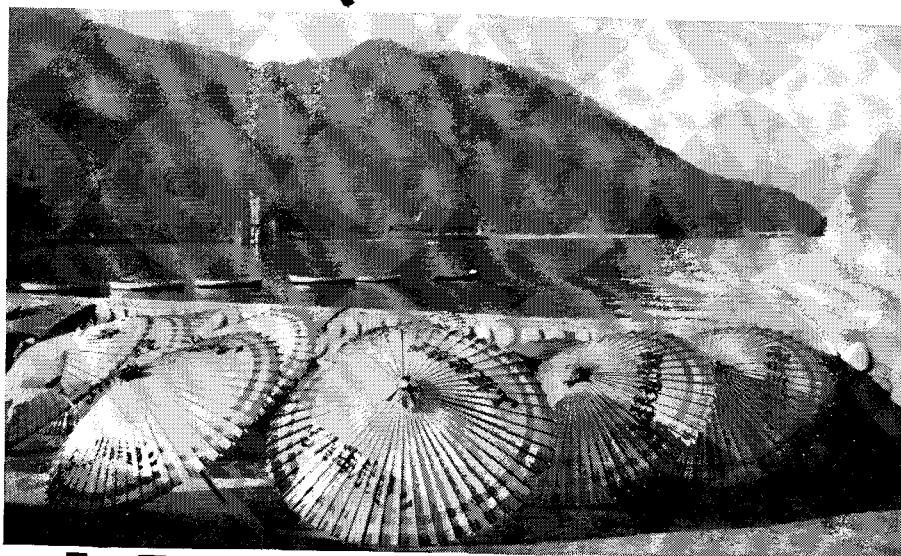
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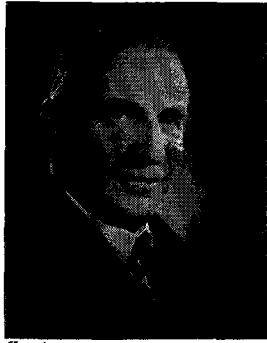
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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE first two weeks in May have a special meaning for every native of the North Temperate Zone, and it is my pleasure as a traveling editor to enjoy them, usually, in London.

First impressions begin with the bus trip in from the London airport. Always I am surprised by the color and neatness of the tiny gardens of suburbia — a patch of lavender aubrietia, or daffodils, or a small cerise crab apple in full bloom. The pride of gardening in these tiny plots is so typically English.

This year spring was held back by the coldest winter in memory. The blackthorn was six weeks late, the daffodils so retarded that the annual show had to be cut short, and the weather so uncertain that wary motorists in mid-May were keeping antifreeze in their radiators. I had the good luck to arrive during a balmy interval which brought everything to the bursting point. The flowering cherry and the apples were like pink and white fountains in the parks, the brigades of tulips in St. James's stood erect and as colorful as the guardsmen, and I was particularly won by the great beds of yellow tulips bordered by deep-blue *muscaria*. The rhododendrons and azaleas were about to explode, with the crimson and pink showing first. The green of the turf was still far ahead of the foliage, and bird watchers in little groups in St. James's and Green Park seemed impervious to the traffic as they counted off the new arrivals, the willow and garden warblers and the chiffchaff. The dog walkers were out, and here came one motherly old party in a bright-red sweater shooing before her five shiny black dachshunds. In Green Park the deck chairs were well filled, some with sun worshipers, faces up, eyes closed as if they, too, were tulips; some with lovers no longer caring who looked.

Over breakfast I usually study the London newspapers for those notes of individuality so much more amusing than what we have back home.

Here, for instance, is the remarkable interview in the *Sunday Times* of May 5 in which Stirling Moss explains why he has run his last race. Moss, England's most audacious driver, recovered from his nearly fatal crash of a year ago, and at Goodwood, in a Lotus 19, a 2½-liter sports racing car, on a day when there had been rain, he put his skill and reflexes to the test. He got up to about 142 mph on the straight, yet he came off the track with deep apprehension, which he expressed in these words: "I drove on the track for about forty-five minutes, and during that time I spun a couple of times at the chicane. This was mainly because the track was laden with water, but also because I had lost a lot of the instinctive touch I normally had before my accident. . . .

"When the car started to under-steer and slide in the wet, I knew just what to do about it, but my reactions were just a little behind the car. . . .

"My eyesight also slowed me up. My right eye reacts instantaneously, but my left one still does not. If I close and open it, it's like lifting a curtain rather slowly. . . . I felt like someone who had all the answers written down in a mental book but had lost the book. I found I had to work out the answers again, and I couldn't do it quickly enough. I shall miss motor racing a lot, because it has meant so much to me for sixteen years."

The common sense and quiet courage in those words show why Moss is one of Britain's national heroes.

A lively story which appeared opposite the editorials in the *Times* of May 7 began with a headline, BOUNCING IN RHYTHM WITH TRAIN: "Experiments to bring the vibrations of a train at speed and the bouncing of its passengers into closer harmony are being carried out by research workers for the British Railways Board. They hope to make it easier for the passengers to read or write while travelling. . . .

"On runs at speeds up to 90 m.p.h. a passenger

wore an 'accelerometer' on his head. The experiment showed. . . .” You can take it from there. I should like to have been aboard that train.

Everyone enjoys scouting through the Personal column of the *Times*. And the reason is plain: the space is expensive, the few words must catch the eye, the message must be singular. Look, for instance, at this one:

Talkative parrot wanted with lively, uncoarse sense of humor.

Here, of course, the key word is “uncoarse.” Or:

Undergraduate seeks vacation job abroad (preferably Greece) looking after children, perhaps.

Here the payoff is in the hesitation at the very end. And, finally, this effort to promote a new periodical:

If you don't “dig” you should certainly “get with” the current issue of *Prism*; the first five contributions concern themselves with John Robinson's *Honest to God*, and concern themselves with it very deeply.

There are a spontaneity and amateurishness, a diversity, and a wide range of fine acting in the London theater which set it far apart from the hard and restricted professionalism of Broadway. I went to see *Stephen D.*, the two-act play by Hugh Leonard which has been adapted from those autobiographical novels of James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Stephen Hero*. This play scored its first success in the Dublin Theatre Festival of last year, and, as always when I watch the Irish players, I was captivated by their naturalness, by their air of having walked in off the street to confide their dilemma. The first act, when Stephen is young and plaintive, is the better; the second I thought a little too much given to soliloquy. But the play is certainly worth seeing.

In comedy, Michael Redgrave is irresistible in *Out of Bounds*, with its spoofing of espionage. There is now no play of a biographical nature as brilliant as Terence Rattigan's *Ross*, a portrayal of T. E. Lawrence, which I so enjoyed a year ago. But I did see two documentary films, both of which I hope will be shown to American audiences. The first is *The Life of Adolf Hitler*, every minute of which is true to life — and death. This is a composite drawn from the newsreel libraries of Austria, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Germany (East and West), Italy, the Netherlands, Poland, the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom, and the United States. The script and English commentary are the work of the director, Paul Rotha, and they are beautifully timed and executed. Here, in accelerating stages, one follows the nervous breakdown of an entire nation. We begin with the pretentious young Hitler with his small gang of thugs no one took seriously. We see the burning of the Reichstag; the doddering

Hindenburg waving his marshal's baton in symbolic farewell to his troops; we hear Hitler's piercing, vindictive voice and see its effect, the hypnotism of Nuremberg as each year the pageant becomes more powerful and the women more infatuated. We see the fat, fancy-dressed Goering like someone out of *Graustark*; the innocent Jewish children, one and a half million of whom were exterminated; we hear the letter from the firm of German builders bidding for the gas-chamber contract; we see the cold, inhuman contempt of Himmler for the camps he must inspect. Touching, terrible, and something we must never forget.

Equally stirring to Americans would be the television program *Rebellion — Ireland 1913-1923*, a documentary of stills and motion pictures produced by one of the new independent studios, Television Reporters International Ltd. Here the Irish people in their anguish, torn loyalty, and desperation are the main actors, and with them their leaders, whom we see in their prime — the handsome, ardent Michael Collins, the earnest de Valera, the lean, tragic MacSwiney, and Arthur Griffith, almost the first to espouse Sinn Fein and clinging to it through two decades like an aging Irish bull terrier.

Before we blame England for its obduracy in the Irish Troubles, we might better take a second and more objective look at our own obduracy in Birmingham. After dinner, I sat with my English hosts watching the program Robin Day had televised for the BBC of the vindictiveness of the leaders and the victims in Birmingham, relayed to us by Telstar. Mr. Day was impartial, but the pictures were not: the iron-fisted obduracy of “Bull” Connor, police commissioner of Birmingham, was in sharp contrast to the intelligent restraint of Dr. Martin Luther King, just as the restraint of Dr. King was in sharp contrast to the hysteria of the local Negro agitators. This is not an image of America to be proud of.

And finally, a more romantic note. C. S. Forester was in London to see the preview of his *Admiral Hornblower* prepared by BBC. He approached the showing with apprehension but came away enthusiastic and reassured. The production is predicated on American cooperation, and thus far, so I am told, the American networks have turned it down as being “too English,” for, of course, the admiral does not speak with an American accent. Remembering the scarcity of good programs on American television, remembering the millions who have read and enjoyed the Hornblower novels, I find this a decision hard to take.

In the world of books it is clear that works of history and biography have evoked a wider interest than the recent novels. At the head of the list stands *The Great Hunger*, Cecil Woodham-Smith's

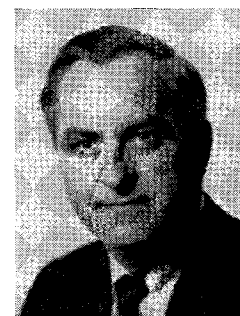
magnificent description of the potato famine in Ireland. Not far behind it comes Dame Edith Sitwell's tapestry of Elizabethan England, *The Queens and the Hive*, which has already gone through six printings. And not far behind her is a twenty-year-old, Charlotte Bingham, whose *Coronet Among the Weeds* (Random House, \$3.95) — a droll, chatty, written-as-spoken chronicle of a debutante typist — is as fresh, saucy, and sensible as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Of the books that are coming, I was attracted to Stirling Moss's *Autobiography*; to *Life with Ionides*, Margaret Lane's biography of an English snake charmer and eccentric, long resident in Africa; to Eamon de Valera's biography, which is now being edited; to Frank Swinnerton's reminiscences, which will appear this autumn; and finally, to Muriel Spark's forthcoming novel, *At the Mandelbaum Gate*. She has no superior among the younger English novelists.

A book from my own profession which appeals to me for the honesty, enterprise, and affection it contains is *The House of Words* by Lovat Dickson (Atheneum, \$5.00). Mr. Dickson was born in Australia; emigrated to Canada, where, with no money to back him, he was a jack-of-all-trades who finally gravitated into the University of Alberta, first as student and then as lecturer. He was plucked from this academic background by a Canadian millionaire who took him to London and installed him as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Lovat Dickson's account of how he feels his way into English publishing and his lively characterization of and gratitude toward those who helped him — Janet Courtney, A. D. Peters, Arthur Waugh, Percy Cleaver, and Peter Davies — make good reading, and his recounting of his successes and his failures when he launches into publishing on his own is so honest and illuminating that it should be taken to heart by anyone attracted to the business of making books. He came in time to deal with the great ones — Shaw and Wells, the Sitwells, Max Beerbohm, and closest of all, his immediate bosses and fellow directors, Harold and Dan Macmillan.

I lunched with the author at the Garrick and had the pleasure of telling him how much I had enjoyed the book. In return he told me this story of a London publisher and famous angler known to us both. Our friend was fishing for salmon on the Scottish river he loved best. As he was about to cast, he stumbled and fell. "Take it easy, sir!" said his gillie. But he had gone. In the haste of finding a doctor and of carrying the angler back to the lodge, the long fourteen-foot rod was forgotten. But when in sorrow they went back to the riverbank to recover it in the late afternoon, there it was, and fast to the fly, a salmon.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

GRAHAM GREENE's short stories have usually been by-products incidental to his work as a novelist. In the last few years, however, he has been devoting himself exclusively to the writing of stories; and the fruit of this effort, the four stories that make up *A SENSE OF REALITY* (Viking, \$3.95), suggests that this hardy veteran of letters may be about to venture forth in some new directions, perhaps to add dimensions of fantasy and myth not present in his earlier work.

Purely as stories, however, these are only of middling success. The art of the short story, the ability to compress the whole life of a character into a single moment or situation, is alien to Mr. Greene's real gifts. His fictions have always turned on some abstract theme or problem around which he could spin a web of melodrama. A Roman Catholic, he has turned his faith to good use in the novel by fictionalizing those intricate crises of conscience usually treated only by theologians. So, too, the present stories are interesting, not as pictures of people in ordinary life but as elaborations of moral and intellectual themes that haunt the mind of the author.

One theme here, and a persistent one throughout Mr. Greene's writings, is the paradoxical struggle for faith — whether in God or in any meaning to life — on the part of a character who has come to an absolutely dead end. In two of these stories the heroes are dying of incurable diseases. One story presents us an octogenarian brooding over his doubtful faith. In the last story, which rings with echoes of William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, a group of stunted and childlike people are wandering the face of the earth after some great disaster (the deluge of Noah or an atomic holocaust?) in which the older and taller inhabitants have vanished. For Mr. Greene's imagination, man's extremity appears to be God's only opportunity.

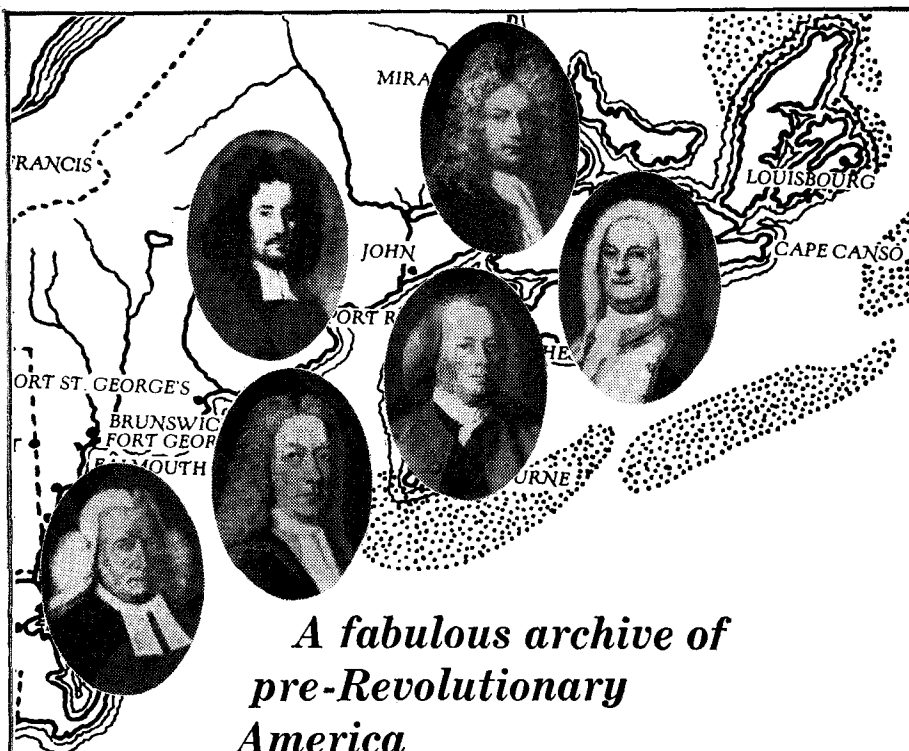
As a literary experiment, a long story, "Under the Garden," combines fantasy and realism in a bold and striking manner. A man dying of cancer returns to the country home of his childhood. The grounds and house appear to be strangely small

and shrunken from what he remembered them to be. He finds a story he had written as a boy in which the house had seemed like an enchanting castle, and he remembers a dream in which the gardener and housemaid, uncanny children of the earth, had lived in a cave underground and talked a mysterious language. The dream and waking worlds are presented side by side, as if to suggest that the fantasy of childhood may be no less true than the shrunken vision of maturity. Now, in the short span of time left to him, the man must decide whether his life has miscarried because his dreams became too shriveled.

For readers attracted by the theological niceties of Mr. Greene's work, "A Visit to Morin" may be the most interesting story here, though it is little more than a dramatized intellectual discussion. Morin is a French Roman Catholic novelist whose books have always been considered paradoxical. Attending a Christmas Eve service, he does not partake of the sacraments. He had given these up twenty years ago because he was adulterously in love with a woman and could not, in honesty, promise his confessor to renounce this sin. The woman is now dead, but Morin is afraid to return to the confessional and the sacraments, for if he did return and his belief did not also come back, he would lose all faith in the Church. As it is, he can view his present disbelief as the result of cutting himself off from the sacraments; and so, at bottom, he still believes in their efficacy. The paradox, so neatly contrived, is impeccable — Morin's very disbelief is the proof of his faith. The original of Morin might be François Mauriac; but then again, especially for those readers who have suspected the religious orthodoxy of his writings, it might be Graham Greene himself.

PLAIN FOLK

A Long and Happy Life by REYNOLDS PRICE was one of the most moving of recent first novels, and it is happy news to report that his second book, a collection of stories, *THE NAMES AND FACES OF HEROES* (Atheneum, \$3.95), shows that the novel was no fluke. To be sure, Mr. Price lacks here the sustaining narrative structure of the novel, so that some of the stories go soft at the



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edges and become drenched with too much sensibility. A few are quite slight. But despite such reservations, Mr. Price's talent is as certain here as in his first book, and he shows the same gift for writing from inside his people.

Mostly his characters are backwoods folk from his native North Carolina, but though he often draws some quiet humor from their rustic ways, he does not patronize them or turn them into grotesques. Out of their simplicity he is able to distill a wonder and awe at the most commonplace situations of life. In his world the whites and Negroes move at ease and peace with one another; one of the more moving stories, "Uncle Grant," tells about a Negro handyman who has become too old to work but still finds a place of honor and affection with the white family he has served.

Mr. Price is particularly felicitous in handling the tender intricacies of family affection, as in the story "A Chain of Love," which renews our acquaintance with the Mustian family and that charming heroine Rosacoke. Papa Mustian has fallen sick, and when he is taken to the hospital, the family camps around his bed, virtually surrounding him with a chain of love. Even so, he will choose to go home to die in his own house; across the hall, however, is another man, without home or kin, and Rosacoke cannot keep from slipping into his room to attend the last rites. The whole story moves carefully to this moment of grave and tender revelation, when the young girl stands for the first time in the presence of death.

Unfortunately, the title story does not succeed nearly so well. In trying to evoke a boy's awe and love for his father, the author strains till his prose becomes much too labored and pseudopoetic. Mr. Price can usually convey feeling so simply and delicately that one wonders why in this particular case he should have had to overlay his writing with so much syrup.

LOVING IS SO HARD

Doctors are a fitting subject for **LILLIAN ROSS's** surgical talents. Miss Ross, you will remember, is the lady who in a notorious profile in the *New Yorker* once dug her scalpel neatly into Ernest Hemingway's back. The piece established

her reportorial gifts but left the question of her good taste very much open. In dealing with fictional people, however, she is on more solid ground. The novelist is free to create any kind of people she chooses, and if they are contemptible, then her contempt is perfectly in order. In **VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL** (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95), a first novel and a really superior satire, Miss Ross has created a number of pretentious people, mostly from the medical profession, who overtax even her powers of cattiness. And her hero, Spencer Fifield, is so awful a creep that he fully deserves the author who has spawned him.

Spencer is what is known in the local parlance as "a Jewish prince," a young unmarried doctor who has already set himself up in a thriving practice. Ordinarily the girls would come running, but they don't, and that has Spencer worried; he just can't seem to "relate to" girls. At thirty-eight, the doom of perennial bachelorhood hovers over him, and five times a week for years he has gone to his analyst, Dr. Al Blauber- man, for help and guidance.

Not that Dr. Blauber- man does not have troubles of his own. A boy from Brooklyn, he has to compete with those polished refugees who once studied under Freud, and he is even compelled to touch up his Brooklynese speech with Middle European intonations to suggest professional sagacity. The relationship between the pair is both personal and professional — "vertical" when they are standing man to man, "horizontal" when Spencer is on the couch. Weaving a counterpoint between the vertical and the horizontal, Dr. Al tries to get Spencer to "feel" rather than "over-intellectualize" so that he can truly "get with it." In the end he succeeds, for at last Spencer is able to "relate to" Barbara ("Bobby") Kirsch, a well-to-do young widow.

Or is he? To announce his engagement to Bobby, Spencer goes to call on an old acquaintance, Annie Melvin, the only really likable character in the book. At first, Annie feels sorry for him; the same old Spencer, she thinks. But then she is alarmed; it is the same old Spencer, as neurotically self-absorbed and self-dramatizing as always, trying to deceive himself that he had some kind of past with her. Though Miss Ross's materials are drawn from a

fairly narrow locale, medical and analytical circles in midtown Manhattan, her characters have universal implications. Some may find her satire too broad. I think not; if you have ever attended a congress of psychoanalysts, you have surely run into Dr. Blauberman. And as for Spencer Fifield, variants of him are to be found everywhere these days.

In the style of the sick comedians, currently so fashionable, JULES FEIFFER has already established himself as one of our more original cartoonists. His usual device is to place two people face to face and have them talk on and on, either clawing each other in possessive love or lamenting their failure to communicate. Frequently the words are far more important than the drawing, and in HARRY, THE RAT WITH WOMEN (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95), Mr. Feiffer has dispensed with the drawings altogether, let the words gallop ahead as they will, and produced a freewheeling fantasy that looks a little bit like a novel. Novel or not, it is pretty good entertainment for two thirds of its length, as long as the torrent of words and fancies keeps flowing.

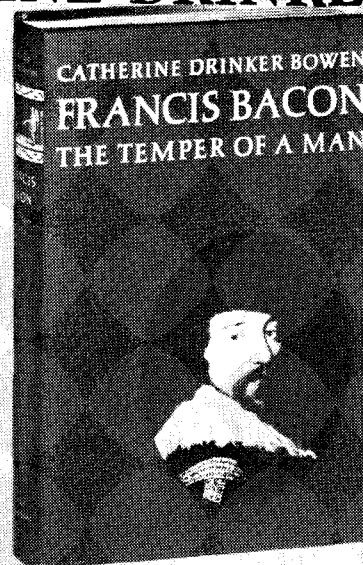
Harry had been loved by all ever since he was a baby. He grows up beautiful and perfect, and "sightseeing buses could have made a fortune driving around him." In a college debate, even Harry's opponent throws his arms around him while the audience cheers; silencing them, Harry takes the opponent's position, and the crowd is just as rabidly fanatical for this cause too. It is not the issue, it is Harry they love.

Naturally, he cuts a wide swath among the ladies. Some whom he has wronged vow to get him by pitting him against a female "love object," Eugenie Vasch, just as devastating and monstrous as Harry himself. Harry's downfall begins on the day that, taken suddenly with the idea one should "give, give, give," he buys a bunch of roses for Eugenie. Having burst the cocoon of his selfishness, he wakes up the next morning with his first pimple. Slowly, he becomes uglier, older, more ordinary; finally he is so shy that he cannot even make a pass at a woman.

Whatever his intentions, Mr. Feiffer has actually written a variation upon Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray*. As Dorian's beauty remains unimpaired through a career of vice, so

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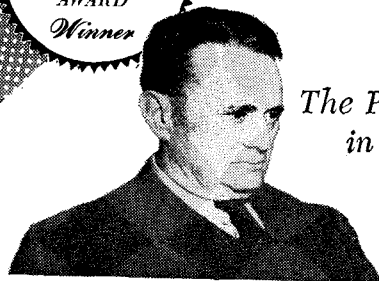
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Harry grows visibly uglier in the flesh as he becomes more human and virtuous. His decline begins with the first spark of love, and his degeneration into being human proceeds until in the end there is nothing left for him but to die. Before that happens, Mr. Feiffer's fantasy has begun to decline too. Despite all its fireworks, the comedy of sheer verbal hyperbole, without a base in ordinary characterization and plot, subsides in the end like a spent skyrocket.

BLEAK ADOLESCENCE

While economists tell us Italy is in the midst of a boom unparalleled in its history, Italian films and novels go on declaring that emptiness and desolation lurk beneath all the glittering prosperity. *THE AGE OF MALAISE* by DACIA MARAINI (Grove, \$3.95) could be a scenario for one of the earlier and more modest Italian films in the "realistic" style of De Sica, with the same flat, bleak story of humble people carrying on with a forlorn stoicism under oppressive circumstances. Neither its material nor its mood is appealing, but the spare and unrelieved veracity of its telling establishes Miss Maraini as one of the younger Italian writers worth watching.

Enrica, a seventeen-year-old Roman girl, is the only child of an impoverished lower-middle-class family. Her mother supports the family as a clerk; her father spends his time building birdcages in the shapes of Italy's famous cathedrals, but he can never get the doors to work. Enrica attends business school, but her mind is on the men with whom she casually makes love.

Miss Maraini is a literary protégée of Alberto Moravia's, and her novel bears some resemblance to the latter's *Woman of Rome*. But for Moravia, sex is still a value, and his woman, however sordid her entanglements, remains an archetypal Venus celebrating the rites of the flesh. For Enrica, her sexual encounters are as meaningless as all the other prospects life holds before her. All values, except that of survival, have disappeared from her world. Yet she is a touching and pitiable figure, for there is no streak of malice in her.

For this novel Miss Maraini won the much-publicized International Formentor Prize of \$10,000 in 1962.

The publicity following the award created a sensation in Italy, where older readers had already been shocked by the frankness of Miss Maraini's revelations about the love life of their teen-agers. The fact that the author herself was only twenty-six years old, and a beautiful young woman to boot, added sauce to the simmering scandal. The Italians need not have been so alarmed; any young girl reading this novel would more likely be turned to the convent than to the streets, detesting all men as brutes, and without the least glimmer that sex has anything to do with pleasure.

SUMMER REAL ESTATE

On vacations we are commonly supposed to be footloose and fancy-free. Yet Americans never seem to get more embroiled in the problems of real estate and houses, of prestige of tenure and social status than in some of their older summer colonies.

In *THE SUMMER HOUSES* (Macmillan, \$4.95) JAMES STEVENSON has drawn an engaging picture of one such summer colony, identified as Great Heron Island, which in fact could be any one of a dozen places on the New England seacoast, located north by northeast from New York. The inhabitants of this tight little island are a close-knit and happy breed, among whom the prestige of really belonging comes only to those families who have spent fifteen summers there. Of course, some people may drink too much, and there are the usual flutters of extramarital dalliance, but only enough to assure us that, all things considered, Great Heron Island is basically a wholesome pleasure-dome for solid middle-class Americans.

Real trouble arrives in a rowboat out of the ocean one dark August night just as the long weekend party is getting under way. From the rowboat steps a mysterious Mr. McKinney, who finds the island to his liking and begins to buy up the old houses. The islanders feel threatened, torn between their liking for Mr. McKinney's fat checks and their nostalgia at seeing the old landmarks disappear. Some doughty inhabitants, in a brave show of community spirit, band together to resist the forces of change and protect their island paradise. Will integrity triumph over greed? Well, it does; but it has a generous assist when Mc-

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Kinney's shady fortune collapses and he himself has to disappear as mysteriously as he came. Even those who sold their ancestral birthrights get them back, and everything is normal on the island again. Fathers will now worry whether Junior is going to get into Yale, mothers whether they can hold the cook for the whole season, but the old Victorian Gothic houses will still stand. Before they have been rescued from the McKinney threat, nearly all the islanders have had some uncomfortable moments of truth in their own private lives.

Mr. Stevenson's touch is light, but his satire is observant enough to stir some uneasy tremors on the island — as you may observe if you are anywhere near there this summer.

Like his own brash hero of an earlier book, SHEPHERD MEAD not only succeeded in business without really trying, he has gone on succeeding in the business of writing funny books as easily as if he were not raising a sweat. "DUDLEY, THERE IS NO TOMORROW!" "THEN HOW ABOUT THIS AFTERNOON?" (Simon and Schuster, \$4.95) proves, if nothing else, that Mr. Mead is now the undisputed master of the long title. The book happens also to be a breathless and zany farce that retains its pace and fun right to the end.

Dudley Bray is a light-headed and light-hearted hero who has a habit of tripping gaily into catastrophe. He has arrived in Queensport, on the North Shore of Long Island, in order to protect his ex-wife, Gloria, whose second husband, Tom, has just driven his Cadillac into the Sound and been drowned. If this already seems hardly comprehensible, just wait. The center of intrigue, again, is a bit of real estate — an abandoned railroad station which, for reasons known only to summer colonists, has now become a precious historical landmark. In his six crowded days on Long Island, Dudley becomes a self-appointed private eye, discovering the true circumstances of Tom's death and saving the railroad station for his ex-wife's use. Most of all, he and Gloria discover that they may not be divorced until death do them part.

As an appropriate style for this mad charade, Mr. Mead has concocted a prose as lightly tripping as Dudley himself, whose rhythm I can only describe as a lilting dogtrot.

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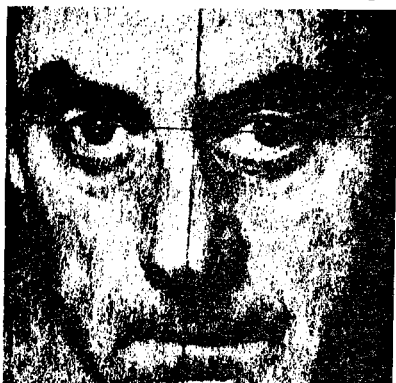
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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

EHRENGARD (Random House, \$3.95), a short novel found among the papers of **ISAK DINESEN** after her death, has the teasing, mythical quality characteristic of her fiction. This particular tale is set in one of those fanciful German principalities which are so useful as backdrops for high romance.

The plot concerns the suppression of a scandal in the ruling house, which is all that ever happens in these places. The painter Cazotte, a worldly, wily meddler in other people's affairs, is partly responsible for the scandal and altogether responsible for the measures taken to conceal it. One of his tools in this operation is the lady Ehrengard. Where art and love are concerned, the beautiful Ehrengard is a solid replica of her five jackbooted brothers. She is utterly dissociated from life as Herr Cazotte understands it, and he naturally itches to get the upper hand of the girl and shatter her strange, isolated assurance. He explains his campaign, which is purely psychological, as an artist's legitimate desire to comprehend the inner nature of whatever object he confronts, and the results that he gets from his impertinent rummaging into Ehrengard's character are surprising, not at all what he had in mind.

Is Cazotte the devil defeated by love, the sophisticate defeated by simplicity, the artist defeated by reality, or something else, or all three? The reader is left to make his own choice, for the author, having led an ironic minuet in a landscape out of Claude Lorrain, vanishes like the magician in a fairy tale. On a commonplace level, the manuscript seems to have been treated with excessive respect and sent to press without any corrections, preserving some grammatical lapses that Isak Dinesen, alive, would certainly have removed.

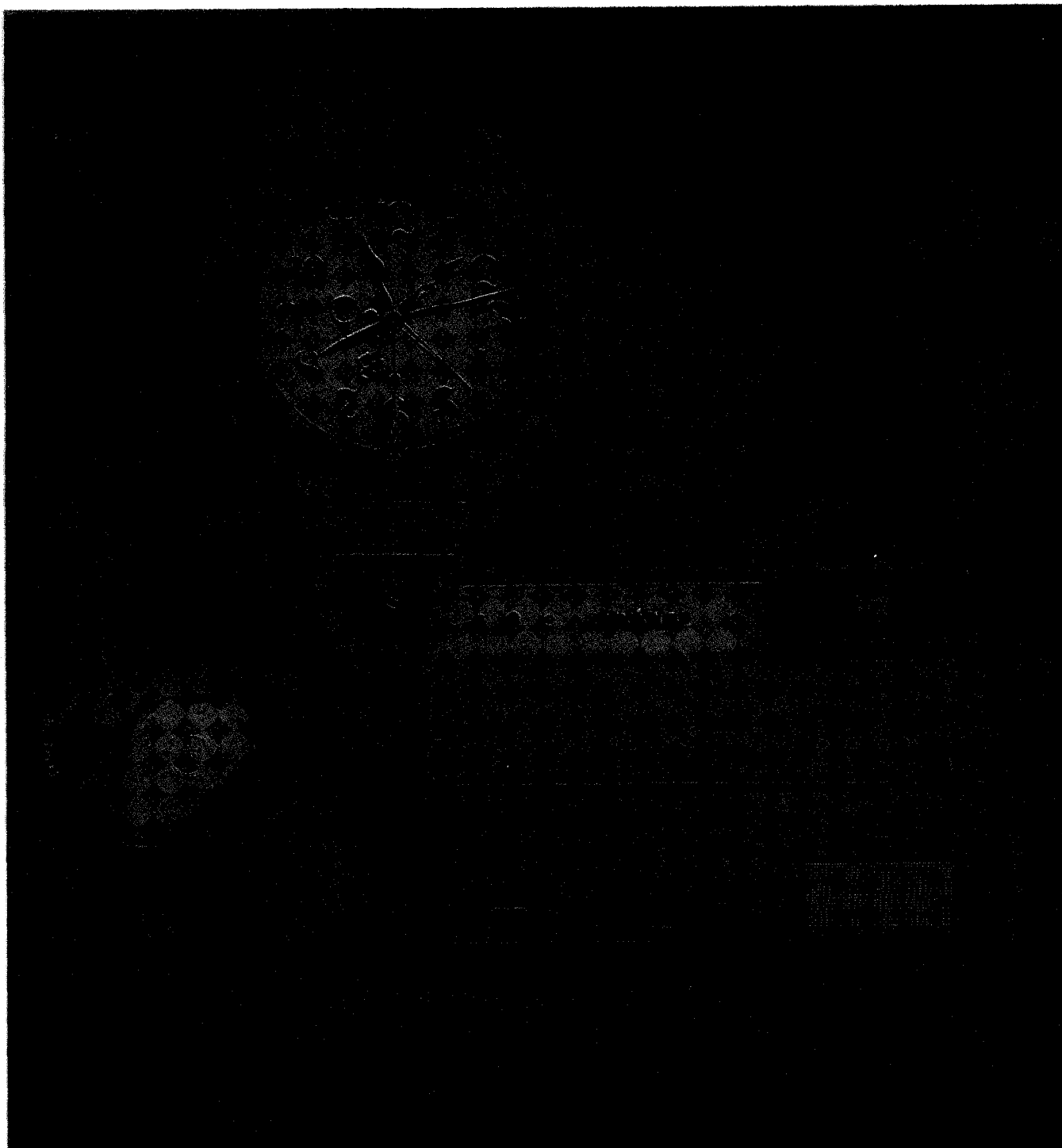
The name **XAVIER RYNNE** is a pseudonym presumably covering several reporters, since Mr. Rynne refers to himself as "we." Mr. or the Messrs. Rynne, on the evidence of **LETTERS FROM VATICAN CITY** (Farrar, Straus, \$3.95), had a close and knowledgeable view of the Vatican Council

called last year by Pope John. The book is admirably informative, including the historical background of the council, an account of the tensions and political differences within the Church which made such a meeting desirable, summaries of the debates on the topics considered, and sharp, brief sketches of the characters and convictions of the clergy involved. It is a remarkably comprehensive and lucid study of a very complicated subject.

RUTH MULVEY HARMER, of the faculty of California Polytechnical College, surveys the undertaking business in **THE HIGH COST OF DYING** (Crowell-Collier, \$3.95) and finds little good in it. Undertakers start with a heavy score against them; it is hard to feel kindly toward a tradesman who demands large sums of money for a service neither desired nor enjoyed, and, worse yet, a service that is unavoidable. But the acts of overselling, overpricing, pagan ostentation, straight swindling, and inexcusable blather about God, mother, home, and country which Mrs. Harmer charges, with evidence, against the undertakers are more than any group should be permitted to get away with. For exasperated readers who wish to be buried in sensible, economical style, the book includes a list of societies in the United States and Canada dedicated to the discreet disposal of their memberships' remains.

MASTERPIECES OF JAPANESE SCREEN PAINTING (Crown, \$10.00) has fine color plates made in Japan. The text by **JON C. COVELL** describes not only the painters and their techniques but the historical events and political conditions which underlie these large and beautiful sixteenth-century works.

WILD FLOWERS OF AMERICA (Crown, \$15.00) is a sad contrast to the Japanese volume. The four hundred color plates, from paintings by Mary Vaux Walcott and Dorothy Falcon Platt, were done in this country, and not one of them looks anything like the plant it supposedly represents. The colors in this fat, pretentious book are no better, and sometimes worse, than those in the pocket field guides that used to be available in ten-cent stores. The descriptions by H. W. Rickett of the New York Botanical Garden often fail to mention the type of ground in which a flower is to be found and never give the time of year at which it blooms.



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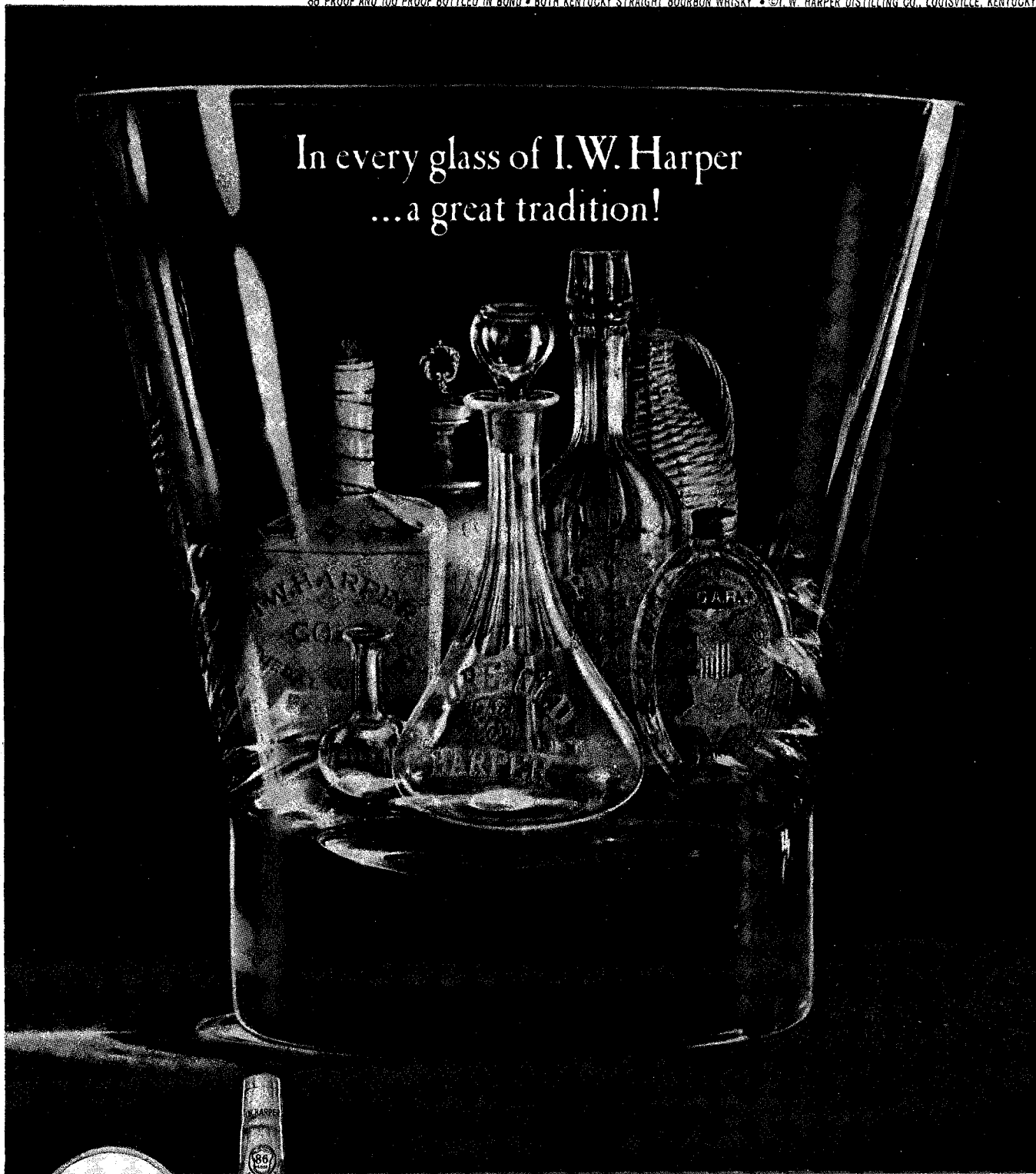
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